~~10.00~~
2 vols.

This scrap book was
loaned to Kate Douglas Wiggin
and was used by her when writing
"The Story of Waitstill Baxter."

Eugene Lords Scrap Book

Presented by Mrs Lord.

Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin.

UP IN HOLLIS.

Where Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Spends Her Summer.

SOME WORK SHE HAS DONE.

Writer, Reader and Kindergarten Worker.

Kate Douglass Wiggin, whose fame as an author and writer about children is continent-wide, has now become Mrs. George Riggs, and has left her pleasant summer home in Hollis for a European trip. Mrs. Riggs is a great favorite in Hollis and her return will give much pleasure. Miss Kaufman in a recent issue of the Ladies' Home Journal talks interestingly of her life and work. She says:

She was born in Philadelphia and educated in Andover, Massachusetts, but Maine, where she declares she loves every stick and stone, claims her too. She spent many years of her childhood there in the town of Hollis, where last year she purchased a house with the intention of passing her summer in uninterrupted work. This residence is appropriately known as Quillcote. It was the atmosphere of that region which lent color to those stories of hers about New England life and character which have appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly."

For two years Mrs. Wiggin's winter home has been near New York at Bronxville.

Let me say here that Mrs. Wiggin was the pioneer of free kindergarten work on the Pacific coast, and the organizer of the Silver Street school, the first free kindergarten etablished west of the Rocky Mountains. This will dispel any idea that may have gained credence that kindergartening was at any time a fad with her. It was always an earnest work, for which she had been equipped by long and varied training, made necessary by the death of her father when she was still a very young girl. While in San Francisco she married a young lawyer, Samuel Bradley, Wiggin, who died shortly after their removal to the East. Today, as first vice-president of the New York Kindergarten association, Mrs. Wiggin still continues to be interested in kindergarten work.

I referred a moment since to Mrs. Wiggin of "kindergarten fame," for then she had not written a book unless perhaps, it was "The Story of Patsy," and she was not known the country through as its best author-reader, if that is what one is called when one is clever enough to be the author of what one reads. In those days, and they are only a very few years back (her first book was published

Mrs. Wiggin's Study in Her Home at Lawrence Park, New York.

by Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin in 1890), she was everywhere spoken of as a most clever and versatile amateur, for she had not then attempted to make money out of the parts that she then turned to account for the amusement of her friends. She was perpetually reeling off most able verses which she had written between kindergarten hours for a lecture to her teacher's class, and some dinner and reception. If you did not like these she had no end of other resources. She could sit at the piano and sing you songs you had never heard, becaus they were her own compositions that had not yet been published. She made a delightful and characteristic setting for the "Butterfly Song" in Ibsen's "Brand." She had written no end of children's ditties and the music to "Lend Me Thy Fillet" by E. R. Sill, was already at her fingers' tips. But if, again, you were not suited she could take her guitar and murmur to you odd minor-keyed Mexican folk songs till you might fancy yourself in spite of her nodding golden head, at the feet of some dusky hair dago. She was accounted one of the best amateur actresses in San Francisco, which those of us who have heard her read can readily believe, and has probably been advised as many times to shine on the stage as to go into literature. But in those days she seemed to have no thought of doing either.

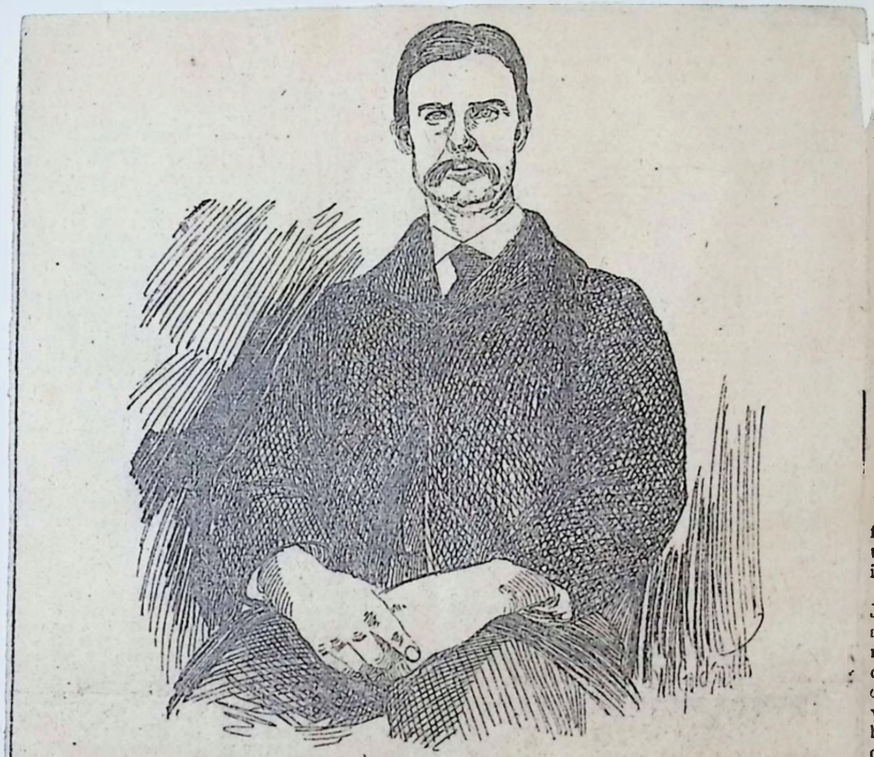
I have referred thus to Mrs. Wiggin's accomplishments at this period before New York knew her, because they were as great and as varied then as they are now, and because one is apt to infer that only a large metropolis can develop and encourage such talent. It was some years later, when Mr. Wiggin decided to move to New York, that Mrs. Wiggin plunged into literature ready equipped by years of amateur training for the struggle which for her was none. There are no tales of unappreciated publishers and returned manuscripts to toll in connection with her. Messrs. Houhgton & Mifflin were her discriminating admirers from the start. "Patsy" followed their republication of "The Bird's Christmas Carol," and since then scarcely a year has passed that has not brought out something from her pen. This is known to us all, and it is as well and completely known in England, where Mrs. Wiggin's books have been republished but it is interesting to glance at their wide circulation elsewhere. "Timothy's Quest" and "A Cathedral Courtship" have already appeared in the Tauchnitz edition; "Patsy" and "The Bird's Christmas Carol" have been put into raised typo for the blind; "Timothy's Quest' into Danish and Swedish, and attempts have been made to transfer the humor and pathos of "The Bird's Christmas Carol" into Japanese, French, German and Swedish.

A Full-Face Portrait.

Mrs. Wiggin's Summer Home at Hollis.

Salmon Falls. Oct 23.93

Jabez Haley, an old citizen of Hollis, died at his late home on Monday of last week, aged 92 years and 8 months. Mr. Haley had been a resident of this village for over 75 years. He came here to work for Col. Isaac Lane in 1818. He was here during the reign and career of the famous and notorious apostle, Jacob Cochrane. He well remembered the meetings on Town House hill in the old Hollis town house, the long line of teams and carriages that lined the road side, the procession of singing men and singing women as they filed out of the town house led by Cochrane, and marched down the hill and across the bridge, shouting hosannas and waving handkerchiefs, the men that fell down under the influence of his personal magnetism and many other strange proceedings that were connected with this phenomenal talker and proselyte. He remembered the factory enterprise of Sherburne and Blunt of Dover in 1825, who builded doors and flumes and eight houses and buildings, and then suddenly collapsed the next year. He remembered the great freshet of 1814 and also the one in 1827, and the great jam of logs and the sudden breaking up and carrying down the two stalwart men with it, Foss and Fogg. He remembered the elephant that lifted the side of Warren's barn, the old Warren tavern, and the roystering crew that could be found there in the evening, the athletic feats, and strong blows that came to the offender in the old rum times in the twenties. He remembered the Michen boys or men who massacred the showman's goat, the French circus men who bought the frogs in Capt. Elden's meadow of the boys. He remembered the menagerie of wild beasts in 1830, and how the lion tore and chewed the arm of Robert Edgecomb and was rescued by Capt. Marshall thrusting a stake down the throat of the lion. He would tell of the barricaded roads and the pest houses in 1830 when the scourge of small pox visited the place and nearly decimated its population; how the restored patients, half starved, knocked at the doors of their neighbors with long poles and asked for food, not daring to come near, how the black storm cloud of such long duration seemed to hang over the place for days and all business completely suspended. He remembered the old Davis tavern called the stage tavern, and stage line from Portland to Meredith Bridge, N. H., which stopped at Capt. Davis', and how the school children were taught to take off their hats and make a bow when the United States mail stage passed. He remembered the tradition which is still believed by some, that the call heard down the river in the falls towards night is the certain premonition of death by drowning in the river. All these things will end with the exit of these old men, and probably be lost to the lingering pen of the future historian unless put in some form or turned into the channel of recorded transactions, for which no provision has ever been made. Mr. Haley could be said to have lived to see a village rise, grow and fall to decay, during the working years of his life. Although his has not been an eventful career, he had seen and heard the drama of a village on the Saco, that has probably furnished more matter for episodical history than can be found in any other place of its size.



JAMES LEWIS.
From the only photograph in existence.

A VILLAGE FAVORITE.

The Doings of James Lewis in Buxton Some Years Ago.

Frank Leavitt, of Buxton, was in Portland the past week and called at the jail to see James Lewis, who is accused of the murder of Byron G. Coburn, of Gorham. Mr. Leavitt recognized Lewis as James Ellis, who lived in Buxton some years ago. Lewis, or Ellis, was taken to Buxton by Alfred Woodman, a farmer. for whom he worked.

Lewis, or Ellis, was then a lad of 14 years. He was a bright boy. He told big stories concerning his adventures on land and sea and talked like an old salt who had been on the ocean wave for years. The good people took but little stock in these yarns and thought that he had been reading too many dime novels.

The youngster did the chores around the barn and made himself generally useful while employed by Mr. Woodman. He was as smart as a cricket and was quite a favorite among the sturdy country lads and red-cheeked country lasses.

He attended the district school and was a model pupil. He took a great interest in the study of languages, Spanish being his favorite.

In a spelling match in the little white schoolhouse he took the first prize, a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress." After his work was done at night he would get out his books and by the light of the open fire would study for hours.

From Farmer Woodman's he went to work for Jonathan Lewis. Mrs. Lewis says he found him a very strange boy, very peculiar in many ways and hard to understand. He worked there for a number of years and only once was he suspected of wrong doing. Then it was thought that he had stolen some jewelry, but the charge was never proven against him.

From there he went to John Millken's where he hired out as a farm hand. It was at this time that he met a handsome coun- maiden who was the belle of the village, and with her he fell in love.

He asked her to wait until he made his fortune when he said he would return and marry her. She was not particularly carried away with the young man and the marriage never took place.

Finally the fellow became tired of farm life and declared his intention of leaving for South America, where he said he could get rich.

Before he left he gave a farewell picnic in the big grove on the banks of the river Saco, to which he invited all the young folks in the neighborhood. He furnished a big tub of circus lemonade at an expense of over $2, and also sandwiches and other edibles. It was a grand and novel event in the history of Buxton, for a farewell picnic was an unheard of event until Young Ellis made his appearance in the community.

Just before he left town he told the Millikens that he was going to Massachusetts where he claimed to have a relative who had died, leaving him $10,000.

About a year after, a letter was received from Australia, from Ellis, which stated that he owned a ranch and was fairly coining money.

This was the last heard of him until last July, when he suddenly made his appearance in the neighborhood. He gave his name as James Lewis at that time and claimed to have been travelling around the country for some time. He refused to say why he had changed his name, but said that he had not been in any trouble. The next day he left town to go to Massachusetts where he had been called to the bedside of a sick sister. A few weeks after, Mrs. Lewis received a letter from her former hired man in which he said that owing to certain reasons he would be unable to return. Mrs. Lewis now has the letter in her possession.

Late in July a man called at Frank Leavitt's and made inquiries about Ellis, or Lewis, as he was then called. This stranger said his name was Welch and that he was a seafaring man who belonged in Biddeford. He told Mr. Leavitt that he met Ellis in Richmond, Va., and that they had come to Biddeford together early in June.

He said that Ellis had claimed to be related to Mr. Leavitt and said that he had a number of relatives in Buxton. The stranger stated that the man, who now is charged with murder, had told many strange stories and he wanted to find out if they were true.

Nothing more was heard from Ellis, alias Lewis, until the people learned that he was arrested for having murdered Farmer Coburn. Neither can any one be found in Biddeford by the name of Welch, who claims to have come from Richmond, Va., with the suspected man.

Mr. Lewis was acquitted.

MRS. HATTIE E. McCLOUD, THE MURDERED WOMAN, AND HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. McCloud at one time lived at Biddeford, Me. where her husband was in the employ of the Biddeford Journal.

SACO FALLS 200 YEARS AGO.

Account by a Correspondent Who Had Three Ancestors Scalped Here.

1899?

To the Editor of the Journal:

The recent report in your paper that the old Chase elms on the Ferry road were being cut down caused a thrill of sorrow and indignation to sweep over the community, for most of us indulged in a laudable pride in these beautiful old landmarks, which seemed like a living line between the present and the past of Saco, and were the admiration of all who saw them. They have withstood the storms and gales of more than 135 years, 1763 being the year they were transplanted, and no one knew the size or age of them then

The report of their destruction, although a trifle premature, is only a prevision of what must shortly come to pass, for they have reached that stage of decay which makes them a menace to those who so often are compelled to pass under their branches. It seems like losing an old and valued friend to have them go, but necessity is above human sentiment, and personal safety is of more importance than wounded feelings; this phase of the case fully exonerates those who were accused of cutting them down from mere wantonness or greed of gain. This subject we will use as the basis for a short lesson in local history which may interest some.

It was not so very many years before these sprung up that the festive red skin had made it very lively around here for his pale faced brother, so that but few of the latter had ventured far up the river, but had hugged the vicinity of the Scamman and Short garrisons near the Ferry.

Previous to 1700 it is safe to say that not over a half score of families had settled in the vicinity of "the Falls" on the Saco side, and these had been driven off during the King Philip war. Blackman's saw mill was on the falls a few yards above where A. G. Prentiss' grist mill now stands, and there was a fort on the spot where J. W. Littlefield's store is. This spot was levelled to its present height some years later, after the fort had been removed, and houses began to increase. This fort and another on the Biddeford side a short distance above the present bridge, were then the limits of civilization hereabouts, and covered the mills on the falls on either side of the river. In 1695 the fort on the Biddeford side (a stone one) was suddenly attacked, when the men were at work in the mill above and others were down on Cow Island after game and wood. In this desperate plight of the inmates of the fort, they resorted to "profound strategy," and the women hastened to put on male attire, and appeared in such force that the Indians withdrew and the fort was saved.

At this time it was not safe to venture outside the garrisons or forts, for the savage foe was lurking everywhere, waiting to cut off any who might come in their way. In 1704 a body of them attacked the fort on Saco side, but were repulsed by John Brown and his heroic little band, and retired into the interior. This fort was regarded as of so much importance that the next year, 1705, it was repaired, and its garrison increased by four soldiers. The road from the fort to the landing on the river below the falls is now Front street, and a ferry was established from the low ground where the wharves are, to Biddeford.

This fort held out through all the Indian hostilities until after the peace of 1713, and just how much longer is not known, but probably only a few years' as the present Main street in Saco was laid out in 1718, and as it then went to the river above its present location, it would strike the spot where the fort was situated.

The peace with the savages was of short duration, for we find them at their tricks again sometime previous to 1724, from which time the troubles continued till the close of the French and Indian war, which was some years after Sir William Pepperell had come the Sampson over Louisburg, for he had about as much to do with its capitulation as Sampson had in destroying Cervera's fleet in our late disturbance in Cuban waters.

After 1725, the people began again to return to their homes near the falls, and outsiders began to come in so that quite a village began to collect in this section of the town. During this trying period of Indian atrocities, no less than three of the writer's ancestors were induced to part with their scalps to gratify a foolish notion of the aborigines, but not till life was extinct.

Sergeant Thomas Haley was slain outside the fort on the Biddeford side, and later his father, an old man of 90 or more, was decoyed into the woods by his cowbell, in the hands of an Indian, and slain; his body was then cut in pieces so that his remains were carried home in a basket. They did not deprive him of many years of life. His grandson, Thomas Haley, lived to be 98, and his great grandson Thomas lived to 93. April 17, 1746, Nathaniel Eliot and son were slain in a field opposite the church on the Pool road. They lived at the Falls on the Biddeford side where the Laconia mills are now, and had been down to Murch's on the Kennebunk road for hay. After killing the Eliots the Indians prowled to Murch's house, and captured the family, after which they indulged in some little Indian pleasantries, among which was burning the house, and cutting the tongues out of his cattle. In 1717, the town took a broom. William Pepperell [afterward Sir William] purchased a part of the Blackman mill, and with Captain Humphrey Scamman built another mill on the site of Blackman's, and also a house for the employes, and Pepperell had also a house on the hill, where later the Bartlett house stood, while Scamman built one on the spot where the barn of the late John Gowen now stands, a part of the cellar may yet be seen there. In 1718, Main street was laid out "to the middle line" of the patent, and the Buxton road was surveyed, as also a part of Beach street, to where it would connect with the old roads from the Ferry and Old Orchard.

Preparations were thus entered upon for the growth of the town. There were also a number of roads into the woods, leading to the landing on the river, for unloading logs, etc.

The oldest road within the present city limits of Saco is no doubt the lane running from Common street to Hobson's, formerly "Tucker's wharf."

This was the outlet from Richard Bonython's house to the river. In that house the first court in Maine was held, June 26, 1640. The house was destroyed by the Indians in 1675, at which time it was occupied by John Bonython, "Sagamore of Saco," as he was called. Some called him Governor. Anyway, he was a lawless fellow, and was before the court once on a charge of "keeping a disorderly house." He defied both law and order, and for awhile was a holy terror to such as offended him. After a reward was offered for him "dead or alive" he submitted. It is said he was buried on Rendezvous Point, but no trace of his grave is found unless it be among the many sunken graves within the cemetery enclosure. As that was a common burying ground it is not improbable.

The spot where his house stood is now covered by a mass of dirty rubbish instead of being garnished with some memorial of the place where Richard Bonython lived from 1631 to the time of his death. The settlement at the falls soon began to assume respectable proportions and by 1755 Front street had one side all built up, the following persons having houses there: Andrew Bradstreet, John Fitz, Isaac Whitney, Samuel Warren, Dr. White and a few others, and Sir Wm. Pepperell had a house on the hill below, overlooking the ferry, where later "Bartlett's Folly" stood, so called because of its peculiar architecture and great cost. All of those residences would do credit to Saco even now, but none of them are left save the Warren house. This has been somewhat changed and repaired. In rear of the site of the fort, James Scamman, the father of Col. James Scamman, built a mansion which stood there till quite recently. The houses are gone and their owners "have faded away like the grass that we tread."

"They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers can come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb;
They died; aye, they died; we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode.
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road."

Soon after these settlers made their abodes on Front street, there began to be a movement from the Ferry. In 1736 Lieut. Samuel Scamman, built a garrison house near the spot where George Sawyer lives, on North street. Deacon Amos Chase, Dominicus Scamman, Parson Fairfield, and some others later built houses along the road as far as the Old Orchard roads; three of these are still in existence, the Chase house at the big trees; Scamman's house was long since moved to the Ferry, and has recently been remodelled, while Parson Fairfield's house is doing duty as a barn on the Gurney farm.

Deacon Chase moved up in 1763, and brought the trees up from the Ferry at that time, so there is an absolute certainty that they are over 135 years old.

Deacon Chase came originally from Newbury to Saco, married Sarah Cole of Saco and had quite a family. He died March 2, 1818, aged 99 years, 1 month and 4 days, and was buried in the old cemetery at the Ferry. Sharpe's garrison was on the river bank in rear of the cemetery, and its ruins were there till a recent date. One may now trace its outlines without any difficulty, as also some old cellars. Daniel Chase succeeded to the old estate, and his son, Amos Chase, our late townsman, who was born there 100 years ago last Saturday, Jan. 14.

"So the multitude goes, like the flower of the weed,
And passes away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even these we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told."

Many of our citizens well remember Mr Chase, for his distinguished countenance and its strong resemblance to that of Massachusetts' famous orator, Edward Everett.

Benjamin Toppan Chase, another son of Daniel Chase, removed to Buxton and settled at what is known as "Chase's Corner." His son, William A. Chase, is at present one of Saco's esteemed citizens, who bears his years very lightly, and who bids fair to attain the age of his great grandfather the deacon, and to outlive the trees. He has a brother ten years his senior, who lives in the west and is hale and hearty at 83. If space permitted much more could be said, but I forbear lest I should weary the people. So here our play hath ending. J. H.

Saco, Jan. 20, 1899.

GEORGE S. McINTIRE.

A well known local eccentric character who died July 3, 1900.

He occupied an attic room at the home of Laurence Bligh, 8 Green street, Biddeford. He was taken sick June 13, and several times he made an effort to leave his bed and resume his old wanderings through sun light-fields and shaddy woods of the suberbs, his strength was insufficient. He was 74 years of age at the time of his death. He was a familiar figure about the streets to all residents of Saco and Biddeford in the ragged clothing which he wore in preference to the better. He was a great student particularly well versed in mathematics and astronomy.

THE LATE JOSEPH S. RICKER.

Joseph S. Ricker, for a number of years a director of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroad Companies, died in Portland, Me., on January 17 at the advanced age of eighty.

He was one of the most successful business men of the Pine Tree State, and his public spirit and philanthropic nature, always in evidence during his long and useful life, was given very practical expression in his last will and testament. Through this, he left to various charitable, religious and educational societies the handsome sum of about $300,000.

Mr. Ricker was born in Lebanon, Me., and early in life learned the tanning business, and for many years conducted important plants at Berwick and Portland, Me., and Ossipee and Great Falls, N.H.

For about twenty years he was associated in this business with Mr. Mosley of Montreal, under the firm name of J. S. Ricker & Co., the concern afterward being incorporated under the name of the Casco Tanning Company, Mr. Ricker acting as treasurer.

The business proved very successful, and Mr. Ricker subsequently transferred some of his capital to the banking business, becoming president of the Second National bank of Portland. He was also, for a time, a director in the First National bank of that city.

He gradually became interested in other lines of industry, including the railroad business, and in 1884 disposed of his interest in the tanning company.

In addition to his numerous other activities, he was a director of the Boston & Maine, Maine Central, Portland & Rochester, York Beach, and Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn railroads. He was also president of the Annapolis & Baltimore railroad, and consented to take the presidency of the United States Oil Company, at the time of its reorganization following the Globe bank collapse.

Mr. Ricker was a man who never sought political prominence, and never shirked his duty as a citizen or a stockholder. He was a faithful attendant at the directors' and stockholders' meetings of the companies in which he was represented, and never missed one of these if it was possible to be present.

Though retiring in his disposition and modest in his tastes, Mr. Ricker was nevertheless one of the greatest powers in business in New England, and his judgment was always respected by his associates.

The keynote to his character and his success in life is contained in his reply when asked why he had not consented to be a candidate for the office of president of the Maine Central road in 1895. He said: "I make it a rule never to take a position unless I feel sure that I can devote all necessary time to the discharge of its duties. I did not feel that I could give the road the time the president should give to it."

At the funeral of Mr. Ricker, which took place in Portland, the Boston & Maine railroad was represented by President Lucius Tuttle and other officials.

A true copy from the Records of a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad, held January 17, 1901.

Attest:

WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE, *Clerk.*

Whereas the senior director of this Company, Mr. Joseph S. Ricker, has been this day removed from our midst, at the close of a long and useful life,

Now therefore be it Resolved, That the members of this Board deeply regret the loss of his valuable advice and services so long employed and closely identified with the progressive development of this Company. His genial personality will long remain with us as a pleasant memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family as a token of our sympathy with them in their bereavement and of our regard for our late associate.

Mr. Ricker at the time of his death was a director of the Biddeford & Saco Railroad Co. and also the Portland R.R. Co.

JOSEPH F. DEERING.

An Active Business Life Closed by Death Last Night. Jan 2, 1895

Joseph F. Dearing, one of Saco's best known citizens and most prominent business men, died at his home on Beach street at quarter of 10 last night, after a sickness of about three months, from bright's disease and dropsy, aged 67 years, 11 months and 18 days. Funeral services will be held from his late home Friday afternoon at 1.30.

Mr. Dearing has been sick since early fall and his condition has been very critical, although at times it seemed to promise that he would be able to get out again. For the past two weeks he had failed so rapidly, however, that those who knew of his condition were not surprised to hear that he was dead.

His death closed a most active life and removed from Saco a citizen who was widely known and highly esteemed and a business man who has long been prominent in this section.

Mr. Dearing was born in Saco and learned the hair dresser's trade when a young man, which he followed for years. He ran the barber shop in the old York hotel and after that hotel was burned opened a shop in Pike's block which he ran for a long time, until he sold out to John B. Stowe the present proprietor.

Before it became the custom to have the undertakers take full charge of funerals Mr. Dearing did nearly all of that work in Saco. He was also an excellent auctioneer and for many years he had charge of almost all of the auctions held in Saco.

Through his connection with auctions he drifted into the second hand furniture business in which he had been engaged up to the present. He also, at one time, in connection with his son, Henry, ran a big furniture store in the Thornton block. He was for several years engaged in the manufacture of woollen mats and dusters on Water street and had also done considerable business in real estate. He was a shrewd and successful business man in whatever he engaged and leaves a good property.

Mr. Dearing was a nearnest Republican and in his younger days had been one of the most active workers in his party in Saco. He served as collector of taxes from 1869 to 1876 and was a model collector. He was on the board of assessors from 1887 to 1890 and was city marshal in 1877 and 1878.

Mr. Dearing was an excellent judge of the value of property and probably no man in this section had better ideas upon such matters than he. He knew about almost every building and every acre of land in his own city and Old Orchard and his long and varied experience made his advice upon any business matter worth seeking.

Socially and in his relations with the business men Mr. Dearing was one of the most genial of men and as a husband, father and neighbor there was none better.

Mr. Dearing will be greatly missed in business circles.

JOHN FARNHAM BOYNTON.

An Eventful Life Brought to a Close by His Death. Oct. 20. 1900

Dr. John Farnham Boynton, who died suddenly last Monday of conjestion of the lungs at his home in Syracuse, was a man of marked individuality and genius, one for whom America in the last fifty years has furnished a fitting field of labor. A brief sketch of his varied life may be of interest to JOURNAL readers.

Dr. Boynton was born in Bradford, Mass., Sept. 20, 1811, and was a member of one of the most historic families which in his genealogical work he traced back into early English history. He entered Columbia school in New York and afterward received a diploma from the St. Louis medical school, but practiced medicine for only a short time. He soon commenced lecturing and for years travelled through every state in the Union lecturing on "Geology and the Natural History of Creation" and kindred subjects." Aggasiz, himself, was an interested listener to Dr. Boynton and they formed a firm friendship. In the first excitement of the early Mormon movement, before Joseph Smith had received the revelation making polygamy the crowning glory of man, Dr. Boynton was one of the ministers and for some time expounded the new faith in Saco.

About 1845 Dr. Boynton went to Syracuse, but when the gold fever in California broke out in 1849 he was one of the first to try his fortunes in the new El Dorado, where he was uniformaly successful. After a few years he returned to Syracuse where he purchased a four acre lot on which he planted his famous pear orchard and where he studied and worked out some of the most useful inventions of the age.

About this time he conceived the idea that the method of extinguishing fires could be improved upon and he soon invented a fluid and a light apparatus for the rapid generation of carbonic acid gas. He sold the patent on his invention to certain manufacturers for $15,000 in cash, and it has long been known as the famous Babcock fire extinguisher. He afterwards invented a soda fountain, a method of extracting gold from ore by the vacuum process, various electrical appliances, and in all has taken out 30 patents, not one of which has proved a failure. The first process for converting cast iron into malleable steel was his invention as was also a successful method for coloring buttons and glassware.

It was the Doctor's knowledge of geology that enabled him to denounce the "Cardiff Giant," which he maintained from the first was a humbug, proving conclusively that the alleged prehistoric man was a fake. He was with Dr. Henry S. Tanner during the latter's famous fast in New York City in 1880, and it ...e who furnished the press with daily ...tins of the faster's condition. Dr. Boyn... also fasted himself for 20 days. The ex...osure of the famous Tewksbury almshouse horror, in 1883, when it was found that human skin was being tanned into hide, was first brought to the attention of the public by Dr Boynton. He was an intimate friend of Gen. Benj. Butler under whose administration as governor, the expesure was made.

At the time of his death, Dr. Boynton was perfecting a patent hard wall plaster, and was about to close negotiations with parties to put it on the market. On the Saturday before his death he disposed of the patent rights for Canada. For many years he was interested in the Boynton tar roofing, utilizing the coal tar refuse from the gas works.

Dr. Boynton was married three times, his first wife being Miss Susan Lowell of Saco, by whom he had two children, who survive him, Randolph Boynton, a Portland jeweler, and Miss Susan Boynton of Boston. Several years after the death of his first wife, he achieved considerable notoriety by celebrating his second wedding in a balloon in New York City. He was then married by the now famous divine, Rev. DeWitt Talmage, to a Syracuse school teacher. A few years ago he obtained a divorce from his second wife and was married to his present wife, who has ably seconded her husband's efforts in compiling the family record, which now stands complete, though unpublished.

Descendants of Nathan Lord.

A reunion of the sons and daughters of Nathan Lord, who settled in ancient Kittery, about 1653, is projected to take place at Paul's Hotel, South Berwick, on the first of August next. The present town of South Berwick was originally a part of Kittery, and the descendants of Nathan Lord at "Old Fields" still own and occupy land that has not been out of the family for more than 200 years. The ancient Lord cemetery is on the farm of the late Henry W. Lord at "Old Fields." The project of a reunion was started by Messrs. E. O. Lord of Concord and C. C. Lord of Hopkinton, both lineal descendants of Nathan Lord. The movement is endorsed by Prof. John K. Lord of Dartmouth College, Hanover, Rev. H. F. Hill, D. D. Concord, Mr. Samuel Hale Mrs. E. M. Weeks, Mrs. E. A. Rollins and others of South Berwick; J. Everett Lord, North Berwick; Miss Olive A. Atkinson, Portsmouth, and others. Dr. William Hale of Glouscester, Mass., has consented to be present at the reunion and read an original paper. The Rev. H. Eaton of New York city, who has given much attention to the geanology of the Nathan Lord family, has been invited to deliver a historical address. C. C. Lord, Hopkinton, corresponding secretary of the movement, desires to hear from all the sons and daughters of Nathan Lord who are interested in the reunion, which is projected for a day when many people are enjoying the privilege of their summer vacations.

THE OLD YEAR

AND SOME OF ITS MOST IMPORTANT LOCAL EVENTS.

A Chronological Summary Compiled from the Journal's Files Which May Come in Handy as a Matter of Record of the Principal Happenings of 1890.

Following is a brief chronology of some of the most important local events which the year which closes tonight has brought:

JANUARY.

5. First public meeting of men of St. Mary's, held in Warren's hall.
7. Supreme Judicial Court convenes in Saco.—York Bar Annual Banquet.—Judge Hobbs renders his decision in the Fogg will case.
8. Ralph Bachelder's misdoings made public by the JOURNAL.—Bishop Healey's ultimatum received by parishoners of St. Mary.
11. Public installation of Mayoshen Lodge officers.—"Two Clay Pipes" company stranded in Biddeford.
13. Johnson and Harmon case tried.—Globe Grocery store closed in Saco.
16. Petition for new public building in Saco circulated.
20. S. F. Shaw retires from the firm of Dearborn & Shaw and L. H. Kendall takes his interest.
21. Death of Chas. Henry Mitchell.
27. Five hundred dollar fire on Pearl street.
29. Steve Travers, Peter Feeley, and other criminals sentenced at Saco.
30. Death of Chas. H. Dennett, Saco.

FEBRUARY.

1. Court adjourns.—Philip Derouin fatally stabbed by Peter Morin.
3. Wm. Seabury of Saco, seriously injured by a falling log.
5. Death of Philip Derouin.
8. Peter Morin bound over for murder.—Death of billiardist "Billy" Goldthwaite.
12. Complimentary party tendered to Prof. Wilson in Saco.—Fred Leclair defeats Daniel Farr at a pool playing match.
14. Hiram Sawtell's body found at Lebanon.
17. Military Band's annual ball.
19. John Bell fatally scalded at Three Rivers, Mass.
22. Solomon K. Patterson killed by a falling tree.
26. $7,000 fire at Milliken's mills.
27. Judge Webb declares that Biddeford court has no power to naturalize.
28. Stormy Democratic ward caucuses held.

MARCH.

3. Saco City election.
4. Death of Mrs. Florence B. Hunt from "Rough on Rats."
5. Board of Aldermen ignore petition to strike certain names from check list.—Democratic mayorality caucus.
6. Dr. John Lord nominated by the Republicans.
10. City election.
11. Preliminary hearings on first election cases.—Opening of Wardwell Home bazaar in Saco.
12. Wilbur L. Snow arrested for forgery in Saco.
17. Inauguration of two city councils.
19. Annual ball of Canton Dearborn.
22. Benjamin Pothier sues city of Saco for $10,000.
25. Death of Major Mark R. Came of Old Orchard.
31. Attempted suicide of Mrs. Hattie Leman.—James H. Miles' farm buildings in Saco burned.

APRIL.

7. Easter Monday ball.
12. John Dennis drowned.
15. York Institute decide to purchase Sweetser block,
19. Gas company sues city for $5,000.
20. Rev. A. W. Pottle closes his pastorate in Saco.
23. Wm. Stackpole nominated by the President for postmaster of Saco.
24. Farm buildings of Humphrey Phillips of Old Orchard burned.—Death of Rev. S. F. Wetherbee.
29. Death of Copt. F. W. Leavitt of Saco.
30. First local agitation of the original package question.

MAY.

2. Damaging fire in Donnell's clothing store.
9. Annual convention in this city of W. C. T. U. of York county.
15. Frederick Nason of Saco attempts suicide.
20. May term of court convenes at Alfred.
25. Biddeford and Saco milkmen hold an indignation meeting.

JUNE.

5. Republican district convention at Alfred.
6. Judge Whitehouse renders his decision in the Dean case.
10. Three French boys drowned at Somesville.
13. Peter Morin sentenced.
19. Death of Charles Littlefield of Saco.
20. Thornton Academy graduation.
21. Rev. Father Harrington presented with a team.
23. Biddeford high school graduation exercises.
24. St. John's day celebration.
26. Death of Geo. E. Means and Mrs. Geo. W. Frost of Saco.—Alumni banquet.
27. Haverhill Commandery K. T., visits Biddeford.—Lucien McIntire tried for selling milk Sunday.—Richard Brown drowned in a vault.
29. Gilbert Langlois commits suicide by jumping into a canal.
30. Geo. T. Smith sentenced from the Somerville court to three and a half years' imprisonment for arson.

JULY.

3. John W. Nowell of Eliot arraigned in the Saco court for arson.
5. Death of John M. Stimpson of Alfred.
6. Rev. Father Linehan succeeds Father Brady at St. Mary's.
9. Biddeford Free Baptists celebrate freedom from debt.
10. Judge Hamilton renders his decision in the milkmen's case.
16. Two attachments placed on Capt. Prouty's steamboat.—Buried tannery unearthed at Saco.—Body of Lizzie Winn found in the surf at Wells Beach.
18. Death of H. Burton Milliken in Saco.
21. Rev. Father Harrington leaves Biddeford.
26. Murderous affray between Frank L. Darling and Ernest Hart of Sanford.
31. This section visited by a respectable cyclone.

AUGUST.

2. Rescript of the naturalization question received from the law court.—Oat race in Saco.
3. The Minnehan drowning case.—Public Jewish wedding in Marble hall.
3. Premier Mercier is given a reception by Biddeford French Canadians.
6. Humphrey Philips killed at Old Orchard.
11. River carnival at Kennebunkport.
13. Democratic county convention at Alfred.
14. William Minnehan held for manslaughter.
20. Republican county convention at Alfred.
23. Regatta on Saco River.
24. Death of John J. Murphy of Saco.
25. Hezekiah Drew of Dayton badly gored by a bull.—Albion Robbins of Saco injured at Dover.
26. Opening of the York County Fair.—Biddeford aldermen arrested for conspiracy.
27. Bangor Canton visits Biddeford.
29. Nelson trots on Saco track in 2.18¼.

SEPTEMBER.

1. John Sears drowned at Old Orchard.
3. Republican mass meeting at City hall.
4. Speaker Reed returns to Maine.—Republican mass meeting at North Berwick.—Newburyport Veteran Artillery visits Biddeford.
5. Republican mass meeting at Old Orchard.—Reed and Greenhalge address Saco Republicans.
7. Rev. O. H. Tracy resigned.—Missionary Dean's farewell.
8. State election.—Shannon house burned in Saco.
11. Richard M. Johnson arrested for embezzlement.
13. Death of Joel Tibbetts of Saco.
14. Rev. E. P. Burtt resigned.
21. Frank Patterson drowned at Wood Island.
22. Young son of Geo. F. Bryant run over and killed.
25. Breeder's races open in Saco.
26. Light Infantry visits Amesbury and Newburyport.
29. Rev. W. G. Munn resigns.

OCTOBER.

2. Fireman's voting contest started by the JOURNAL.
3. Norman W. Johnson breaks his neck.
5. Postmaster Stackpole decides to move into the York Institute.
7. Wm. Minnehan found guilty of man slaughter.
11. Geo. Griffin killed under train at McIntire's cut.
13. Death of Leonard Lord of Saco.
17. Commissioner of Labor Campbell brings action against the Pepperell.
20. Judge Emmons appointed deputy collector of Portland custom house.—Weymouth slaughter house burned.—Death of Dr. John F. Boynton of Syracuse, N. Y.
22. Living Hill's buildings destroyed by fire in North Saco.
24. Policemen's ball.
26. Death of Capt. Wm. G. Matthews of Wells.
30. Death of Chas. M. Milliken of Saco.
31. Old Saco's ball.

NOVEMBER.

2. Death of Lewis F. Small.
3. Strike on the York.
5. Annual meeting of Horse Railroad Company.
10. Wm. Harper Deering and wife celebrate golden wedding in Saco.
11. Trial of Biddeford aldermen begun in Portland.—S. K. Ellis of Boston buys the Biddeford house.
19. Biddeford aldermen acquitted.
21. John Brown sues Saco Water Power Company for $15,000.
22. Death of Willis McKenney of Saco.—Lawyer George F. Haley retained in the Sawtelle case.
26. Eben's win the JOURNAL's trumpet.—Richard Vines' ball in Biddeford.
27. Thanksgiving ball in Saco.
29. Death of James A. Stafford.

DECEMBER.

1. Death of Edward M. Haines in Saco.
2. John F. Smith's house burned.
4. County Attorney Burbank resign to accept the position of Judge of Saco municipal court.—Ebens celebrate.
12. Death of William H. Hanson.—Edward Clark imprisoned for a poll tax.
14. Rev. T. M. Davies resigns.
15. York Institute dedicated.
17. Death of Henry K. McIntire in Saco.
19. Wheelmen's ball in Saco.
26. Heavy snow storm.

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

As Given by Rev. William Rader, a Former Biddeford Pastor.

IN A PAPER CALLED "TOWN TALK."

What Prompted the Preacher To Go Into the Ministry.

SOME BIG MEN THAT HE MET.

How He Barely Escaped Becoming Magazine Writer.

A copy of "Town Talk," a rather lively weekly published in San Francisco, has just reached the Journal. This particular copy has a marked interest in that it contains "A Chapter of Autobiography," written by Rev. William Rader, former pastor of the Second Congregational church of this city. The article, in substance, is as follows:

I was born during the Civil war. My decision to enter the ministry was reached in a little country schoolhouse, in Pennsylvania, Chester Co., not far from the birthplace of Bayard Taylor.

The immediate influence which helped me to this decision was a school teacher, whose sister, also one of my teachers, gave me the soundest flogging I have ever had the painful fortune to receive. She is now the wife of a prominent congressman.

I was sent to an academy in New Jersey, where I won honors in oratory. Two of my schoolmates at Pennington are now prominent attorneys in San Francisco. Subsequently I attended Dickinson college, Pa., where I was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity. I began to preach before the age of seventeen, and was pastor of my first church—two churches, in fact—before the age of tweny-two. For a number of years I was classed among that pulpy class of individuals known as "Boy Preachers."

My public life was commenced as a Methodist itinerant in Michigan, West Virginia and Ohio. I know what the circuit rider means, and as a boy traveled many miles, preaching to the people. I soon discovered that my temperament was not suited to the Episcopal form of government, and my "fatal fluency" of speech came very near blinding me to the necessity of a thorough training in theology. During this period I was set to work on a monthly periodical called "The Lamp of Life," a journal noted for its piety and poverty. I had a corner in the office of the May City, Mich., Tribune, where I worked early and late, gathering news items, folding papers, addressing the wrappers and mailing them. It always took me about one month to get one edition. But in connection with this work

REV. WILLIAM RADER.

I was made to cut wood for the editor, to assist his children with their Latin, and build three fires in the morning before the family arose. For all this I received the sum of ten dollars per month, and an experience which has prevented me from being a journalist.

In 1887 I began to look around for an institution which would give a young man a theological training without destroying his individuality. My attention was called to the Andover Theological seminary, at that time the center of heresy. I had a taste of practical orthodoxy, and I longed for something free. The memory of my struggle for an education is one of mingled pain and joy. It was a terrible struggle, but it paid. When I reached Andover, five of the professors were on trial for teaching God is good, and that because He is good, the heathen who has no chance in this life might have a chance in the world to come. They denied the inspiration of the Hebrew vowel points and believed orthodoxy was progressive, and that all infants were saved. I saw them tried before the Massachusetts supreme court. We know no more about the heathen now than we did then; but it is a matter of satisfaction to know that one of the accused professors is president of Dartmouth college, another is president of Amherst college, and another has been made president of the Theological seminary. One has passed to his reward, honored by all, while the chief conspirator against the orthodoxy of New England is going to his grave, with hair whitened by the bigotry of his brethren. The creed which caused the trouble has just been laid away in its little grave.

I studied in Andover with a Hebrew Bible in one hand and a baby in the other, sustained and helped by a wife, who has been a constant inspiration to me in my life work.

I have always been grateful for having come in touch with New England. During my student days I had frequent opportunities to practice upon long-suffering congregations, who rewarded me with enough money to support me in the schools, and fed me on baked beans and brown bread to such an extent that I have never wished for these Boston luxuries since.

Personalities educate us, not books and curriculums of study. As I look back over my life, the strong forces stand out with increasing clearness, and I must mention several notable men who greatly influenced my early life. The first was Henry Ward Beecher, to whom I listened with the same interest that a boy watches a fire cracker explode. Beecher never thundered when I heard him, but there was always the sense of unburned powder in his vicinity that might go off at any moment. Beecher attracted me because he wasn't afraid. I have never had any use for your politic, namby-pamby, place-seeking, all things to all sort of men preachers. Beecher has been America's greatest theological seminary, a seminary on legs.

Phillips Brooks was in the fullness of his power in Boston; whether in the pulpit or on the street, he always reminded me of the remark Sydney Smith made of Daniel Webster, "He looks like a Cathedral." His downright, sensible earnestness won my attention.

Joseph Cook was giving his lecture in Tremont Temple, but he ran his exuberant rhetoric over narrow gauge rails, was never quite free, and did not greatly interest me.

The Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, D. D., of Brooklyn, New York, should be mentioned among those who influenced my boyhood. Dr. Storrs was at the time of his death a year ago, the most polished orator of the Everett type living. He gave me valuable assistance when I went from the Methodist to the Congregational church.

Among my acquaintances was John G. Whittier, the beautiful old Quaker. In the hospitable, oak knoll home near Danvers, Mass., I attended a birthday reception.

I have pleasant memories of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who invited me to his Beverly Farms home. He came perilously near destroying my preconceived opinions on religion. He figuratively picked me up, slammed me on the floor, stood me up, knocked me down and struck me until I was dazed. If you turn to "Over the Tea-Cups" you will find some things he said. My most vivid recollection of the little, scintillating autocrat is when he danced around the room in his stocking feet and talked about theology. He was going for a drive and changed his slippers for shoes and during the process grew excited; and so did I.

It was a great event in my life. I was face to face with a man who, while he talked out of one corner of his mouth, spoke with more brilliancy than any man I ever heard. His words dropped like rapidly minted gold coins. He followed up this interview with letters which a servant accidentally destroyed.

My life thus far, like ancient Gaul, divides itself into three parts:

Part I. The boy with the struggles peculiar to a boy pushed out into the world altogether too soon, but with the inspiration of a good parentage, of staunch Pennsylvania Dutch stock. It was not the conditions of my pleasant home that sent me so early into life, but the inordinate ambition to travel and know the world. At the age of twelve, in company with another boy, equally foolish, I ran away for a week with the expectation of killing Indians in the west, but like the prodigal, returned to partake of the fatted calf.

Part II. The period of preparation by active work. During this period of my life, my purpose ripened and I began to prophesy. My father at first strongly opposed my going into the ministry, a profession so apparently contrary to the vigorous and sometimes singularly mischievous tendencies of my boyhood, but my passion to deal with the public and give my message to the world swept me into the pulpit, and on the platform. The pulpit of the twentieth century ought to be a throne of power, for the man who is able to sacrifice secular ambtion for spiritual results.

Part III. Begins with my graduation at Andover, from whence I went to Biddeford, Maine, then to Oakland, California, where I remained three years as the colleague of Dr. McLean in the First Congregational church. For more than five years I have been pastor of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco.

THE BARD OF EATON, N. H.

A Rare Old Book of New England Farmer Rhymes and Its History.

Are you a bibliomaniac, and have you in your collection of specimens of the literature of New England a copy of "The Farmer's Meditations, or Shepherd's Songs"? If you do not possess this rare volume, says the New York Sun, your collection is incomplete.

Among the pioneers of New Hampshire were the Randalls, and living in the town of Eaton, in that state, during the first half of the present century, was one Thomas Randall, a farmer, who in his infrequent intervals of leisure, like the famous Mr. Wegg, had a way of dropping into poetry. He is said to have been able to find rhymes for all occasions, and to have been a ready and voluminous writer, but all that has survived the envious touch of time is the book mentioned above.

Like the poetic fancies of Homer and others, before and since, the compositions of this famous poet had a wide local circulation, in manuscript and from mouth to mouth, long before they were crystalized in cold type. At the earnest solicitation of friends, presumably, for your true poet is ever modest about blowing his own horn, the choicest of the poems were collected and printed. One of the poet's sons, himself no mean rhymester, was an itinerant peddler, one of the large number that forty years and more ago travelled through New England, taking rags and sundry articles of farm produce in exchange for tinware, brooms and a variety of household conveniences. These forerunners of modern commercial life are now as nearly extinct as the American bison, but in those days they flourished and waxed prosperous, and the peddler son of the poet was made the medium whereby this book was circulated. It sold for 25 cents. Books were not as common then as now, and many a careful housewife was glad of the opportunity to exchange assorted rags for Randall's rhymes.

The venture was successful. The edition was not a large one, and it was soon exhausted. As might be expected, those who now possess a copy of this book treasure it as the apple of their eye.

"The Farmer's Meditations, or Shepherd's Songs," is an unpretentious volume, 2¾ by 4¾ inches in size, and contains 254 pages, including preface and index. It was printed at Limerick, Me., by William Burr in 1833, and was entered according to an act of Congress in the same year, in the clerk's office of the District Court of Maine, by the author.

The preface was written by Benjamin R. Jordan, and is worth reprinting here. Mr. Jordan says:

"Candid Reader: As the author of this work has not been privileged with that branch of literature which is so necessary a requisite in order to prepare a work for the press, but has been under the necessity of employing another for that purpose, he may be considered by some as incapable of imparting any useful instruction to the literati. But let the reader of these poems be careful and judge not rashly concerning this work. Let him first represent to himself an illiterate farmer, supporting his family with the labor of his hands; occupying those scanty moments that naturally intervene the fatiguing hours of labor, even those moments wherein the 'drowsy world lies lost in sleep,' to publish to the world the meditations of his fruitful and sagacious mind. His genius, exerting itself under the disadvantages of illiterature, is seen laboring alone in the 'greatness of its strength,' to perform, as it were, 'a new thing under the sun.' He darts, as it were, into the ethereal regions, and there beholds the host of heaven, the sun, moon and stars, exhibiting the praise of the Creator. He ranges the earth and explores the great abyss and tunes his verse to the respective employment and condition of the things and inhabitants of earth and sea.

"With a pleasing variety of metre our author has composed this volume of poems, which cannot fail to amuse both the aged and the youth and lead the candid reader to admire the productions of the Eatonian farmer's unpolished pen.

"In transcribing this work for publication I was requested by the author to make corrections no farther than it regarded the orthography and punctuation; for which reason the reader will perceive the measure and sentiment of the author's poetry (without essential alteration) in his own style and language. He, however, requested me (as far as I saw fit) to mark such words as I considered as being used in an improper form, and such also as were used (in a strict sense) unnecessarily. I have therefore marked the ungrammatical and expletive words to be printed in italics.

And now, while you this little book peruse
The prime production of a farmer's Muse.
Seek not his "Mecitations" to revile;
Scorn to condemn the author or his style;
Look to thyself, nor give thy passions scope,
But learn the words of Alexander Pope—
"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is nor e'er shall be."

Laboring "under the disadvantages of illiterature," the Eatonian Bard, as the author, was widely known, has produced and here gives to the public 108 poems on a variety of subjects. A mixed current of philosophy and religion permeates nearly all the poems, and the works of nature, the mysteries of life and death, the meeting and parting of friends historical events and neighborhood happenings, all furnished materal for the poet's use. "The Ox" is thought worthy of sixteen stanzas, while a "Description of the Horse with an Account of Alexander and Bonaparte," is extended to fifty-seven stanzas, and even at that length the author omitted several things that might have been said of the horse and the other two.

The death of an acquaintance seemed to be the source of a particular inspiration. For instance, Poem X. is "On the Death of Gilman Mooney, son of Hercules Mooney of Eaton, N. H. Died in Haverhill, N. H. By his request his corpse was brought seventy miles and interred in his father's burying place." As a specimen of the poet's art, the following extract is given. After philosophizing through three stanzas on the uselessness of trying to escape death, the author says:

Poor Gilman Mooney now is dead,
The grave is his appointed bed:
His youthful limbs will there decay,
Their form and fashion pass away.

Scarce nineteen years he liv'd in time,
Just in the flower of his prime;
He then did leave his father's home,
And straight to Haverhill did roam.

Unto this town he did repair,
Attended with prudential care;
He let himself a hired man—
Industry seemed to be his plan.

He had not long been in the place,
Before he was in evil case;
The cholic had this youth attack'd,
His constitution then was rack'd.

The young man grew rapidly worse and physicians were called, who used their utmost skill upon those "cholic" pains.

But all in vain their efforts prov'd,
They found the pain could not be mov'd.

And so the agony continues through the death bed scene and the burial, and then his brothers and sisters are asked to—

Think of those limbs completely drawn,
The dusty worms now feed upon;
His flesh they wholly will conceal,
When they completely end their meal.

Poem LI. is inserted "by request" and is entitled "Remarks on John March; a man of large stature, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, and who lately died at his residence in Eaton." The second stanza, in the twenty comprising the poem, tells the whole story:

His bulky form we did admire;
Uncommon was his weight;
A fever seized on him like fire,
And shortly seal'd his fate.

The memory of Miles Shorey is embalmed in twenty-two stanzas, of which the ninth and tenth must be taken as specimens:

Miles Shorey, fifteen months of age,
In haste has quit his favorite stage;
By oil of vitrol spill'd on him,
And was consumed by the flame.

This child, who suffered by this fire,
His father's name was Nehemiah,
Who was a real friendly man,
His loving mother's name was Ann.

One cannot read the last stanza given above without thinking how thankful the poet must have been that the name of the child's father was Nehemiah, for thereby the most natural and perfect rhyme for fire was ready at hand.

In the poem entitled "Fall Lost in Winter" our poet twangs his lyre with something like Anacreontic abandon. Listen to him:

The sleighmen, pleased to see their inns,
They laugh and smile to warm their shins,
A cheerful glass lights up their tongues,
And tunes the organs of their lungs.
Their landlord tips each one a grin,
Is pleased to see them enter in.
His bottles he does well arrange.
He laughs and smiles to get the change.

FIRST OF A SERIES.

FULL AND ACCURATE HISTORY OF COCHRANISM.

To be Furnished the Journal by Joel M. Marshal, Who is able to Give the History of this Strange Craze More Fully than Any Other Can Give It.

Following is the first of a series of articles which Joel M. Marshall, Esq., of Buxton is to furnish the JOURNAL upon the subject of Cochranism.

Several months ago the JOURNAL published an article on Cochranism which provoked a good deal of discussion among those who knew anything about this strange religious craze or who had heard about the remarkable character and powers of the man who put forth the new faith. Certain of the older readers of the JOURNAL disagreed with some of the statements published at the time and few of them agreed among themselves. One thing was agreed upon and that was that a full story of Cochrane and Cochranism which was authentic would be of much interest.

At that time it was mentioned in the JOURNAL that Mr. Marshall was possessed of full facts in regard to Cochranism. He has always lived in the village in which Cochrane made his advent and launched his strange doctrines, and has the whole history of the man and the movement accurately. Mr. Marshall has consented to furnish the story for the JOURNAL, and today's installment will be followed by other chapters of the story, which is sure to be of great interest. Many of the families native to this locality can find some of their ancestors and connections mixed up with Cochranism.

Near the close of a dark leaden day in April in the year, 1816 there came to the door of the old Warren tavern at Salmon Falls, Buxton, a stranger with a satchel in his hand and asked for the entertainment of a supper and lodging.

When he entered the bar room there were about a dozen young men sitting around the great open fire chatting, not an uncommon sight at these times, and especially at this season of the year, for a country town.

The entrance and greeting of the stranger at first caused a little moving about to make room and some gazing but nothing attracted particular attention except one little odd feature concerning his dress, which was that he wore one of his pants tucked into the leg of his boots, while the other was allowed the privilege of scraping acquaintance with the mud of the street, as the opportunity offered.

As the evening advanced, and especially as the new comer conversed with the company, other peculiarities and some very interesting facts concerning him began to enlist their attention. He had dark hazel eyes, bright and penetrating, with a glance and expression that craved a second look from the observer, while his voice was firm and distinctly toned and rather musical.

The stranger, rather an unusual circumstance, easily took the lead of the conversation of the evening and showed himself to be exceedingly well informed, with a fluent tongue and an easy and graceful talker, which in these days carried on its face its full merit of influence and respect.

When supper was announced he proceeded to the dining room where his appearance was more definitely scrutinized by the hostess and her daughter. His conversation at the table with them must have been quite prolonged as their guest ate with a zest and heartiness commensurate with his prodigious physical and mental vigor.

The hostess and daughter and most likely other members of the family, took their place at the table with the stranger, the usual custom at country towns in those times, and the opportunity then presented itself to the stranger to make some inquiires about the place, people and such other facts that were wonted to decide the question of his story and the prospect of his mission.

He seemed to be conversant with the history of the family and on one or two occasions he told them of matters relating to their domestic concerns, which they then did not then know, but which older members of the family afterwards confirmed.

When the stranger had finished his supper and returned to the bar room, he had to pass through a vacant room and a long entry, the old lady whispering to her daughter, said:

"Betse, you go up to the chamber closet and get the silver and bring it down. This man is going to sleep next to this closet and I am afraid of him. He must be a fortune teller and the Lord only knows what he is."

In going to the chamber and the closet, the daughter had to pass through the bar room. As she was moving quietly through the bar room, hoping to escape the notice of the stranger, suddenly he turned in his chair and looking her full in the face, said:

"Madame, you needn't touch your silver, I don't want it. I am a gentleman."

The daughter stopped as though shocked, and then turned and went back to the kitchen and told her mother what had happened and they both said he must be a fortune teller.

This proved to be in some measure true, for it is said that he did afterwards tell their fortunes but it was not known that he made that any part of his business.

In the course of his conversation in the evening with the company around the fire, he gave them his name as Jacob Cochrane and said he had hailed from Vermont and told them that he had just come out of the army, and had a certificate of his qualification to teach school. Afterwards it was found that he came from Enfield, N. H., near Vermont though either of them might have been true.

Nothing was ever known of his efforts to secure a school in these parts and probably that was not his intention, as he claimed his mission was in an entirely opposite direction.

The report is, that the first exhibition of his oratorical power was on the occasion of the funeral of a little child who died suddenly at Salmon Falls soon after he came here. At the close of the ministers remarks a tall, commanding looking man came forward from those assembled and placing his hand on the forehead of the child and commenced a discourse. The late Charles Runnells and a number of others who were there and heard him said they never heard anything like it before or since.

The name and fame of Cochrane began to spread from this, and from that time when it was known that Cochrane was to speak at any meeting, whether his own or any other, he was sure to have a crowd of hearers.

At the time of Cochrane's advent here religious interest was on the increase and revivals had been going on in many of the adjoining towns, Gorham and Scarborough, Saco and Standish and other towns in the western part of York and in Cumberland counties. Elder Clement Phinney of Gorham and Elder John Buzzell of North Parsonsfield, held meetings in many parts of the county and the people were wrought up to a high state of religious fervor just as Cochrane burst upon them full fledged to capture the unwary and all the supernatural and visionary subjects that were looking for a ready realization of their dreams, seemed to see in Cochrane the mediator for whom they had opened their windows, looking to the new Jerusalem.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COCHRANE'S POWER.

STRONG MEN WERE MOVED AGAINST THEIR OWN WILLS.

Second Instalment of Mr. Marshall's Series Cochrane's Family and Early Life—His Oratorical Ability and Magnetic Power Over the Converts to His Faith.

Jacob Cochrane was born on the ninth day of July, 1782, at Enfield, N. H., and was fifth child and third son of Jacob Cochrane and his wife Rachel (Webster) Cochrane of Alenstown. Jacob Cochrane Sr., and Rachel Webster were married February 15, 1773. Jacob was married to Abigail Colcord of Enfield, date not given. The family consisted of Jacob Sr., wife and eight children. Jacob, Sr., was the proprietor of a good farm and was a

well to do farmer. At that time and that place the children received about six weeks' schooling in a year. This is on the authority of a Mrs. Andrews, a relative from Enfield, in a letter dated May 7, 1888. She negatives the statement that Jacob ever taught school, or that he was ever in the army. The youth of that period who could qualify himself for teaching school in that short period of time each year, must have been endowed with rare powers of concentration or else we are driven to the conclusion that examinations for such position was not conducted on the exhaustive system of the present time.

Cochrane Senior, like all farmers then and there, kept quite a herd of cattle and several cows; and it is in connection with this fact that a little incident occurred, which may be of interest to the reader, and will illustrate the fertility of his mind and the multiplication table of his expedients to avoid the drudgery that fell to the common lot of boys and young men of that time.

It is said that young Jacob, with perhaps the other brother Samuel, were detailed to do the milking, and it was always noticed that the cows that Jacob had to milk were uneasy, and would not stand still. The others did not understand what the cause of this was, and the consequent loss of the milk and the unvariable result of his attempt, caused his father to transfer the youth from that to another department of the barn work. It was soon after discovered what the real mischief was. It is said that the boy had stuck a row of pins in the front of his cap in such a way that when he leaned forward, placing his head against the cow, the method of some milkers, the pins stabbed the cows and made them kick and spill the milk.

A period of his early life, of about fifteen years, must now be passed over in which we have no definite knowledge of his whereabouts, his development, his business or other probable instances of his wild endeavors. He must have had some experience in the line of preaching somewhere before his advent in this section of the county.

An aged man of Parsonsfield relates of a neighbor seeing Cochrane at Porter and says of him: "On a Sabbath morning as he (Cochrane) approached the school house where he was to hold a meeting he appeared to be a handsome, fashionably dressed young man. His coat was thrown back so as to show his white vest. He walked with a brisk step, swinging his arms, clapping his hands, singing joyously and bowing politely to all whom he met."

Cochrane's doctrine, if indeed it had any foundational prototype outside of his fertile brain, seems to have been like the Koran in theory and in practice like the whirling dervish or the Oriental countries.

He claimed that all his sayings were from divine inspiration and he thought that all who embraced his doctrines received direct and constant communications from the Almighty. Their usual expressions were: "The Lord tells me."

Under the influence of this self imposed delusion they could easily allow their random thoughts and desires to establish a rule of action, which was to assume the control of their minds and give license to the basest passions. He did not reject the Bible, but his interpretation of it was often silly and obscure. In carrying out the command to become as little children, he exhorted them in humility to roll in the dirt, and men and women to make mud cakes. He directed these simple and puerile antics, and they obeyed in proportion as he had gained control of their minds and become subordinated to these personal suggestions. He led them to believe in a "supernatural affinity." They were to heal the sick and even to have the power to strike down dead if they willed. They were to be able to enlarge the farmer's crop or to bring the housewife's soap.

A poet in the vicinity of one of the places where Cochranism had made many converts, describing a dispute with one of these zealots makes Dennis say to John:

'If I should say—My power to show
That you must die it would be so.?'

John replying:

"Brim ful of John takes the floor
And shovels Dennis out of door."

He thought that to him and his followers the Deity granted special privileges and powers and that he and they were infallibly directed in every purpose and in every act of life. But this power, this influence over disease, or rather this personal magnetism seemed to be the peculiar province of Cochrane alone, No one of his proselytes was ever known to have been innoculated with this gift.

An old gentleman of Parsonsfield recollects seeing, when a boy, a party of these zealots passing his father's house. They were on their way to heal a sick man, but the sick man did not have the required faith and so this miracle withered in the bud.

It is said that Cochrane made about fifty proselytes in Parsonsfield and probably the mischief would have been much more extensive there and in that vicinity, had it not been for the ever vigilant eye of Elder John Buzzel, who put his whole soul into the work of battling this deceiver. Those who were led by him were generally of the ignorant and excitable kind and would often attempt the power of oratory like that of Jacob, which was conceded by all to be brilliant and sometimes very eloquent. They would mount a bench or a box and then attempt to hold forth and begin confidently and with some definite ideas at first, and there would become excited and pour forth a roaring cataract of nonsense and incoherent babbling.

There were numerous exceptions, however, to the above. The strong minded likewise felt the power of Cochrane's influence. The late Jabez Haley related that he was present at one of Cochrane's meetings, when one of the strongest men of North Saco fell under the gaze of this magician, and another very strong man in Hollis said of himself in 1817 that he became as weak as a baby while he was directing his attention to him at one of these meetings.

In a sketch of his experience in 1817, written by himself, he says: "And my strength all left me; then I was willing to get down upon my knees or anything, but my strength was so far gone, and I had got in that position that I could not get out of my chair till some one took hold of my hand, and I settled upon them and fell out of my chair on the floor. Here I felt to cry to God for mercy, but soon I was carried away in the spirit, and knew nothing of the things of time and sense for some time."

Other kindred instances of this power will be afforded later on.

It is said that their religious exercises were prayer and exhortation, singing, dancing and whirling and ended by falling on the floor, and that they would go through what they called the "holy roll" by commencing to dance round in a circle with great rapidity and suddenly fall, and then others would follow in the same way, nearly exhausted. Their dancing was sometimes accompanied by clapping of hands and singing a quick, lively air. The old custom of deacoming out the solemn psalm tunes and hymns, pausing and hanging on the parts in slow long metre received a hasty quietus at the hands of Cochrane. Some account of this manner of singing, dancing and its legitimate effect, and the changes wrought by them will be treated of later on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE COCHRANE CRAZE.

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY IT SPREAD RAPIDLY.

Cochrane's Teachings and Methods Were in Radical Contrast to Those of the Regular Ministers—Condition of the Country When He Made His Advent.

The summer of 1816 was long held in remembrance by the older men of our day, as the cold season; there was a black frost every month of the year. Farmers with a few exceptions, lost their entire crop of corn, which was killed by the frost and rotted in the field. There were two adjoining farms bordering on Saco river in the town of Buxton where the vapor from the river saved the crop of corn of the owners, Mr. Stephen Palmer and Mr. Emery, who supplied their neighbors the following year with seed corn. From this circumstance this part of the town has ever since been known as Egypt.

This was, indeed, a dreary year. The crops were either very light or an entire failure; business was dull, money was scarce, the disturbed condition of the country immediately following the war had nearly paralyzed our shipping, prostrated commerce and left our credit to the mercy of other nations.

The great number of unemployed, the hard times, the relaxation of discipline, and the apathy of moral vigor that followed the war, rested on the people with such pressure that

all efforts to enlist them to any extent in that devotional exercise and self-sacrifice, so essential in making any material religious progress, were attended with very limited success.

Burdened with the legacy of a heavy war debt, deprived in the case of nearly every family, of the luxuries and in many cases of necessaries demanded for good common living, spiritual dearth seemed as permanent and severely a fact as the scarcity of corn and the prevailing despondency that followed.

In connection with these natural causes, in order to show the condition of the country and the people of this time, it is kindred to this subject to exhibit a brief picture of the life and surroundings of the people, of the hardships, the limitations, the every day duties, and especially of the rigid discipline connected with their style and practice of religious observance.

Imagine a large two-story barn-like building standing out alone, generally on an elevated place, pierced for numerous windows with small panes of glass, weather-stained from long exposure, without paint, without a spire or bell, without a shade-tree to break the isolation, with a church-yard in the rear, the inside divided off into box-pews, six feet square on the ground floor, with a gallery on three sides and the corner pews reserved for the colored population and known as the "nigger pews," with an elevated pulpit and a sounding board canopied over the head of the preacher. On the front of the house was a porch with three doors, one for the men, one for the women and the front one for the reverend minister himself. A steep flight of stairs on either side led up to the galleries. The pew backs were high and perpendicular with a narrow, slatted railing some eight inches wide, on the tops. The best locations, those nearest the pulpit, were reserved for the wealthy members of the parish—saving two or three pews in the front for the singers and bass-viol player.

Here the good people congregated on Sabbath morning, most of them coming from a distance and bringing their dinners with them, and sometimes their go-to-meeting shoes in their hands, and there listened to the words of their pastor.

The hour's intermission was spent in lunching and heating the gossip or scanning the "publishments" which were posted in a frame in a conspicuous place near the door—until the afternoon service, which being completed, they trudged home.

In these cold, unpainted, airy barracks on the cold days of the winter season the people gathered and sometimes sat for two long hours without a fire—as still as statues, and listened to the long winded sermons and prayers—and especially if the preacher was gifted in prayer, the latter would be longer than the sermon.

While the preacher was reading their warm destiny in the "red glare of hell" the children would be curling their feet under them to keep from freezing, while they watched the little white clouds that every breath made, and the women tried to keep comfortable with their little square tin stoves, the minister would pray for the heathen, and the uncouth millions in far off Africa, and if any faithful wife and mother with a family of eight or ten children after wrestling with poverty and exposure and drudgery, and exposed to the mercies of a drunken husband for twenty years, had at last succumbed to death's relentless grasp, the good minister prayed that her death might be sanctified to the bereaved family, and especially to the inconsolable husband. They must all acknowledge the wisdom of Providence and bow to the mandates of God.

The music of those times consisted principally of long meter hymns, lined or deacoued with very impressive solemnity in metrical versions of the Psalms and Watt's select hymns. The rhymed horrors became popular in the eighteenth century, and continued so well down to our day. Think of singing in solemn chorus such lines as these:

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed?".

The effect of these old pennyroyal hymns on the young people of that day, as of this, is not difficult to imagine, and Cochrane immediately seized upon this fact and lifted himself at a bound above the ramparts of these traditional and senseless methods. He at once supplanted these with a quick, lively music of the most exhilarating airs. One of these lively little airs, and the one most often quoted by those who had heard them, ran thus—

"Come you who love the Lord indeed
Glory, glory hallelujah—
Who are from sin and bondage freed
Glory hellelujah."

The writer has heard several old men who well remembered Cochrane, sing this hymn to a lively air and at the same time involuntarily emphasize the music by a lively movement of their hands.

Such was the condition, such was the life and such was the labyrinth through which all aspirants for better mental development must thread themselves, and mingled with all was a certain degree of superstition, trained in traditional rules of acknowledged sanctity, and time-honored in their observance. Over all these Cochrane had thrown the glamour of his impressive personality. His commanding presence, his pleasing manners, his dark penetrating eyes, his fluent tongue and copious language, his melodious voice, his familiarity with the scripture and his untramelled interpretation of its text, his intense earnestness and all these engineered by a superb masculine vigor, made by him a dreaded rival to be encountered by his contemporaries in the tournament of debate.

The malarial influence following the appropriation and inordinate abuse of these personal endowments over the up-country virtues and wilderness moralities of the rural people of New England at that time is not difficult to understand.

Cochrane addressed himself particularly to the young. He came to Maine as a preacher of no denomination, and as he professed, wished to found none. From his first entrance into Maine, extreme opinions of his character were entertained. Some thought him to be the most holy man that had appeared since the apostles, while there were some even then who regarded him as the devil incarnate. He first introduced himself to the Free Will Baptists in Scarborough, where his preaching at first as it was said, attracted no particular attention, save that it was bold, visionary and dictatorial. Extending his labors into other towns, his popularity increased till he was put forward in a protracted meeting in North Saco by general consent and where for six weeks the excitement was intense.

Not less than three hundred there professed to have found mercy, and from that time Cochrane was the hero of the day, admired and almost worshipped by an excited people.

At the expiration of twelve months from the commencement of this extraordinary interest, it is said that not less than two thousand in south-western Maine made a profession of religion. Churches of all denominations shared in the work directly or indirectly and ministers generally gave it their approval, though regretting its unhealthy excitement and its great excesses.

The developments of Cochranism were by rapid and successive steps and in about the following order: he professed to have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost himself and to be authorized to administer it to others, after which they would live without sin. He disapproved of church organizations, declared all sectarian names to be marks of the beast, and all church members to be in Babylon. He introduced re baptism as a symbol cleansing from sectarian stains, and afterwards came the proposition to have all things common. Nor did he stop here. A proclamation was finally issued declaring that all marriage vows were annulled, and that spiritua ties alone were to be regarded as valid among Christians. This last announcement was as pleasing to some, as it was startling to others.

JACOB COCHRANE.

One of His Disciples Tells of His Own Conversion.

WONDERFUL POWER OVER MEN

Made Them Worship Him Almost as a God.

A year or so ago the Journal published a series of very interesting articles on Jacob Cochrane and Cochranism, which were written by Joel M. Marshall of Buxton, who has in his possession more accurate facts in relation to that subject than any other in these parts.

On account of sickness and other business Mr. Marshall was obliged to discontinue these articles to the regret of many of the Journal readers.

Mr. Marshal is now able to resume his subject and the Journal expects to be able to publish from time to time a continuation of articles until the subject is exhausted.

In his previous letters Mr. Marshall had described the advent of Cochrane to Buxton and told of some of his earlier meetings and conversions. Cochranism had not then reached the height of its rage.

Mr. Marshall tells in the following letter how men were overcome by Cochrane's preaching and gives the story of the conversions of Mr. McD——s, as written by himself in 1817.

The last article on this sublime subject afforded some causes of the transition from the time-honored customs and embarassments experienced by the faithful, church-going people of this typical New England section and their natural susceptibilities to an innovation when moved by the deep earnestness and magnetic eloquence of such a man as Cochrane. Hero worship was then, as it is now, a dormant element, in almost every human soul, and like every other contageous disease, found broad, level fields for infinite development when it met no organized and disciplined form of resistance.

The conversions under Cochrane were in one sense peculiar. Since Whitefield's career no man made so many converts among the masculine persuasion as he. In this respect it differs quite materially from the religious conversions of the present day. In the beginning it took its firmest hold on men, physically strong, in the prime of life, and possessed of unquestionable mental vigor. There are

many persons still living who can remember distinctly the character of their men, whose names will for the most part be withheld, but who will be incidentally alluded to in what will follow in this series, and the statement of these contemporaries would firmly corroborate this assertion.

The following account of one man's experience written out by himself at the time, then being a resident of Hollis, will show something of the mystic influence Cochrane had over one, at least, of his hearers. In this he has faithfully delineated his sensations and the state of his mind after attending Cochrane's meeting. The following is an extract copy from this sketch, the first (of no importance to this subject) Feb. 10, 1817, (at home."

"When I went there again and worked till May, then I agreed to work seven months, but soon after this letter Jacob Cochrane preached at the town house in Hollis and I went to hear him, but I could not tell whether I liked him or not, for he brought out so many new ideas to me. I had not heard any preacher take hold of these passages which he did in Revelations, so it confounded me, but on the next Sabbath day he preached at the same place and I went to hear him again and I liked his doctrine very well but after he was done his sermon I thought he had spoilt the whole for he began to tell what was about to take place. He said, "there was going to be the greatest reformaiton that ever was known around in this part of the world and if there was not they might say that God never sent him to preach." Among other things spake he of, that never came to pass, but apparently they will.

"When he said there was going to be a reformation and if there was not, we might say that God never sent him to preach, I immediately concluded that we should have reason to throw him away, but it went on some time and nothing took place till the last of May to the first of June when he appointed a meeting one week, all the week, and the reformation began, and on the next Sabbath the meeting was at the town house in Hollis again, and I went, and seeing many of the young converts whom I had always been acquainted with, struck me very much, and the next week the meeting was appointed at the same barn, and I had a great desire to go to the meeting, but I was hired by the month and could get no time to go, but I made an excuse that I wanted to go and settle with a man that was owing me, and I went directly to the meeting and when I got there I saw many of my companions rejoicing in the Lord. I sat down and the power of the Lord came on me and it caused me to tremble but the accursed pride of my heart kept me back that would not let me cry to God for mercy and so I left the barn and went home.

"And on Friday the 13th of June, 1817, I went to my labor in the morning but my mind was to the meeting and felt such a weight of my sins that I could not work with any comfort and viewing myself lost forever without Christ and I was almost persuaded to tell the man that I was to work with that I could not work any more, but I thought that if I did this they would say I was lazy or some such thing and so I went on that day, and to my joy and surprise, on Saturday morning my employer told me that he did not want to employ me any longer if I was afraid. On which terms I immediately complied with, and after that day there seemed to me something saying—now what is there to hinder you from having religion. Thus I went on through the day feeling glad that I was done there and now I shall proceed to give an account of my experience and the dealing of the Lord to my soul. On Sunday, the 15th of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, I went to the town house in Hollis. Elder Jacob Cochrane preached there that day and I concluded that I would go and see if the Lord would not appear for my relief, but when I came there my heart felt as hard as a stone in comparison. I heard a goodly number speak of the goodness of the Lord to their souls, but I could not feel anything that was said, and I staid until the meeting was done feeling nothing but condemnation and horror of conscience, but there was a meeting appointed to Joel Marshall's that evening, not but a little distance from the place where it was in the day-time, and another to James Lord's in Saco, about two miles from there, and I concuded that the concert would be there and Elder J. Cochrane was there, so I concluded I would go, and I went and went into the house feeling a dreadful weight to my heart and weighed down under sin. I seated myself and seeing many of my companions praising the Lord made me feel worse, but pretty soon there was two young women fell in the floor and began to beg for mercy in great distress. I went along where they were and stood and looked on them, and then, thinks I, I would not get down and make such a noise as they do, but one of them came out and began to praise the Lord for what he had done for her own soul. There was one she wanted to come and praise the Lord with her and then I concluded she meant me, but I thought I would not stand there any louger, so I went back to the other part of the room. There I stood by the side of a table and the power of God fell on me, and I sat down on the table. Then the enemy told me that they would see me and all be round me talking and so I got off the table and sat down in a chair and concluded I would set there until the meeting was done, and then I would go away into some lonesome forest and there I would beg of God to have mercy on me and to show me the worst of my situation which, I believe he did, and my strength all left me. Then I was willing to get down upon my knees on anything, but then my strength was so far gone and I had got in that position that I could not get out of my chair, till somebody took hold of my hand and I settled upon them and fell out of my chair upon the floor. Here I felt to cry to God for mercy but soon I was carried away in the spirit and knew nothing more of the things of time and sense for some time, but in this deplorable situation I saw the mercies of God. I saw myself on the steep precipice going headlong to destruction and very fast too. I saw no eye to pity and no created arm to help but was determined to cry to God for mercy until I plunged in hopeless ruin. But as I lay in this situation I looked up and at a distance I saw a field and a glorious field and here I saw the Redeemer of all mankind coming towards me, but it appeared to me that I should be gone before he got to me. But I was determined to cry to him till I was gone but he came towards me slowly and then I would look to see where I was going and when I would look around to see if Jesus, my Redeemer, was any nearer to me, he was still drawing nearer to me, and soon I was at his right hand and he snatched me as a brand from the burning and set me in the glorious field of liberty and spake these words unto me—"Peace be unto you," and immediately I was free and I knew where I was and knew all the people around me, but had no strength, and two men took hold of me and sat me up and then they asked me if I did not want to stand up. I told them I had no strength and could not help myself, but if they would help me I wanted to stand up and so two men took hold of me, one hold of each arm and lifted me upon my feet, but I could not stand for some time. After a while I could bear my heft but I felt so light as anything can be imagined, and "glory! glory!" then was shouted, my soul was happy and lifted above time and sense and I felt to exhort sinners to repentance and to see the Lord while he was to be found and call upon him while he was near, but the meeting was done. I did not know which way to go but the company went into the road and I followed them and went home All things looked new."

"The next meeting was at the Hollis town house. From there we went to the house of Brother Amos Kimball, to a meeting, the spirit of God was there and the brethren and sisters were very much engaged. The meeting was dismissed, the people went away. Then the converts began to sing and praise God; sinners began to mourn. Five were converted, one of them was my own brother. The meeting held until daylight. Then I went home, on the morning of the fourth of July."

The above sketch of a brief period of the writer's life, is probably the only thing of the kind that has been written and preserved. It gives a better insight into the peculiar influence which Cochrane infused into, and held over, his attentive listeners, than anything else now attainable, and it corresponds with, and corroborates the accounts given of him, many of which your contributor has oftentimes heard from the lips of different individuals both in boyhood days and comfirmed by accounts learned by the investigation of later years.

It is claimed that the eloquence of Cochrane was not universally of a peaceful order, and not always confined to words. Some instances of muscular Christianity, which has no prototype in the average edition of the Bible, were resorted to, to secure the attention of his hearers. At one of these meetings one B——n, a wandering tinker, was present, and he did not fully appreciate the devotional spirit which was prevailing among the faithful. Cochrane grasped him by the hair and called out to him—"You are going right straight to hell." "Guess I am," responded the tinker, "for the devil has got me by the foretop."

(Continued.)

COCHRANE'S WILES.

How He Won His Way Into Public Confidence.

THROUGH A RIVAL PREACHER.

Ministers Who Enlisted in the Crusade Against Him.

The earlier meetings of Cochrane which he led in person, were generally free from that boisterous, exciting and alarming character which become the drawing feature of those later on. These latter were the meetings of his followers for the most part.

Those held at the old town house on Brigadeer hill in Hollis, were distinguished by a deep earnestness and feeling the hearers were delighted with his eloquence. All classes attended them, and great interest was manifested, and there were some who became truly converted and remained steadfast in the faith, professing their love of Christ, and from that time lived honorable, useful and Christian lives, whose impulses were first moved by the powerful appeals and eloquent exhortations of Cochran. The shouting, dancing, whirling and choosing their partners in the dark and those peculiar and wild exercises, those features of Cochranism which have been best remembered by those now living, were the sporatic growth of the so called "Spiritual liberty" which was given such liberal interpretation whose seed was sown by Cochrane.

The brief written accounts and allusions made to him by other writers and narrators are in harmony with this conceded oasis in his character.

D. M. Graham, the biographer of Rev. Clement Phinney of Gorham, who was the first minister in this section to associate with him, and who afterward denounced, shunned and dreaded Cochrane, says: "When Mr. Phinney was holding meetings in Scarborough, Cochrane was a devoted disciple, and Phinney then spoke of him as his able coadjutor. And when Phinney lead the meetings Cochrane did not attempt to take the lead, but always seemed willing to follow, and eloquently confirmed what his able brother (Phinney) had said." It was the custom of that time for the minister who was holding the meetings to preach his discourse, whatever it might be, and then give the invitation to anyone of the denomination who felt in the spirit to speak. At one of these meetings Cochrane arose, apparently overwhelmed with holy emotions and said—"Today I have heard the gospel in its purity. God has sent this servant of his (Phinny) for a great work of salvation, and he concluded his remarks by publicly proposing to give up his appointments to Mr. Phinney, reserving to himself simply the privilege of exhorting occasionally as the spirit might give him utterance. The biographer says, "Mr. Phinney could not decline so generous a proposal thus publicly made, and when Mr. Phinney entered upon the duties of his proposed series of meetings Cochrane accompanied him, faithfully availing himself of this reserved privilege of exhorting sinners to flee to Christ. He often wept profusely as he listened, and as he spoke, and the prophecy that he had before made, was so far fulfilled, for he won the confidence of the people."

It was claimed by those who knew them both, that Phinney was afraid of Cochrane and notwithstanding his self-sacrificing spirit and generosity in placing Phinney before him, Phinney seemed to withhold his confidence from him, and Cochrane knew it. One day he met Phinney in company with several men of the connection, and he said of him, "Brother Phinney you are hard hearted; you do not love me. It is as cruel as the grave, for I never saw a man in my life that I loved half as well as I do you." Phinney, raising his cane to a horizontal position, replied: "Jacob, I love you at the end of that, but I cannot receive you to my heart." Imperceptibly to the noncombative Phinney, all these circumstances were doing a great work to his gifted rival. The deference Cochrane paid to a man so firmly established in the confidence of the people by one, in the world's estimation, so much superior to him in natural ability of fine and imposing personality, generous and considerate, patient and seemingly as devout and sincere as he. These were the silent and insidious agents that shifted the current of popular acceptance from Phinney to Cochrane.

When Cochrane went from Scarboro back to Hollis and held meetings there, he said to his hearers—"Go to Scarborough and listen to Mr. Phinney if you want to hear the precious gospel in its purity. I have travelled in the ten states of this union, but never before has it been my privilege to listen to such a man of God."

In connection with the above incidents a few well authenticated instances of his skill in this part of York county which will follow will be persistent, and inasmuch as these peculiar features have never been made prominent by a number of predecessors who have told their knowledge and experience of the man, his gifts, his teachings and his excesses we think they should be brought to an exhibition of the full share of their maturity in the unbiased delineation of his character. He had gained his prominence as an eloquent orator, and won his most ardent adherents in the role of a coadjutor at these meetings, in the most of which others had borne the responsibility —thus almost unavoidably giving the impression of great reserved power and a daily expectation on the part of his hearers of a sudden and independent development of its, and it is a singular and almost melancholy fact, that in the monumental characters of the world's history the same traits which formed the leading characteristics of Cochrane were also a very prominent feature in theirs.

Measured on the scale of diplomatic ingenuity, he is worthy of a place by the side of Machiavilli, and for successful flattery finds its best historical parallel in the famous tournaments of adutation between Voltaire and Frederick the great.

To such an extent had the "Cochrane spirit" as it was called prevailed through York and Cumberland counties in 1817 and 1818 that the Baptist denomination especially had become justly alarmed and some of the leading ministers in the society were either sent or volunteered their services to follow him and go among those who had gone over to the delusion and formed a kind of vigilance mission or crusade against the further inroads of this heresy.

Clement Phinney of Gorham Ephraim Stinchfield of New Gloucester, John Buzzell of Parsonfield and George Parcher of Saco were selected for this mission. The foremost and boldest and probably the best equipped of these was Elder John Buzzell, the subsequent editor of the Morning Star and editor of the first denominational magazine. He had been an itinerant preacher in many parts of Maine and through New England, a forciable speaker and fearless in the denunciation of sin and error. He was then 52 years old in the prime of his life and had a strong influence with his own and other denominations. He was on the war path for the dangerous orator, and seemed anxious to meet him face to face, an opportunity which he soon after secured.

About June in 1818, Buzzell was to hold a meeting at the old Congregational church at Buxton lower corner, in the interest of all denominations, but which it was supposed would be directed against the teachings of Ccohrane. Cochrane was then in the zenith of his popularity, with a large following, some of whom were of an undesirable character, and he had become emboldened by a series of successes in capturing these meetings, and by some accidental design he happened to be there.

A large audience had assembled and Buzzell was in the stilted pulpit and had just given out his text—Mark 13-37—"And what I say unto you I say unto all, watch."

Just then Cochrane stepped in the door and heard the text. He took the full meaning and recognized himself as the target, and immediately replied, "Behold I stand at the door and preach. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." "I come, the everlasting gospel to knock, to every one that heareth, and all that I want here is my bigness on the floor." The silence that followed was ominous; the two men stood and faced each other, and anyone of an imaginative turn of mind would associate this scene with Scott's thrilling Clan-Alpine legend in the "Combat," and the words of Roderick—"Have then thy wish."

But the sturdy faith of Buzzell did not forsake him; he finished the sermon and Cochrane got some hard hits, but he had the grace and courtesy to remain and listen, and it is not known whether Cochrane made any more extended reply that time or not. Stinchfield followed after Cocharne and aroused the people against his dangerous innovations and through Searboro, Saco and Kennebunk threw his whole force into a series of denunciations and maledictions and afterwards in 1819 published a small pamphlet entitled "Cochranism delineated" which we believe now is wholly extinct.

Rev. George Parcher of Saco was so much exercised over the way the people were running to these diabolical excesses that it is said he left his team in the furrow and went forth to arouse his people against him, but so deeply had the doctrine of Cochrane fastened their roots in the minds of many of the people that at his meetings held for the express purpose of warning his people against these abominations many hissed, some gnashed their teeth and some even threatened to take his life. But not only did he come away unharmed, but he was able to bring back a great many and succeeded in checking the further spread of this fanaticism, and for a long time that was about all the best of them were able to accomplish.

COCHRANE'S CRAZE.

Hugging, Kissing and Turning Out Lights Introduced.

MARRIAGE TIES DISREGARDED.

Free Love Features Founded on the Second of Genesis.

Some idea of the magnitude of these Cochrane gatherings may be had from the description of them given by some persons who were there. The late Jabez Haley of Hollis who came to Salmon Falls in the spring of 1817 and commenced working for Col. Isaac Lane, speaks of one meeting in paritcular, held at the old Hollis town house on Brigadier hill at the junction of the old Alfred road and the Union Falls road, a large unpainted, airy, and dismal looking building.

The accommodations were too limited for the people who had come in from other places and Cochrane adjourned the meeting to Capt. Gibeon Elden's pasture, a third of a mile distant, in the shade of some large birch trees which formerly stood there. Mr. Haley said that there were teams hitched to the fences and trees by the side of the two roads, and extended as far as he could see. He said there were three hundred teams there.

Mrs. Betsy Foss, who was then living at her father's, Benjamin Warren, at the old Warren tavern near the end of the bridge, said she stood in the door and saw them come down the town house hill, as she says," The whole caboodle of 'em come down Brigdier hill, with old Cochrane leading 'em, and they were singing and hollering and the women and girls waiving handkerchiefs and the Lord only knows what all, for I don't." One girl in particular who seemed the most exultant and most earnest, afterwards became a very estimable influential and worthy woman and was the mother of a nice family.

At one of the town house meetings a little incident occurred which reveals a good deal of the true inwardness of Cochrane's character as well as another failure to perform a miracle. Mr. Aaron Bragdon of Hollis, was quite a prominent man and usually wore quite a broad brimmed hat. As he came in a little late he did not immediately remove his hat. Cochrane was a little piqued at his incivility and ordered him to remove his hat at once. Mr. Bragdon did not seem to hear him. Then Cochrane said "I call on God to take that man down." Mr. Bragdon replied "Well God won't do it and I know you can't."

Moses McDaniel in his diary kept by him during his itineracy as a missionary through this county, and New Hampshire, beginning with Hollis, June 9, 1818, speaks of the meetings he held in the places where Cochrane had been preaching—"July 4, (1818) went to Abner McKenney's thence to John McKenney's. Held a meeting there. Brother Boothby batpised seven, and then I come to Aaron McKenney's to a meeting there that night. Come to Jacob Cochrane's from there to Waterobrough to Joseph Gilpatrick's. Met a large congregation, come back to Winthrop Bradbury's and to Joshua Kimball's to a meeting, then back to my father's, then to Caleb Locke's, then to Joshua Kimballs' then to Daniel Mason's, then to William Andrew's Buxton, then to etc., etc. 11th, went to Aaron McKenney's from there to John McKenneys to a meeting, from there to the school house, from there to Benjamin Haines, then to Aaron McKenney's then back to Ben Haines', tarried there that night. 12th, Sunday.—the Lord's supper was administered; the power of God was displayed in a wonderful manner. About five hundred went orward to the supper. After the supper there was two set apart to the work of the ministry, Jacob McDaniel and Abner Woodsum. 13th. Then back to Daniel Burnham's thence to Asa Seaver's thence to Jonathon Burnham's then to Westbrook to Benjamin Burnham's. 14—Today had meeting in the afternoon great opposition by a young woman; tarried there that night. 15—Tarried there that day and a meeting that p. m. Great opposition by Sam Swett and Ben Tombs and several others" etc. etc.

Cochrane's beat seemed to be from Broad turn in Scarboro, through Nonesuch and North Saco, Salmon Falls, North Hollis, Limington via Edgecomb's bridge, through a part of Limerick, Cornish, Keezar Falls, Porter and Parsonsfield and over into Effingham and Freedom, N. H. He held meetings in the old two story castle that stood in Hollis near the Haley brick yard, and at Porter village sometimes in the capacious Towle house that used to stand in the village. At these meetings there was one young man who became converted and seemed to take a deep interest in the meetings. He was a fluent speaker and seemed in all respects a straightforward young man. His name was Guptill, from Buxton or Hollis. He was called the "Swamp Angel." He succeeded Cochrane in the meetings around Porter and Cornish and gained the confidence of the people, both of professors and non-professors, but he soon began to shape his conduct after the Cochrane model and introduced hugging, kissing and blowing out the lights. The marriage covenant was disregarded and though the "swamp angel" left a wife at Saco river, he soon found another, who was congenial and spiritually inclined and whose husband had become spiritually minded and left her, so it was a happy union.

Some of these people who had been thus spiritually mated after Cochrane had completed his canvass in York county and commenced boarding at Charlestown, went to New York and joined the adherents of Joe Smith, become Mormons, emigrated to Ohio and from there to Nauvoo, and a few passed the remainder of their lives with them at Salt Lake. In this exodus there were some vere worthy families, Men with their legally married wives, from Buxton and North Saco went to New York and from there to Cartland, Ohio, but did not go to Nauvoo or Salt Lake.

Assuming the deadness of the civil law these deluded followers obeyed the higher law of love in a manner that would soon disintigrate society. The last crop of spiritual companions and broken families was alarming, but still had some such ridiculous phrases, that these helped to disgrace them and hasten the end of the practices. They were all ready to defend their opinions and acts by appealing to the Bible and rung all the changes that ingunuity could invent on the scripture account of Mormons first estate contained in verses 21 22 and 23 of Second Genesis. and so there were a good many married men and some married women who woke up one morning and then first discovered that their mates were not their ribs and of course could not be properly and scriptually mated. One man was starting out to find his mate or his rib. His neighbor remonstrated with him. He said, "You fool, how can she be my rib for she is three years older than I am."

One deluded brother who had a good wife and a large family of sprightly daughters, was informed by the spirit that his rib lived in Kennebunk and that he must go and bring her to the bosom of his family. So he set out on the journey across Shapleigh plains. By midnight moons, o'er evening dews, in bridal vestments well arrayed, he journeyed on. All at once he was ordered by the spirit to return. He turned his steps homeward and and had got a few miles when he heard the same voice bidding him obey the first command. He was lost and he thought he had lost his rib. "My rib the woods, my rib the floods, my rib the rocks and hollow mountains rung." He recrossed the dismal desert, when he received peremptory orders to go home, which he did and left the rib business forever.

There was one instance where a grown up daughter was given to a spiritual brother, another instance where a man took his step daughter of 16 for a wife, with the consent of her mother, and when the law was to be enforced they eloped. Several couples exchanged partners. There were a good many wives who would not submit to this Rib & Co. partnership, and when a husband brought home that kind of provision for the family, she took the course of the prodigal son and went unto her father and took her children with her.

COCHRANISM.

Continuation of the History of This Remarkable Craze.

DAYS OF MIRACLES AND VISIONS.

How Cochran "Cast Out the Dead and Raised the Devil."

When Cochrane with his acute penetration had become convinced of the credulity of the people who assembled under his banner, and had committed themselves fully to the alluring drama of his promised reform, he entered with new zeal upon a scheme of Jesuitry, which had no known prototype in the reported instances of modern proselyting. He had hitherto so shaped his conduct in a debased imitation of the apostolic mission of Paul, that he might have quoted his language: "Though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself the servant of all, that I might gain the more; and unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to the weak I became as the weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I [illegible] for the Gospel's sake that I might be a partaker thereof with you."

To hold the interest of great numbers in any misunderstanding which made an innovation upon an old established system it is necessary that each one engaged should feel that he had some part to perform for which he or she was fitted, and thereby become identified with, and to some extent responsible for its success. Freed from those ministers, by whose influence he had secured power for himself, he found himself the head centre of an organization which moved in cadence to the wild dictates of his caprices beyond the reforming current of self control.

A few of his converts, a year after he had left them, said: "His party, like all other enthusiasts, claim great power in their leader. Some said, he baptized with the Holy Ghost, and attempted the revival of the Jewish passover, healing the sick, raising the dead and casting out devils, though to use a paraphrase more in harmony with the deeds, though lacking the authority of classical usage, casting out the dead and raising the Devil." The miracle worker would have incurred no risk and the devil had escaped the responsibility of local disturbance. Rev. Clement Phinny said he attempted to heal a sick man in Scarborough and made such a failure that it humiliated him and he had to ask the forgiveness of the man and his family and his brother ministers.

The reported attempt to walk on the water at Sebago lake in the evening has been many times told, and in so many different ways that we do not claim any definite or fully authentic account of it. It is given by one that Cochrane had planks about six inches under water, laid along so that he could see them in the dark, and some one, with more love for fun than reverence for Cochrane, had gone before and taken up one of the planks, so that when he reached that plank he took an undignified plunge and unceremonious baptism beneath the cleansing wave. As he came out of the water with his clothes hanging close to him, he did not make so good an appearance as he did when he went out on the plank, but he knew more.

Probably the most ridiculous and most beast-like story told about him at the time his excesses were astonishing all civilized people was the one told about him while he was holding meetings at Porter, imitating Christ's entry into Jerusalem, riding on an ass. This cannot be put in print, but must be reserved for the special use of those who believe that Cochrane was ordained by God the everlasting gospel to preach. It probably has no parallel in York or anywhere else in modern times, for shameless exposure.

Like the Mormons, whom the Cochranites in many respects resembled, all were buried. Old men and old women were to dream remarkable dreams, young men were made to see visions (some of these visions were written out at the time and will be published), some women and young girls were to take part in the swooning, others, who wished to serve the Master in some humbler capacity, took upon themselves the menial service of washing the disciples' feet. The late Samuel G. Dennett, who lives in the lower end of Buxton, used to tell an amusing incident which took place in North Saco or Lower Hollis, now Dayton. At one of these foot-washing festivals, which will illustrate the sanitary as well as the spiritual blessing derived from his observance of the eleventh commandment, the faithful had assembled, and had a large pan or tub of water, and while some of the sisters were performing this ablution for others, one J. B. who, footsore and weary, had made the pilgrimage over the dusty plains of Dayton, presented himself as a candidate for this new experience, and so faithfully did the good sister absolve herself of this pious vow, that when she had finished they were obliged to suspend the exercises until they could get another tub of water.

From this stage of holiness, so dependent upon the state of the body, induced by fear or the glow of excitement, logically enough came other exercises, generally suggested by the character of the parties and their different tastes. Among these were holy marches, dancing, reaping, and winnowing. Mr. Stinchfield, in speaking of these practices says that at one time a cry is uttered by the language of the Angel of Revelation, "Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe." A number of the company will then throw themselves into the greatest agitation, violently exerting their arms and body for a long time until they are weary; and this they call reaping."

To other violent motions of the arms and hands they gave the name of winnowing and separating the chaff from the wheat. Another movement they called burning the chaff. This kind of exercise or worship was probably of short continuance, as none of the present remember these features. It was related to Stinchfield in 1819, when those now living, who remembered Cochrane, were very young.

The one feature which seemed to have been the sine qua non in all their religious meetings, was dancing. Here was the chance for all, and it is said all did engage in it, dancing in the spirit as they called it. The strong attachment for, and long continued observance of this custom is well known by all who have known anything about this peculiar sect. Though more than seventy-five years have elapsed since their agile and versatile instructor led his spiritualized disciples in these Terpsichorean mazes, it is less than twenty-five years since some of the survivors, men and women in the sere and yellow leaf of life, would get together at the house of some good brother and go through this exercise with the lightness and hilarity of youth. One old lady who lived for many years at the Cochrane home in lower Buxton, who to the last carried the air of great refinement and must have been in her youth decidedly beautiful, gave the last gratuitous lessons in spiritual dancing in this section.

These dances were characterized by a very quick movement of the feet, with the hands raised as high as the shoulders and allowed to hang down limp from the wrist, and keeping step to very lively music, when they had the advantage of that assistance. Their music was for the most part singing.

These dances sometimes took very curious freaks and many instances are related connected with them which will be withheld. At some of these dance meetings, their wild incantations could be heard a mile away and they were sometimes accompanied with voluptuous excesses, to the ruination of many a woman's character and in some instances a forfeiture and destruction of property. There was now and then a ludicrous side to this dancing spirit. It has been stated that Cochrane decried all extravagance in dress, all grasping after this world's goods, except they be used for spiritual development, all pride in gain and high position, all political honors, and even if a farmer raised a good crop of anything and took a natural pride in his success with that variety, he should sacrifice part of it or be humbled. One man had raised a fine patch of cucumbers and took one of his neighbors, who was one of Cochrane's followers, out to see it, and when the neighbor looked upon it he was seized with a fit of envy and rebuked the farmer, and said "You are getting proud." And immediately the spirit of dancing came upon him and he danced all over the cucumber bed and kept at it until he danced them all into the dirt and completely destroyed them.

Considering the variety, the contrasts and the widely diverging tastes among the people who made up what might be called the army of the Cochrane crusade, it would not be just to say "ex uno disce omnes." To go from one of these lawless, lewd, midnight dances to find a Christian or a just and honest man it would seem to require something even more searching than the lantern of Diogenes, and yet these extremes were to be found. The obliterating hand of time has dissolved the lines and moats that separated these two distinct natures and instincts, yet we have proofs of an asceticism in their members more rigid and stoical than that which formed the leading peculiarity of the most ascetic Puritan or the Cromwellion Round had. An extract from a letter written at Thorndyke, July 2, 1820, from one of these disciples to another one in Hollis viz: "I have opened my mind to them (those about him just being converted) and there is a talk among five or six of meeting together and opening our minds to each other, for they say they cannot longer travel with brethren who will do this, that and the other things that they think is rong, viz: serving, bearing arms, taking interest, going to town meeting and

choosing officers and taking offices in the kingdom of this world of which they have said to come out and to have been converted out of the kingdom of darkness into that of God's dear son, being banded together with covenants, names and literal bonds."

Another extract identifiyng the connection of the writer with the Cochrane brethren viz: "Write to me speedily and answer the following quesitons: 1 What have you heard from Brother Jacob Co———n? 2d. Have you had any particular views?" The views here spoken of were what were called by the followers here visions, one of which I copy here, viz: "The views of S. D—r in a trance on the fifth of August, one thousand, eight hundred and seventeen: I saw my Jesus; O, I saw my Jesus; O, glory to my Jesus. I saw heaven, I saw my Jesus there and I saw my grandmother in heaven who deceased on December, eighteen hundred and sixteen. I saw my father and mother almost into hell, but they may return back. I saw P. D. enter the kingdom of heaven. I saw my Jesus there in heaven. O, how beautiful he looked. I saw Mrs. B—y C. enter into the kingdom of heaven. I saw I—e D— almost to hell. O, what a dreadful place hell is; fire and smoke ascending up out of it." Also the views of J—h L— in a trance on the fourth of August, 1817.: "O, I see my Jesus. O, how the devil looks. There is Jesus carrying his jewels round. I saw M. D. enter the kingdom of heaven; I saw B. D—r going to hell; I saw H. B. going to hell; I saw Cy— S—h entered into the kingdom of heaven. I see Elder Jacob Cochrane entered into the kingdom of heaven. I saw Mrs. L—y B—y entered into the kingdom of heaven. I had a view of ghosty death standing in heaven with a pale countenance. Then I had a view of hell, a most dreadful place, fire and smoke ascending up out of it."

It will be remembered a former paper contained extracts from Mr. McDaniel's diary kept from June 1817 to November, in which he spoke of the intense character of Cochrane's meeting in Hollis, and the effect on him. At these meetings Cochrane would lay his hands on one's head a few seconds and then tell them to "press to the light." Then the strength would leave the person and for days afterwards they would see visions such as those written above. Some of these visions are three pages in length, containing many names of the persons seen in these visions. This gives a pretty good key to the two parties here at that time, those who adhered to and those who opposed Cochrane.

Many of the anecdotes, the incidents of the all-night dance meetings, the queer freaks, speeches and ridiculous expression and comparisons made by the women and the droll remarks made about them by those there at the time cannot be published in our family papers. Some of the anecdotes will be held together and kept for another time. Some of them may find expression before the subject is closed.

COCHRANE'S ARREST

Beginning of End of Famous Fanatic's Career.

GLEANED FROM COURT RECORDS.

Story of Founder of Cochranite Sect Continued.

When a little more than two years ago I commenced to write something about the Cochrane crusade together with a brief sketch of the dramatis personae, I estimated that what I might have to say on the matter would be contained in six or seven column-and-a-half articles in the Weekly Journal. Seven articles have been furnished, and much remains to be said, and in some respects the most important awaits revision and publication, which I promise all the Journal readers who have acquired an interest in these papers, shall be forthcoming without delay, and be continued until completion, so far as my agency can govern them. Inasmuch as the public has been from time to time treated to several erroneous and conflicting statements about the locality of his home during the busy years of his history-making, the manner of his living, and the duration of his personal engagement in this religious tournament, I regard it as a part of my engagement to set forth the facts of these, as they have been verified to me since my last, and it is refreshing to find them in harmony with my previous opinion.

One very estimable old lady, now living in Saco, than whom there can be no better authority, and whose statement made to any of those who know her, will be held as authority for all time to come, lived in her childhood home within thirty rods of

COCHRANE'S DWELLING

house and home. As a child she remembered him, his personal appearance,—his house and the number and condition of his family; and the evidently large circle of his friends and followers.

She says his house was a small one story one, and stood on the easterly side of the Buxton and Saco road, about midway between the Moses Lowell (then Samuel Lowell) house and the Cleaves house. The house was built by his friends, and up to the time of his final leave, was occupied by himself and wife and daughters Rachel and Helen, and son John W., and an infant. This continued to be his home and the only one he had in Saco or vicinity until his conviction and commitment, November 13, 1819.

This last act proved to be the breaking up of the home, and virtually of the family. They did not long remain there. The house continued to stand a few years; but like all untenanted houses in the country places at that time, was too great a temptation to the effervescing vandalism of the average boy and it soon become the natural target for fugitive clubs and pebbles of the passers by, and whether its dissolution was accomplished by the natural law of decay, or by the aid of the incendiary, is of too little importance now to investigate. But there is no evidence that it was the "high walled, secluded, inaccessible harem for a bevy of women," that has been represented by another writer.

This location of the home of Cochrane is corroborated by memoranda of visits made there by Moses McDownie, an itinerant minister, on August 3, 1818, in the journal kept by him at that time. The children of Cochrane must have been quite remarkable though little is known of the girls. One, Helen, married a Mr. Richardson and lived at Portsmouth, N. H. We have, at the time of writing this, no account of Rachel, the older daughter. The son, John Webster Cochrane, was born at Enfield, N. H., May 6, 1814, and lived with his father at Saco, and is still remembered as a bright boy, who used to beg a ride of the teamsters on the road, and they tell that he used to say to them, "I know you will give me a ride, because I am

JAKE COCHRANE'S BOY."

At the age of eighteen, in 1832, with a cash capital of one dollar and twenty-five cents, or seven and sixpence, he walked to Boston on the old stage road, a distance of one hundred and ten miles, and the next year he succeeded in securing a patent steam-heating apparatus, and in 1834 he invented a revolving breech-loading cannon,—the original principle of which was said to have been invented by his father while in the State's prison at Charlestown. This was that cartridge-holding-cylinder, automatically rotated by the cocking of the hammer, the same principle that afterwards secured the success of the revolving pistol.

In 1835 he visited France and was there introduced to the Turkish ambassador, and from there he was invited to visit Constantinople by the Sultan Mahmoud, and held an audience with him and his court. The Sultan rewarded him liberally. He returned to France and remained there from 1839 to 1847. He afterwards went to England where he invented machinery for curvilinear sawing of timber, which was adopted by the British government. After his return to this country, he engaged in the manufacture of fire-arms and in perfecting projectiles and various other inventions, and made his home in the State of New York.

Of Mrs. Cochrane we shall adopt the language of her contemporaries who spoke

of her as a woman of superior merit and very much of a lady. During the last of her life she made her home in Buxton on the place near the Saco line—known as the Cochrane place, about a mile from Union Falls, when she died and her remains were taken to Enfield, her native place.

Late in the fall of 1818, the wild and lewd adventures of Cochrane begun to stir the people from the seeming lethargy into which the charm of his eloquence had allured them and they began to realize that the spiritual influence which he had awakened in some were neutralized by the bad example in moral depravity which he had established.

HIS SHAMELESS CAREER

before this had been well ventilated by ministers in general and especially so by those of his own original denomination, and so bold had he become in setting at defiance both the civil and ecclesiastic law, that public sentiment clamored for his arrest In December, 1818, accusations came thick and fast, but notwithstaning these, a great many did not believe the stories, and certificates of his good moral character were voluntarily offered. One of which (being now a matter of public record) will be given :

"I hereby certify all whom it may concern that I, P——y K——g, never did see or know Jacob Cochrane to do anything contrary to the character of a Christian, nor any about his house, and I do not believe there is any by him or any about his house that is indecent or uncharitable.

"Voluntarily done by me, M—y K—g.

"Saco, Dec. 23, 1818.

"Attest. Narcissa Robinson,

"A true copy attest.

D. Granger, Justice of the Peace."

February following, the prominent citizens of Saco began to take legal proceedings against Cochrane. On the eleventh of February, 1819, Ichabod Jordan made complaint in the form of an information before Daniel Granger, a justice of the peace, in behalf of the commonwealth of Massachusetts that Jacob Cochrane at Saco, in the month of July last past did unlawfully and lasciviously associate with one — ——, a married woman etc., etc, and another charge that the same Jacob with force and arms, had criminal conversation and carnal knowledge of one — —, a single woman, received and sworn before Daniel Granger the 11th day of February, 1819. The usual warrant was thereupon issued, directed to arrest Jacob, and was served by Jeremiah Milliken, a constable of Saco, and three men and three women were summoned as witnesses. We have no record report of this trial only as it incidentally appears from the recognizances, scire facias and bail at the supreme court session at York in the May following. Cochrane soon found himself

AT LIBERTY AGAIN

but on the 19th of February another information for complaint was made by Richard C. Shannon of Saco, alleging that on the tenth day of December, 1818, said Jacob with force and arms did commit open and gross lewdness and lascivious behavior in the presence of divers good citizens of said commonwealth. Thereupon the usual warrant was issued on the same day, ordering the arrest of Cochrane, and to summon four women and three men to appear and give evidence etc. This warrant was served by Jeremiah Milliken, who arrested Cochrane on the same day, and the seven witnesses were also summoned and appeared. Milliken charged for three assistants, so that it appears to have been a matter of no little difficulty to capture the respondent.

It appears by the magistrate's record that the trial occurred on the same day that the complaint was made and the warrant issued. Upon examination it appeared that Cochrane was probably guilty, and he was ordered to recognize for his personal appearance at the supreme court next then to be held at York; sum not stated, but as it appeared afterward by the scire facias the sum was eight hundred dollars in one case and one thousand in the other. Abner Woodsum of Boston and John Berry of Saco appear to have been his sureties, and the four women were ordered to recognize in the sum of thirty dollars each for their appearance at the session at York. Cochrane was again free. These trials agitated the whole of this section of the country. They were said to be crowded, and must have occupied more time than the record implies, for Nicholas Scammon, constable of Saco, was employed two days by the justice to keep order

DURING THE TRIAL.

Many of the young men of this and adjoining towns attended, and the testimony of the women given in the most expressive language and unmistakable terms, gives a peculiar zest to it. The late Flemming Hill of Saco related how he, when a boy, heard the spectators rehearse the testimony around the great open fire at the Chase house at Buxton lower corner on Sunday afternoon and during the intervals of church service.

The capture or arrest of Cochrane on the above occasions seemed to have been comparatively easy, for, as for himself, he believed that he lived a charmed life and could not be held, even though arrested and convicted. The most exciting part and what was spoken of in later years as Cochrane's capture took place after he had forfeited his bond after the May term of court at York, and between that and the November term at Alfred, 1819, which will be treated of in our next.

J. M. Marshall.

Buxton. Jan. 29, 1896

BOLTED FROM COURT

How Jacob Cochrane Evaded the Toils of Justice.

CHASE FOR HIS RECAPTURE.

Story Half a Century Old but Full of Interest.

The May term of the Supreme Judicial court for the county of York was held on the 19th day of May, 1819, at York—that old town and former city, so full of traditional and historical reminiscences of early Maine, where Fernando Gorges in 1641 laid the foundation of the first city on American soil. Associate Justice Hon. Samuel Putnam of Boston presided. The grand jury from the different parts of the county were there, including the following gentlemen: William T. Gerrish, Kittery, forman; Joseph Butler, Sanford; Paul Chadbourne, Waterboro; Malcom Davis, Biddeford; Joshua Dennett, Hollis; Reuben ———, South Berwick; Alonzo Fish, Wells; Alpheus Hanscomb, Eliot; Josiah Jose. Buxton; Isaac Killham, Wells; William Knapp, Parsonsfield; John Libby, Berwick; Isaac Mitchell, Limington; Tristram Ricker, Shapleigh; William Roberts, York; Jere Roberts, Lyman; John Rollins, Lebanon; John F. Scammon, Saco; Joseph Sewall, York; Andrew Smith, Arundel.

The record shows an unusually short session, convening on the 19th and adjourning on the 22nd of the same month. The principal and most important cases appear to be Commonwealth vs. Jacob Cochrane. On the information there received the grand jury found five indictments, containing eleven counts charging him with adultery, lewdness and lascivious behavior etc., on which Cochrane's experience had fixed the standard of turpitude. The court and counsel were ready to proceed with the trial, but

COCHRANE WAS NOT THERE

nor were either of his sureties. So their recognizances were forfeited, and a scire facias writ was issued. On the next day his sureties made their appearance, bringing with them their principal, and the court then allowed the sureties a remittance of their forfeiture with the exception of the costs which amounted to the sum of $152.38. Court ordered a jury to be impanelled from the jurors present, and the following men constituted this panel: Charles Cushing, South Berwick, foreman; Joseph Bean, Daniel Blaisdell, Thomas Benson, James Chadbourne, David Boyd, Ebenezer S. Cousens, James Dunnell, Joshua Elliott, Eliphalet Durrell, Moses Smith, Samuel Sawyer.

The scene at this time in that court room must have been worthy of a painting. There was Judge Samuel Putnam, keen, caustic, intellectual and a vein of humor withall, fully equipped for the conflicting points of counsel, of whom it is enough to know, that he was thought deserving of a seat in the council, with Hon. Isaac Parker and Prentiss Mellen. There was the clerk, Edward P. Haymon of Berwick, whose nineteen years' experience in the two-fold capacity in the circuit and supreme courts, had won for him the reputation of being the model in this line of service.

There was the commanding form and stern countenance of Ichabod Goodwin, sheriff, whose veteran term of twenty-seven consecutive years in the service is the surviving monument of his fidelity to his official oath. There was the towering form of John Holmes, with his swarthy complexion, coal black hair, vigilant dark eyes, and perfect self command, then in

the prime of life, and on the rapid transit road to the zenith of his congressional honors, whose position in this arena was counsel for defendant. And last but not least, in all the human attributes that go to form the frame-work of real genius, sat Jacob Cochrane,

THE CENTRAL FIGURE

in this drama, and the cynosure of all eyes, who could take in every phase of the situation with one magnet glance.

There in that crowded assembly of spectators and witnesses were others drawn thitherless by curiosity than by interest; these were the illuminated faces of the two sureties on Cochrane's recognizance, whose forfeiture of eighteen hundred dollars had just been remitted to them by order of court. Husbands were there, whose wives, embracing the newly promulgated creed of natural selection, had turned from the useful toils and homely joys of legitimate unions, to grasp the rain bow promises of greater conjugal felicity in new spiritual nuptials. There were the four young women who were there in obedience to their own personal promise and thirty dollar recognizance o appear. Young men were there who had left their fields ready for the planting—drawn thither by a fascination no doubt to hear the testimony of these women who were there to give on oath what they had seen and heard of the wild endeavors of this sinful man.

Others were there who had remained steadfast in their belief that Cochrane had been presented through malice; that his preaching and perhaps his practice, had its prototype in the spiritual writings and that the dawn of an era of general spiritual transformation had come to them in the fulfillment of a sacred promise and they hailed the advent of this gifted apostle as a second Paul, who had come again—commissioned with the social prerogatives of a second David.

The

CASE WAS NOW OPENED

by Daniel Davis of Portland, solicitor general on the part of the commonwealth, and in turn by Hon. John Holmes for defense, the charge of the judge given, and the case given to the jury with John Powers in charge. The jury, after being out all one night, reported that they had not agreed, and that they could not agree. Thereupon the judge discharged them from this case, and the indictment was continued to the next term in November

The second indictment was then brought forward and read and Cochrane was arraigned and plead thereto that he was not guilty and for trial put himself on the country. A jury was impanelled to hear this case, composed as follows: John Sayward of Alfred, foreman; Samuel Fernald, Daniel Libby, Nicholas Gilman, Joseph Linscott, Stephen Gowen, Jr., James Morrill, Benjamin Ward, Isaac Philipot, William Hackett, Joshua Roberts and Benjamin Sayward, who after hearing all the testimony etc., returned a verdict of guilty.

And nowa little circumstance revealed the possibilities of the respondent and likewise afforded the court and the jury an instance of his miracles While the jury were out deciding, Cochrane took the occasion to give them an object lesson sermon on the text, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," and the court, the officers and the jury brought to mind the Irishman's celebrated discourse on the wicked flea, "Here he is and there he isn't," for Cochrane had skipped—gone! How? It was not known and probably never will be. The jury was dismissed and the indictment continued to the next term.

COCHRANE WAS FREE AGAIN.

When it went from lip to lip that Cochrane was again at large, a new flame of excitement was kindled that swept across the county from Fletcher's Neck to the New Hampshire line. Old men and women would give each other significant looks and say, "Ah, that Cochrane is an arch fellow; they can't hold him."

There was mingled feeling of joy and indignation among the people and this for a time was the all absorbing topic for gossip and it would seem that the presiding judge began to realize something of the magnitude of the job in recapturing this adroit fugitive, for on the very day of his escape no less than nine capias writs or warrants were issued for his arrest.

COCHRANE CAPTURED

More About Officers' Chase for Prisoner.

FORMER STORY CONTINUED.

Famous Religious Fanatic's Final Trial.

When it went from lip to lip that Cochrane was again at large, a new flame of excitement was kindled that swept across the county from Fletcher's Neck to the New Hampshire line. Old men and women would give each other significant looks and say, "Ah, that Cochrane is an arch fellow; they can't hold him."

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The return on these warrants will best tell the story of the chase, the persons engaged and something of the expense.

York ss, May 21, 1819.

By virtue of this warrant I made diligent search for the within named Jacob Cochrane and could not find him.

Edmund Coffin, Deputy Sheriff.

York ss., July, 1819.

By virtue of this warrant I made diligent search for the within named J. Cochrane and surrounded a house in Parsonsfield, where I had reason to suspect he was secreted, with six aids and could not find him. The six aids were Tristram Redmund, Israel Chadbourne, Joseph Lord, Francis S. Grace and John Lord.

Richard Lord, Dep. Sheriff.

Fees, 10 miles and 12 hours' time for Coch—aid, $13.20.

York ss., October 8, 1819.

By virtue, etc., I have taken the body of said Jacob Cochrane and have committed him to the jail in Alfred with copy.

Fees for two aids and two horses, $8.00; four aids, 12 hours, $6.00; aids, horse, 50 miles, $8.00; for keeping prisoner, $10.00.

Edmund Coffin, Dep. Sheriff,

Allowed, D. Davis, Sol. Gen'l.

York ss., October 11, 1819.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Edmund Coffin, Dr. To extra services self and horse securing Jacob Cochrane by special order of D. Davis and trip to Alfred, $5.00.

York ss, Oct. 12, 1819.

By virtue, etc., I have apprehended the within named Jacob Cochrane and have committed him to Alfred Jail,

Joseph Emerson, Dep. Sheriff.

York ss., Oct. 19, 1819.

By virtue etc., I arrested the within named Jacob Cochrane and committed him to the jail in Alfred.

Abiel Kelley, Dep. Sheriff.

York ss., No. 2. 1819.

By virtue of this warrant I made diligent search for Jacob Cochrane but found he has been arrested on another warrant and return this paper not served

Ichabod Goodwin, Sheriff.

At the trial seven witnesses were examined for the State and Nathaniel Conant was allowed seventy-five ($75) dollars for guarding the prisoner. It will appear from these returns that Cochrane was abundantly arrested but the

STORY OF THE CHASE

and the excitement, etc., does not appear here. The first officer to arrest was Jere Milliken, Feb. 18, 1819, the aids at that time were not named.

Rishworth Jordan o Saco, states that his father, Rishworth Jordan and John Banks took Cochrane, and related how it was done. He says that late in the fall his father and Banks were detailed to arrest him and they went one evening to the house of one John Berry in Saco where they were told that Cochrane could be found but they were informed by the occupants of the house that he was not there. But not satisfied with this they concluded to conceal themselves and wait. Soon after, they saw Cochrane getting out of the window, and he cleared for the woods, and they pursued him. Cochrane had a large club and when they came up to him he turned and struck at Banks with the club and Jordan in an instant struck Cochrane and knocked him down. Then they got on to him and held and secured him. If this was late in the fall it must have been the re-arrest. But the story of Mr. Jordan corresponds with the tradition that Banks and others captured him. This was the way the late Charles Runnells told it, and corresponds with the statement of others to me.

Mr. Runnells and the late Fleming Hill of Saco said the officers called on the schools, and the large boys were

CALLED OUT TO AID

in the pursuit. Mr. Runnells was one of them. At that time boys continued to attend the district school until they were twenty-one and oftentimes older than that, so that the large boys made quite efficient aids and probably very willing ones.

Extravagant accounts were then, and

have since been given of Cochrane's immense strength and fleetness and that he jumped a four foot fence like a deer and it was told of him that he could resist the draft of two horses. At the time this posse comitatus of men and big school boys were on the scent for him through the woods and pastures and farmers' barns, it was currently reported that it would take six men to hold him. There is no doubt that Cochrane was physically as well as mentally, a powerful man, and when, as on these occasions, he would summon all his energies to save himself from imprisonment he would be a dangerous and difficult subject to manage, but probably not so much so as to require six such men as Banks and Jordan then were.

On the second day of November, 1819, Cochrane was again brought to bar at Alfred on the first indictment, the Nobby, Clark indictment of three counts, which was the one on which he was tried at York, (verdict guilty, and at the time he as suddenly decamped) and was sentenced on each three counts.

On the first count that the said Jacob Cochrane be punished by solitary confinement for the space of five days, and after that, that he serve the term of eighteen months at hard labor. On the second count, that he be punished with solitary confinement for the space of five days and after that that he serve at hard labor for the term of eighteen months, commencing at the expiration of the former term. And that on the third count he be punished by solitary confinement for the space of three days and after that that he serve at hard labor for the term of one year. And the court ordered these sentences to be executed on him in and within the precincts of the State's prison at Charlestown in the county of Middlesex in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. The warrant was issued the same day, reciting all the above count and sentences to the warden of the State's prison at Charlestown, Mass. Witness Isaac Parker, Esq., at Alfred this third day of November, A. D., eighteen hundred and nineteen.

Edward P. Haymon, clerk.

State's prison, Charlestown, Middlesex county, November 13, 1819.

In obedience to the above warrant I received from the sheriff of York county the above named Jacob Cochrane and conveyed him to the State's Prison aforesaid.

N. P. Watson, Dep. Ward n, S. P.

IN STATE PRISON.

How Founder of Cochraneite Sect Ended Public Career.

THE EFFORTS FOR HIS PARDON.

Diary of Journey to Boston 75 Years Ago.

Mr. Cochrane's case having been determined in our last, it only remains to show the disposal of the four remaining indictments still pending. They were called up, and the court disposed of them as follows:

Commonwealth vs. Jacob Cochrane—No. 1 (on which the jury did not agree), the entry was "not to be continued till further order, he having been sentenced to the State prison on another indictment."

No. 3—Same—Same disposal.

No. 4—Same—Same disposal.

No. 5—Same—Same disposal.

Notwithstanding the course of Cochrane was glaringly immoral and in the highest degree reprehensible, the pursuit, the trial, the conviction and the sentence did not by any means receive a universal indorsement even popular one. In humansociety it is only success that is honored, and the moral obligations through which that success is gained are but little known nor long remembered.

The fervid eloquence and intense earnestness of Cochrane had won many adherents who believed his sentence was too severe. Soon after his incarceration his friends sat about the work of getting his release, and in 1821 a petition to the governor and council of Massachusetts was circulated and signed by more than two hundred men in York county, many of them of the best class of citizens, and this petition was entrusted to Moses McDaniel of Hollis, who started with it across the country to Boston on foot, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles.

It will show something of the zeal and fidelity of a friend—and what a real friendship means—if we follow

THE JOURNEY OF THIS MAN

as he trod the unfamiliar road on foot and alone, but on this unremunerative but philanthropic mission:

Kennebunkport, Sept. 30, 1821, Sabbath; come to Cape Neddick to Jere Myers, then to Theodore Myers; stopped for the night.

Oct. 1—Ab—Brag—Came up ave. went to Berwick to Moses Coopers; then to Silas Goodwin's; tarried that night.

2nd—About 9 o'clock, from there to Berwick river; took oars and flat and crossed the river; then over to Kinsington to Shaw's.

3d—Moses Jones, day and night.

5th—Moses Jones, day and night.

6th—Back to Moses Jones.

7th—Sabbath morning. set off on my journey. At 9 o'clock got to Newbury. At 1 o'clock got 22 miles. First made stop to refresh, then came till sunset, and I tried to put up but could get no place and came to Charlestown to a tavern, making 43 miles. Arrived that night.

8th—Went to Boston to look for board. Could get none. Went back to Charlestown to the prison. Then went to a cellar, Todd & Parmenteer's, and began my board at fifteen shillings a week.

9th—Tuesday to the prison. Got Jacob's petition. Went to the council. Got nothing. Then back to Charlestown. Went to the State house. Did nothing there.

10th—Went to the State House. Did nothing there.

11th—Thursday, to Sir Newcomb's in Boston; then to the State house, and delivered up my papers.

12th—Friday, to Boston, to the council chamber. Got no answer. Then George and I went to Cambridge to the supreme judicial court. Here was a young man tried for his life by the name of Michael Martin. (This was the famous Mike Martin, whose association with John Dougherty, both of Ireland, made the highwayman firm of "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot," whose startling and romantic experiences made the criminal calendar the most entertaining reading then extont.)

13th—Saturday, went to the council chamber again. Got no answer.

14th—Sabbath.

15—Monday, went to the council chamber. The answer was "No pardon could be given at all."

16th—Tuesday, set off for home. Missed the road and went two miles out of my way. Then came through to Newbury, from there to Kensington to Mr. James', making a distance in all of forty-five miles.

17th—Wednesday, very lame, for my feet were blistered very bad, and I stopped 18th, 19th, and 20th.

21st—Sabbath, set off with Simon Dewey in his wagon. J. Shaw rode horse back, etc.

The same gave in his journal one other

VISIT TO COCHRANE

in the prison, supposed to be in 1820.

May 5—Joseph Shaw and I took a horse and shay and rode to Newbury, then to Rowley.

6—Sabbath morning came to Charlestown. Went down to the State's prison but did not go in.

7th—Early in the morning Joseph Shaw and Loring Terrell and I went to Charlestown Got a pass from J. Saley and went in. Jacob was called; he came in. It was a holy meeting. He expressed [not legible] knew that Jesus lives. We talked what was necessary then he went to his work, etc.

The following letter written by Cochrane to Benjamin Andrews of Buxton in 1820 while in prison, may be of interest:

Charlestown, April 29, 1820.

My Brother I received yours of April 23 which informed me of the happy situation of my friends. I am more happy to hear of your prosperity than for any other information. You say that all my friends are willing to help me, but are not of one mind how to do. I wish they were agreed. You say Mary King has confessed enough, etc. You can call on all those persons, and if they are persons of justice, they will readily tell all they know, and you may touch their feelings on this point. Esq. Holmes said that I had evidence enough to clear me if I had took proper steps. You know that I made no preparation for my defense. I wish you to employ Esq. Wallingford; he will readily take hold. I saw Esq. Holmes. He came up to see me the day before I was brought to this place. He took his wife with him. They treated me very kindly. Holmes told me that I was abused and said to me: "Cochrane, do not fear. I will do anything for you that you or your brother can ask," and when he left me

(Lower line torn off.)

procure me a new trial in any way you think proper You may try both plans. (I write to all as one) I pray to be remembered in your prayers—I am satisfied

with John. I know he will do no intentional wrong and I never thought that any division existed between you and John. I wrote you in my last to procure all the evidence you could.

You will do all you can I am certain. I hope you will not delay the time one minute. My time is precious to me, and I enjoy myself very well. I am happy to say that Esq. Souley is very careful of my letters and will do all for me that I could expect.

May God have you in His holy keeping.

I am etc., etc.,

Jacob Cochrane.

Benj. Andrews, Buxton.

My desire is for my friends not to take the trouble to come on purpose to see me.

Jacob.

My dear brother—I beg you to let Benjamin have this as soon as you can. My love to sister Hanor—yes to all the dear children in the place.

Jacob.

[This looks like Hannah, but I guess it isn't Hannah.]

EVERY EFFORT

to procure his release was unavailing, and he served his full term of four years and thirteen days and was discharged. November 25, 1823 This is the end of the interesting portion of Cochrane's life. His subsequent career was distinguished by no particular events or extravagant adventures that have come to our knowledge. His old friends in York county saw him only occasionally, and then he was said to be much broken in spirit and much changed.

The most of the time after this he lived in New Hampshire until his death. Some incidents connected with his death and burial will be spoken of in the next and final installment.

One more paper will complete all I propose to say on this matter. It has been prolonged now far beyond my original conception, and doubtless has been somewhat tedious, especially to those who knew nothing of the hero, and have heard only a few catchwords of the vanishing tradition.

My knowledge of the character, the success, the astonishing innovation and influence of the man has been drawn partly by letters, documents and records, but largely from the stories that were told of him by men who had been his followers,—by some who had gone from the ranks of Cochrane and joined the ranks of Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet,—and these tales came back from the log wood memories of an experience around the bar-room fireside of a country tavern more than forty years ago. The objectionable features of some of these stories have been eliminated and trimmed to suit the dimensions and requirements of a family newspaper like the Journal, while the historical substance has been preserved.

It is worth while to criticise what has been given on this subject in the columns of the Journal, perhaps there are some who may find it a congenial occupation to canvass the ground again. But we volunteer the prediction that such a one will realize that a too full delineation of the facts in this, as in other similar cases, will reveal the truth that Cochraneism has long outlived its famous author and been the disturbing factor in many a religious circle, and in some of the very exalted pretensions even in our own times which have never felt the check-rein of an individual or been tried by any higher tribunal than a capricious public sentiment.

J. M. M.

END OF COCHRANE.

Conclusion of the Serial Story of Famous Fanatic's Career.

BODY WAS BURIED BY THE SACO,

After Lying Three Days by the Roadside in Buxton.

Last spring when I sent to the Journal the last of the series on Jacob Cochrane I felt reasonably certain that the Journal readers had read all they cared to on this matter, when they had followed him through his crusades to his four years of incarceration and his release, and turned again on the cold charities of the world a homeless wanderer. But a few weeks ago someone in the columns of another county paper had presented another view of this man, and one not in harmony with the parts as they had been represented to me. I feel it incumbent on me to finish the matter I had commenced and give the details relating to his death and place of burial and so forth, as they have been told to me by eye witnesses and contemporaries. I do not know the precise date of the death of Cochrane and will not attempt to give it. I think it was about 1840, and have been told by one living member of the fraternity that he died at East Kingston, Connecticut. One of the faithful sisters attended him in his last sickness and soothed him in his last hours.

His body was brought to Buxton for burial and left at the side of the road in that part of the town where he had so often held meetings. But here he was regarded only as the dead lion. No one was there to welcome his remains and no one was there to offer a place wherein he might take his final rest, and the coffin with the body remained there beside the road for three days, till at last Mr. John Dennett said they might bury him on his intervale and there on the green land by the side of the Saco, a few friends laid him to rest and left him alone in his glory, unmourned, unhonored and unsung. In his life, several years before his death, he had selected the following lines as a suitable epitaph to be inscribed on his grave stone.

He spread his arms abroad
His works are ever before his God
His name on earth shall long remain,
Though envious sinners fret in vain.

The above lines are supposed to be on the grave stones that were erected over his grave, but they cannot now be consulted as the following will show:

Some three years after his burial his son John then of New York, procured the services of four men of this vicinity to open the grave and remove the body. The names of these men will recall the sterling character and vigor and stamina of the men he selected for strictly carrying out the mission; they were chosen by the son. They were Samuel Dennett, James Hopkinson, John Eldon, Daniel Dennett. The son knew that on these men he could rely.

On a dark, partly stormy night, near the last of November, the night before Thanksgiving, they met there and proceeded with their task—took up the body, loaded it on a wagon and Hopkinson started with it for Enfield, N. H. The grave stones were laid at the bottom of the grave face down, covered four feet deep, and there they will remain forever. No man living can tell where the spot is. When Hopkinson arrived at Enfield Center at the cemetery, he found a man who had opened a grave and stood waiting. He saluted Hopkinson with some comments about the passenger he brought with him—perhaps more truthful and applicable than elegant—therefore we will not quote them.

The two-story house, nowstanding, in the lower part of Buxton which was until within a few years generally known as the Cochrane house, Cochrane never owned and never occupied. This house and land adjoining was purchased years afterward by a man of North Saco from the heirs of True Atkinson and was given to the members of the Cochrane family; Mrs. Abigail Cochrane, wife of Jacob, and several members of the society occupied this home and some of them lived there the rest of their lives.

It fell to Mrs Hawkins and from her to her daughter, Phoebe J. Hawkins, who was the wife of Capt. Edwin A. Skinner and entailed by her will to her children and by them conveyed to the resent occupant—Cleaves.

The story that the coffin was raised and stood upright in the front door of Tom Atkinson's house for a spectacle is a new one which we do not attempt to explain, but it would seem that if Jacob Cochrane had owned the land or the house his body would not have lain three days by the road side awaiting a burial place. At this distance of more than two generations from his reign, there seems to be no occasion for any one to pose as the apologist or defender, either of Cochrane or his creed; but in attempting to adjust a balance between the offense and the penalty—when the record will show only the few cold documentary facts which survive and tell the tale to the readers of up-to-date morals—there seems to be a disproportionate punishment for such an offense. It seems all the more so when we consider that a four years' incarceration for that offense stands as an unparalleled instance in York county records. On the other hand, we must make allowance for the stringent laws of that period, when the offense for which he suffered so long a penalty was considered a crime instead of a misdemeanor of that kind which Livy has said was the offense most easily condoned, and the present enlightened age has given additional proof of the correctness of the broad and liberal judgment of the great Roman historian.

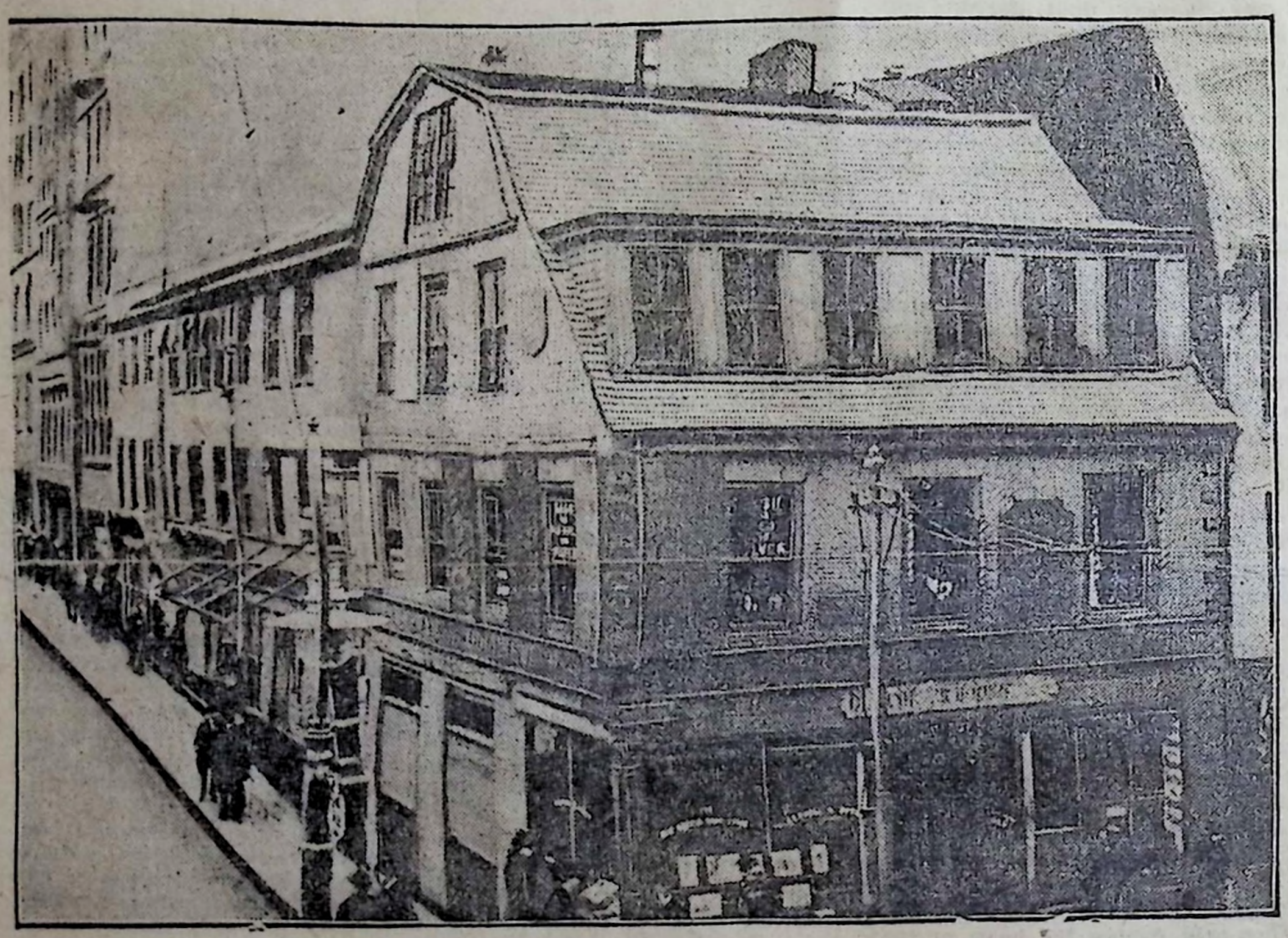
Time, the healer of all, has smoothed the ruffled waves of the disturbed society of that long ago occurrence and the forgiven and the forgotten are looked upon with like indifference.

Nullo discrimine—he is entitled to the inscription applicable to the generality of mankind,

"His errors shun, his virtues wisely scan,
His follies and his crimes have stamped him, man."

Boston's Oldest Building to Give Place to a Modern Business Block

Occupants of Old Corner Bookstore Are Seeking New Quarters as Leases Expire and the Establishment Will Move to Bromfield Street Next July.



Old Corner Bookstore.

Oldest building in Boston, which is to be replaced by business block.

Boston's old landmarks are disappearing one by one, and the Old Corner Bookstore is the next to go. Built in 1712, the oldest building in Boston, and one of the oldest in America, associated with the greatest of American and some of the most famous of English writers, the venerable structure is to give place in a year or so to a modern business block.

The old Hancock Tavern is in process of demolition, the Boston Museum Theatre is to be torn down next June, big holes have been knocked in the sides and ends of the Old State House and patched up with new stones and bricks, and now the oldest building of all, erected thirty years before the original Faneuil Hall, is to be consigned to the dump.

Famous Old Building.

Since 1828 this building has been famous as "The Corner Bookstore." It stands on the ground where William Hutchinson built in 1634 the first house on Washington street, then known as "the highway leading to Roxbury," when School street was called "the lane to Centries Hill." Dr. Thomas Crease put up the present building after the great fire of 1711, keeping a small apothecary shop on the ground floor.

The first bookstore was kept by Carter & Hendee, and in 1832 William D. Ticknor came in, after which the fame of the old store grew apace. It became the rendezvous of the clergy, the literary men and women of the city.

Hawthorne, Emerson and Holmes corrected their proof sheets here, chatted with other literary celebrities at the book counters or wandered out into the sunny back yard, where more animated discussions could be carried on than in the quiet bookstone.

Literary Rendezvous.

Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Agassiz, Phillips Brooks, Matthew Arnold, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Lucy Larcom, Louisa May Alcott—there is hardly a familiar name in modern literature whose face was not seen at some time or other in the Old Corner Bookstore.

It is still the favorite haunt of the author and the reader, a spot visited by people from all the country over, and the antiquarian will be grieved when he hears that soon it will be no more.

The present occupants of the building are seeking new quarters as fast as their present leases expire, as the owners of the building refuse to renew any lease.

Mr. Weir's Statement.

The "Old Corner Bookstore" Corporation, the present occupants, through J. Harvey Weir, gave out the following statement:

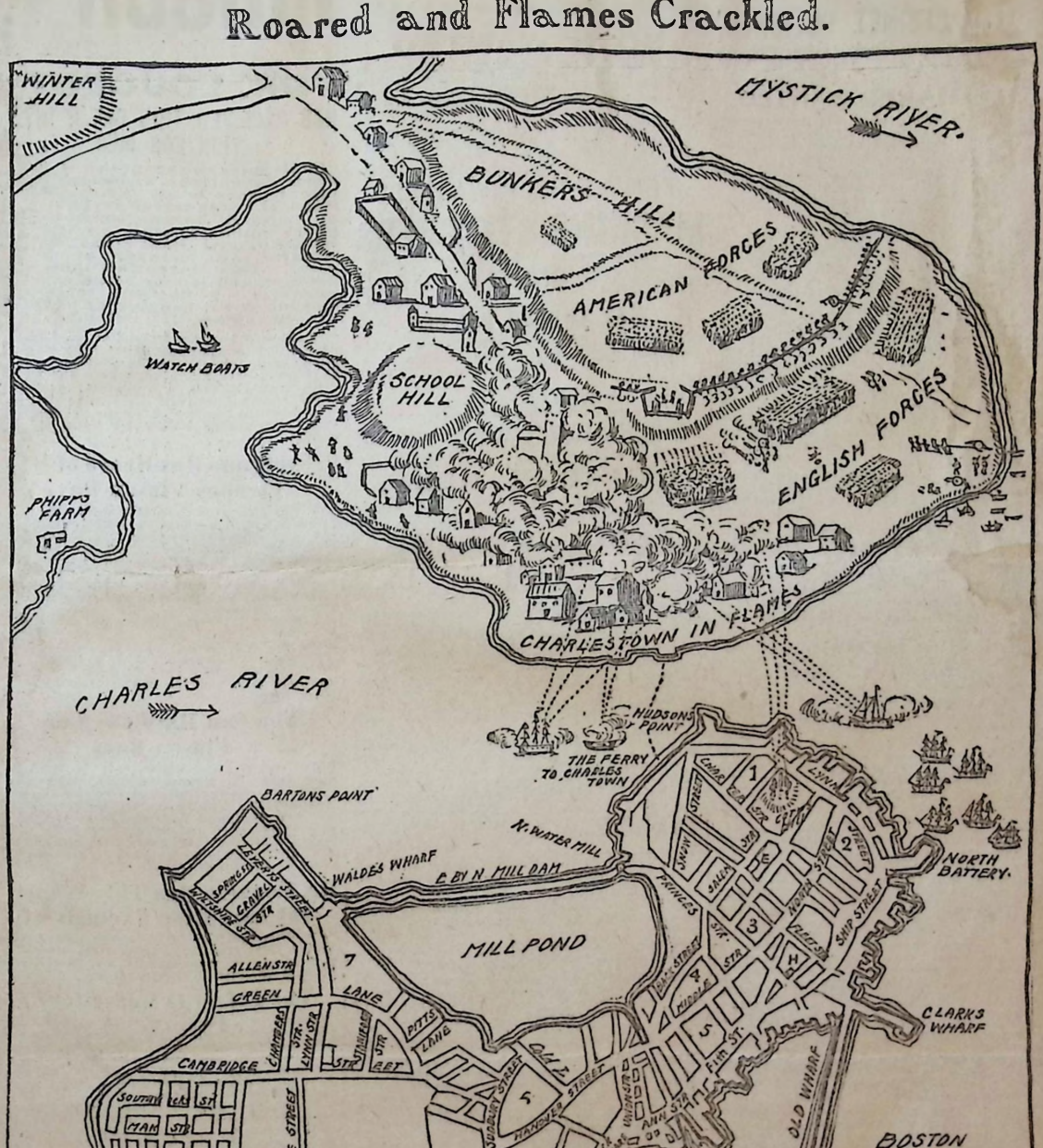
"Owing to the expiration of its lease and the necessity of obtaining larger facilities, the Old Corner Bookstore will remove on or about July 1 to 27-29 Bromfield street, on the corner of Province, retaining the old name, and carrying with it, we hope, some of the old literary associations connected with the historic corner."

The building will probably not be torn down for some months, but its downfall is inevitable. Its ownership has drifted into a number of hands, and, while some of the sharers in the property would like to preserve it, the majority oppose sacrificing any longer business to sentiment.

RARE MAP OF BOSTON AND CHARLESTOWN.

1903

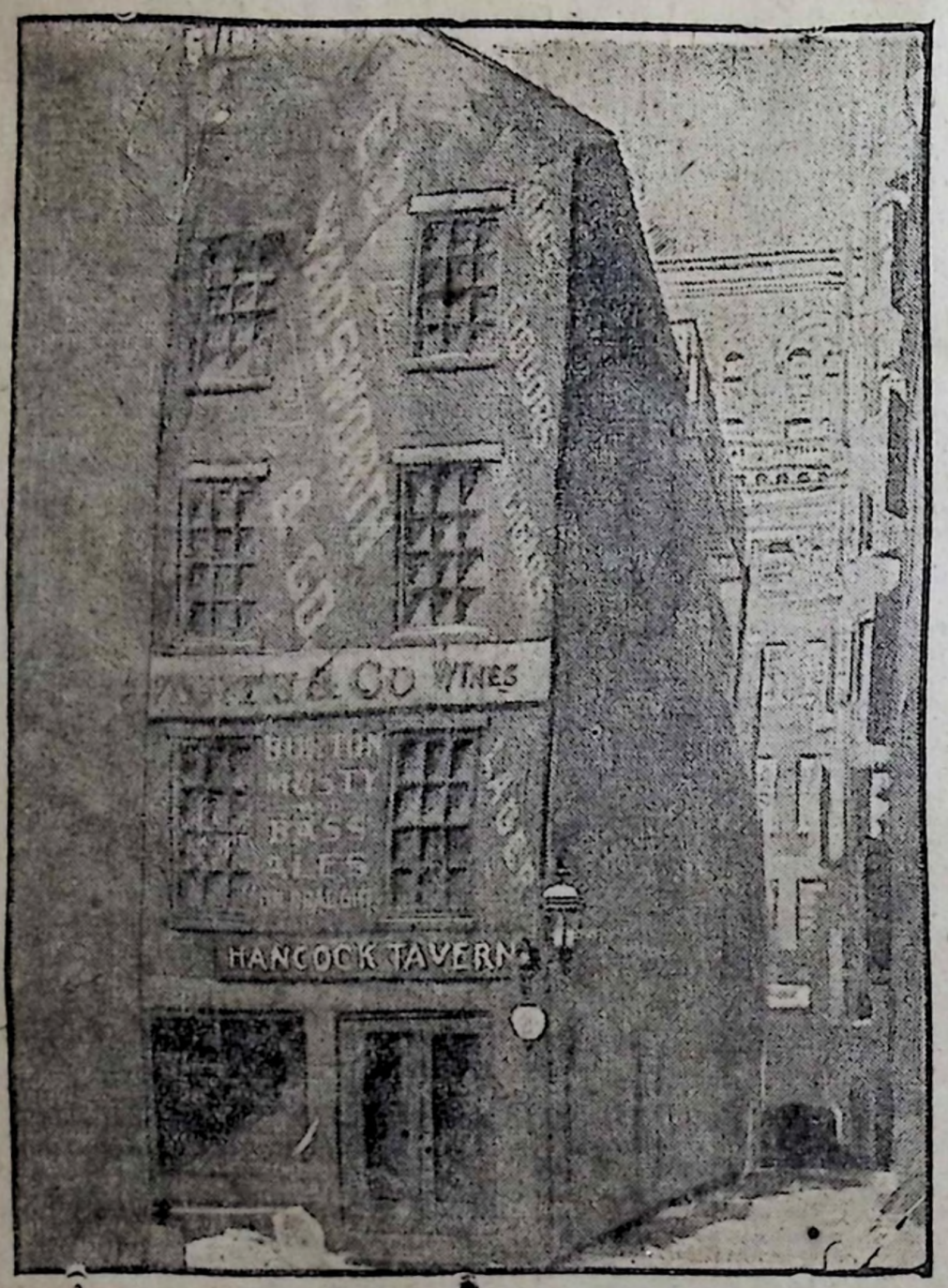
Locates the Scenes of 128 Years Ago, When Cannon Roared and Flames Crackled.



THIS old map, printed at Newcastle upon Tyne, shows the main streets of Boston as they were 128 years ago today and illustrates the attack on Bunker hill in the peninsula of Charlestown. It locates the British land battery on Copp's hill, the British ships that were engaged, the landing place of the royal infantry and the slope up which they marched, also the rude entrenchments of the American forces. You can see the houses of Charlestown, grouped down by the shore, burning fiercely in clouds of smoke. The key to the letters on the Boston portion of the map is as follows: A, Town Hall; B, Old Meeting House; C, King's Chapel; D, Governor's House; E, Christ Church; F, Trinity Church; G, Faneuil Hall; H, Old North Meeting House; I, Old South Meeting House; K, Custom House; L, Workhouse; M, Prison. The figures refer to wards.

HANCOCK TAVERN PASSES INTO HISTORY

Rich in Memories of Colonial Days, Fate of Building Chills Antiquarians



THE OLD HANCOCK TAVERN, WHICH CLOSED ITS DOORS THURSDAY FOR THE LAST TIME.

The doors of one of the oldest landmarks in New England were closed to the public forever, at 11 p. m. Thursday.

The old Hancock Tavern, located in the centre of Corn court, and the place where the Boston "tea party" was hatched, is practically a thing of the past.

Opened March 4, 1634, by Samuel Cole, the ninth charter member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, it was not at all inappropriate that it should be closed by a member of the same organization, Captain E. B. Wadsworth, who, by the way, has made a gallant but fruitless effort to keep the structure for posterity to gaze at and admire for its patriotic associations.

All day Thursday the place was visited by throngs of people who wondered at the cruel conditions which have caused the blotting out of this famous institution.

Thursday the tavern was a well-conducted inn amply equipped with all the requisites necessary to cater to the tastes of the most fastidious.

Today it is a deserted affair, with only the movements of the men who are engaged in taking out the personal property of Captain Wadsworth.

Portions of the building were constructed in 1700, and it became popular as a meeting place of the early patriots. It was in the old "tea room" on the west side of the building, second story, that the men who were engineering the "tea party" met and disguised themselves as Mohawk Indians preparatory to the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, Dec. 16, 1773.

John Duggan, who was an early proprietor of the tavern, had a close personal friend in John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, and on the election of that patriot to the governorship of this State in 1780, the hostelry came to be known as the Hancock Tavern.

ONCE FAVORITE

1903

In a few short weeks another of Boston's landmarks will have followed in the wake of the Old Museum and Hancock Tavern.

The concern which now does business at the "Old Corner Bookstore" at the intersection of School and Washington streets will remove on July 1, as its lease expires on that date.

Just at the time of the centennial celebration of Ralph Waldo Emerson's birthday the historic old bookstore where the renowned essayist spent so many hours together with his contemporaries will cease to exist.

The hands of progress will demolish the walls of the oldest brick building in the city.

Old Bostonians who have pointed with pride to the historic structure since the years when the Mutual Admiration Society met within its walls look with keen regret upon the destruction of the historic structure.

Many of these older people recall the time when at his desk behind the green curtain in the corner sat James T. Field, the friend of a circle of literary acquaintances which made Boston the centre of culture during the middle of the 19th century.

A Famous Literary Meeting Place

It was, at this time, a meeting place where some of the greatest men of the day shared in an exchange of wit, where fun and chaff often prevailed and where innumerable stories were told.

The present building was constructed in 1712, 30 years before the erection of the original Faneuil Hall.

Previous to this time, away back in that period when Boston stood as a small hamlet of a dozen scattering houses, in 1634, Anne Hutchinson, the wife of William Hutchinson, lived in a small house on the site of the present bookstore.

This woman, who was the ancestor of Governor Thomas Hutchinson and whose mother was the great aunt of John Dryden, had all Boston by the ears and even public business halted.

She was a woman of great address and the highest ability and for a time the Rev. John Cotton and even Governor Winthrop fell beneath the spell of her preachings and doctrines.

Home of Mrs. Hutchinson

She was the leader of the sect of Antinomians whose creed held "the law of Moses to be unprofitable and that there is no sin in children."

Later on, in 1638, Governor Winthrop became her vindictive enemy and after a celebrated trial she was banished from the colony. At the end of this trial the Governor arose and pronounced judgment as follows:

"Mrs. Hutchinson, the sentence of the court that you hear is that you are banished from our jurisdiction as being a woman not fit for our society, and you are to be imprisoned till the court shall send you away."

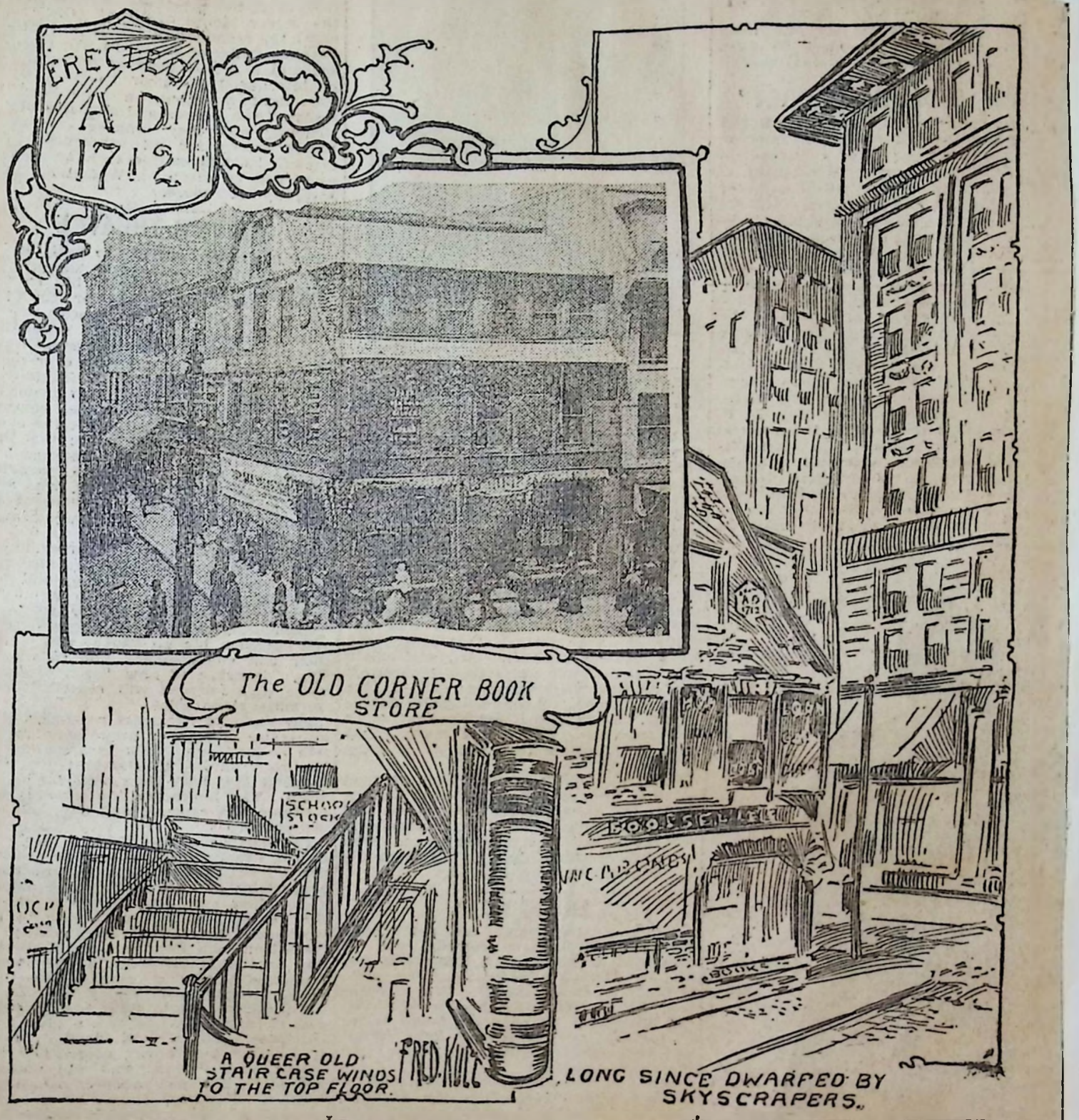
Mrs. Hutchinson: "I desire to know wherefore I am banished."

Governor Winthrop: "Say no more; the court knows wherefore and is satisfied."

Thus William Hutchinson with his celebrated wife and his children departed from the Massachusetts colony and from his home, where now stands the Old Corner Bookstore, and went to the Rhode Island colony.

Soon after the departure of this family the following records was entered upon

HAUNT OF MOST FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORS, OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE, IS NOW MARKED



the town books under the date of July.

"Also, there is leave granted to our brother, Edward Hutchinson, the younger, in behalf of his father, William Hutchinson, to sell his house in this town to Mr. Richard Hutchinson of London, a lyning draper."

When the estate was sold at this time it contained one-half an acre and was bounded on the east by the street leading to Roxbury, on the south by the lane leading to the Common and on the west by land afterwards purchased by the town in 1645, and called "the schoolhouse estate," and now City Hall square.

Richard Hutchinson, who was a very wealthy man of London, sold this estate to a Boston merchant for the sum of 75 pounds, and this gentleman, Mr. Evered, conveyed a part of the land to another merchant for 40 pounds.

This was the portion that is now occupied by the Old Corner Bookstore.

Mr. Shrimpton, the owner, fenced it in and built upon it a garden house. Later his daughter erected upon the spot a dwelling for the sum of 300 pounds left her for the purpose by her father.

Original Structure Burned

The property later passed into the hands of her daughters in England and was sold by them to Mr. Thomas Crease, together with its buildings and edifices.

On Oct. 3, 1711, at the great fire which destroyed the old meeting

FOR DESTRUCTION

house and the town house, these buildings were burned to the ground, and soon afterwards the old brick structure now standing at the corner was erected by Mr. Crease.

Dr. Crease kept a small apothecary shop in one room on the ground floor until 1727, when the estate was sold to Mr. Peter Luce and Mr. Nicholas Davis for the sum of £1200.

From this time until 1828, when Carter and Hendee started a small bookstore there, the building was used for different purposes.

In 1789, when the first Boston directory was published, this structure was occupied by Mr. Herman Brimmer, merchant, and Mr. John Jackson, broker.

After this, in 1817, the front part of the building was used as an apothecary shop by Dr. Samuel Clarke, the father of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the old corner having reverted to its original purpose.

While Mr. Clarke kept store in the front room he occupied for a time the whole of the building as a dwelling house; the entrance being through a gateway and yard on School street, the front door being in a portion that ran back from the main building.

Emerson, Hawthorne and Holmes Rendezvous

Since the beginning of its existence as a bookstore the old brick building has been renowned throughout the country as the meeting place of the greatest men and women of the day.

In 1832, William C. Ticknor, the famous bookseller and publisher, came into the firm and from that time on the fame of the old building grew apace. James T. Field became a partner in 1845, the concern becoming Ticknor & Field.

From the very first the store was the rendezvous of ministers, authors and readers of the city. There was a sunny back yard where the clergy used to meet every week, and where Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes and Longfellow came together at times.

The retiring and eccentric Thoreau often made one of the company of celebrated men. Hawthorne corrected the proofs of "The Scarlet Letter" at the old desk, still in the store. Thackeray, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Paul Bourget and many other European celebrities lingered over the counters and beside the shelves filled with books. Louisa May Alcott, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore were often seen delving among the literary works displayed about the rooms of the place.

Prescott and Alcott were frequent visitors. James T. Field, with his renowned poetical talents, his literary genius and his ability to discriminate, was the friend of all the celebrities of the day.

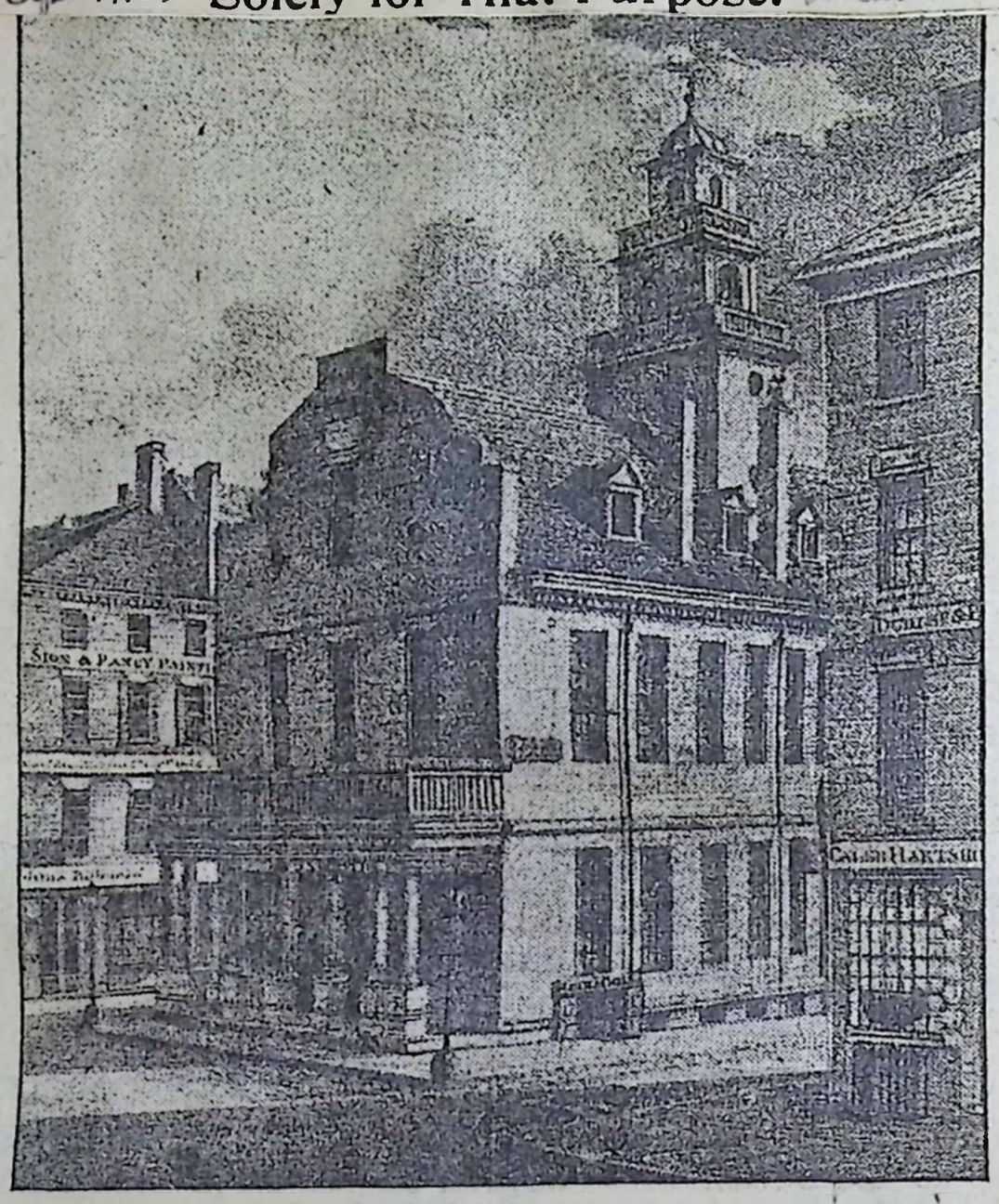
It was to him that the illustrious writers came for criticism. He was the friend of not only the great, but many a struggling author received kindly advice and assistance from the celebrated proprietor of the Old Corner Bookstore.

Like the resort of Bryant, Irving, Cooper, Halleck and Paulding in New York was the little bookshop in Boston, but even surpassing the New York rendezvous in the number and quality of its renowned men and women.

MUSEUM OF PATRIOTISM.

Movement to Maintain Old State House Solely for That Purpose.

Apr 17.03 Boston Globe



WASHINGTON-ST END OF OLD STATE HOUSE AS IT LOOKED 70 YEARS AGO.

Now that the last tenant for purely business purposes has left the old state house, a feeling is strongly manifesting itself among the admirers of patriotic landmarks that henceforth no part of the historic building should ever be leased by the city again for purely commercial purposes, but that from street floor to garret it should be devoted exclusively to the purposes of a patriotic museum.

The old state house is the most picturesque and historically interesting edifice now remaining in Boston, not excepting the Old South meeting house. It is to Boston, and in fact New England, what Independence hall is to Philadelphia, and for years past pilgrim visitors from all over the country have expressed surprise that the people of Boston should allow any portion of the historic old building to be devoted to private commercial uses.

There is a feeling that Boston, with all its patriotic activities, needs an awakening to the wisdom of separating the commercial from the patriotic spirit, as is seen in the unsuccessful efforts made in some quarters for the last 25 years, to abolish the tax on visitors to Bunker Hill monument.

If the business men of Boston only knew it, the old state house, preserved purely as a historic relic, is one of the best possible investments for the city, for, together with the fine collection of antiquities maintained within its walls by the Bostonian society, it is one of the chief attractions that annually bring thousands upon thousands of well-to-do tourists here, from all parts of the country, every year, and mainly at a time when many of the moneyed class are away from the city, to the detriment of business generally. Last year alone about 50,000 strangers visited the old state house.

For many years past the only business tenants of the old state house have been the N Y, N H & H railroad company, which occupied the office in the Washington-st end of the building for about 40 years, and the telegraph company's office that was for many years in the basement at the opposite end.

The latter was compelled to vacate by the appropriation of its office for an entrance to the subway, and the railroad company removed owing to the uncertainty as to its ever being able to secure another lease of the quarters.

The office in the Washington-st end is the only portion of the building that the city would ever think of renting again. It would bring a rental of perhaps $6000 or $7000 a year, a sum which, it is generally believed, will no longer compensate for the sacrilege incident to a purely commercial occupancy of the building.

Leading spirits in the local patriotic societies are getting together with a view of taking some action looking to the preservation of this Washington-st end of the building, probably as an addition to the historical and antiquarian museum maintained by the Bostonian society, which now has all the rest of the building, at a nominal rental.

The society's collection has grown so rapidly that already the rooms at its disposal are overcrowded, and it has an abundance of material to place on exhibition within the room, if it can be secured from the city.

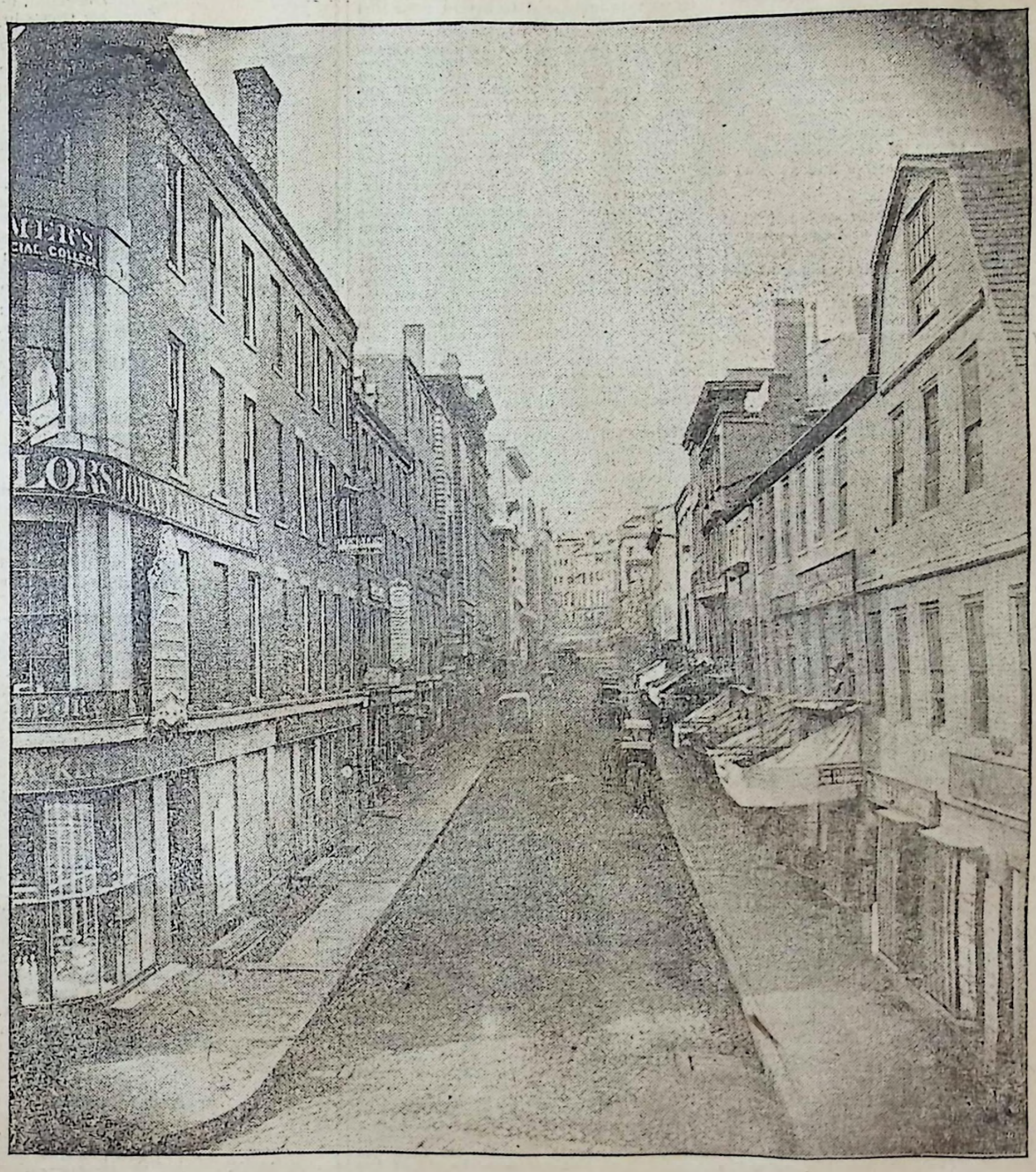
The apartment referred to, in the Washington-st end of the building, was originally used, in fact, until well into the last century, as an office for the clerks of the highest courts of the county. During the '30s in the last century it was the postoffice, at which time it presented the appearance shown in the cut accompanying this article, the colonnade having been built about 1830.

Charles A. Smith, a tailor, took possession after the postoffice removed farther down State st, and, probably at his solicitation, the colonnade, which was a serious encumbrance for a business establishment, was removed, after it had stood but a few years.

Every Bostonian having influence in public affairs can further the cause of both local and national patriotism by doing what lies within his power toward preserving the old state house intact as a shrine for patriotic pilgrims from every quarter of the nation.

1903

SCHOOL STREET AS IT WAS.



SCHOOL ST, FROM WASHINGTON ST.

Here is a photograph looking up School st. from Washington st. taken when men now 60 were just turned 21.

School and Beacon sts in 1639 were laid out as one continuous thoroughfare, under the name of "The way to Centry hill," Beacon Hill being then thus known, probably from the custom of posting a sentry there for the protection of the town from outward attack.

Not unnaturally, however, the schoolhouse in city hall yard eventually gave its name to that portion of the street east of Tremont st, while the beacon at the top of Centry hill did the same for the section west of Tremont.

The old corner bookstore at the right hand in the picture looks familiar in spite of its quaint old show windows, probably a survival of antirevolutionary days.

Just beyond, at 11 School st, is the sign of Mrs Haven, whose coffee house was for many years a favorite resort for the leading statesmen and professional and business men generally.

In the next building, having the tall chimneys, about this time, the famous Morris Bros had their opera house, and made stacks of money with black-faced minstrelsy. From there they removed to old Province house, off Province ct. Mrs Harrington's coffee house was on the ground floor of the same building.

On the left-hand Washington-st corner is Sumner's, since Briggs' crockery store, and an odd survival of provincial customs appears in the window shutters, removed in the morning and neatly piled on the sidewalk for the day.

The large wooden figure of a woman standing at a desk, over a sign reading "Females as Accountants" probably marks the beginning of the wide incursion that the fair sex has since made into the mercantile and commercial field.

The building with the corrugations on its front, before which a white covered wagon is seen, was Rev Dr Miner's Universalist church, removed to Columbus av 30 years ago.

Just beyond that, Nash's aristocratic grocery store projected somewhat beyond the line of the rest of the buildings, and beyond the Parker house on the corner of Tremont st is seen the one time residence of the late Thomas Oliver Hazard Perry Burnham, the antique bookseller who lived there between 40 and 50 years. The Parker house was later extended to cover the site.

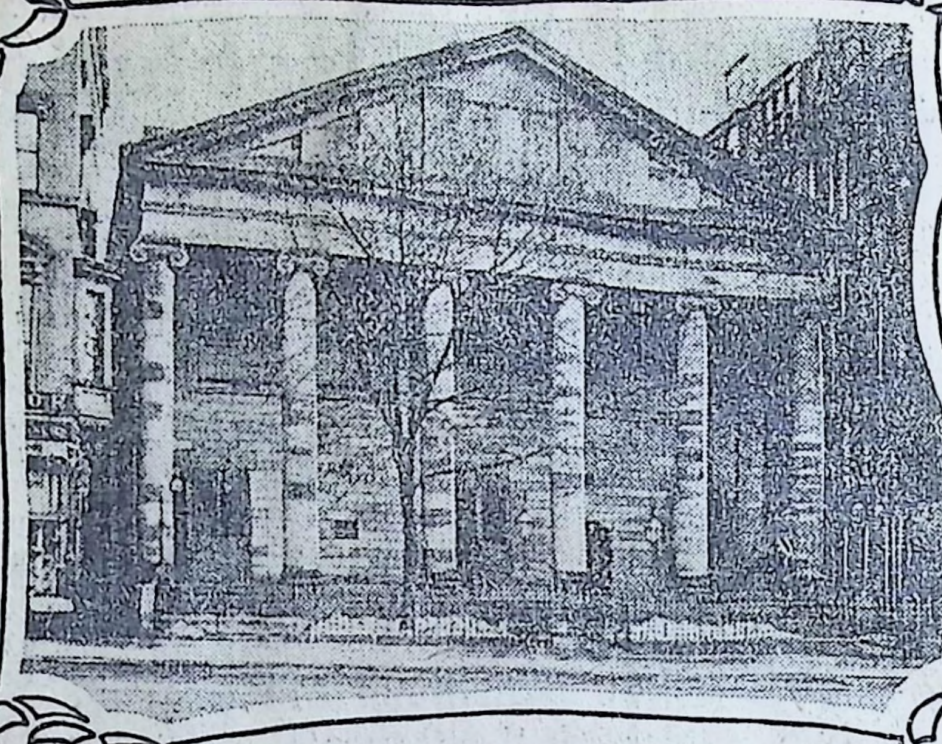
At the end of the vista, on Beacon st, a row of dwellings is seen. It was to the one at the extreme right, on the corner of Somerset st, that old Paran Stevens, the rich hotel proprietor, carried his beautiful young bride, over 50 years ago, and there she began those social conquests that made her a power even at the English court long before her death.

The old round beach stones, with which the street is paved, in the photograph, vanished long ago, but on the whole, few downtown streets show so little change within the same period as School st.

Jan. 18. 1903

BOSTON'S DOWN-TOWN CHURCHES.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH
MILK AND
WASHINGTON STS.



ST. PAULS CHURCH
TREMONT ST.

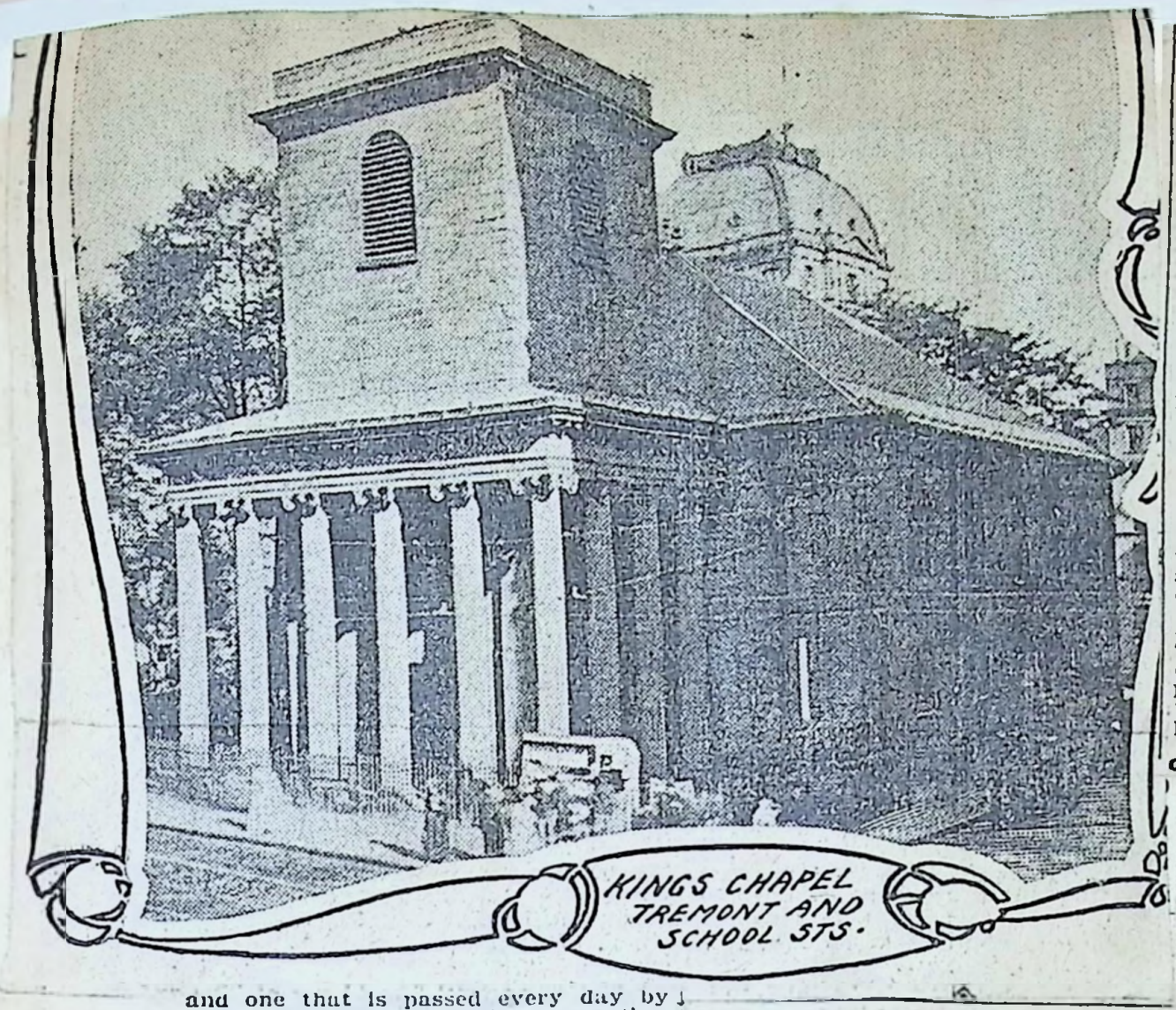
PARK ST
CHURCH

Boston stands almost unique among American cities in respect to its number of down-town churches. Within the radius of a circle 1000 feet in diameter, embracing the very busiest part of the business section of the city, there are no less than five magnificent sites occupied churches, all of which were secured when the locations were in the midst of a residential section, but which through the change of time have been left in an atmosphere of the fiercest commercialism.

Kings' chapel, at the corner of Tremont and School sts, is at the northerly point of the circle; the Old South meeting house, at the corner of Washington and Milk sts, is at the easterly point; St Paul's Episcopal church, between Winter st and Temple pl, on Tremont st, is at the southerly point; the Park-st Congregational church, at the corner of Tremont and Park sts, is at the westerly point, while in the very center is the Bromfield-st Methodist church.

For all of these church sites commercialism has been striving for many years. Recent announcements tell of the sale of one of them at a price which would enable every foot of ground in the plot to be covered four feet deep with silver dollars.

The Park-st church property possesses what has been termed the most attractive site in the city of Boston,



KINGS CHAPEL
TREMONT AND
SCHOOL STS.

and one that is passed every day by more well-to-do people than any other spot in New England. It was bought for a church site in 1809 for $20,000. It has just been sold for $1,250,000. The same land, which was worth $2.50 a square foot in the early part of the 19th century, sells in the early part of the 20th century for $156.25 a square foot.

Similar conditions exist in regard to the other church sites. That of the Old South meeting house was given to the new Third church in the middle of the 17th century for $500. Real estate experts value the corner lot now at $150 to $180 a square foot, which would bring the total value of the land up to between $1,335,000 and $1,602,000.

King's chapel, with a site containing 9000 square feet, and entirely open on all four sides, is assessed for $88 a square foot, but is said to be worth from $100 to $125 a foot, although, it is always added, the lot could not be bought for $40,000,000, because the owners will never sell. The lot was originally a part of the town cemetery, and was obtained for a nominal fee.

The other two church sites have been practically on the market for some years, and negotiations have been undertaken a number of times. Bromfield-st church occupies a site of 5840 square feet, and is the least valuable of the quintet, being in the middle of the block on a cross street. It is assessed for $37 a square foot, or a total of $216,000 for the land, and is said to be worth about $60 a square foot, or a total of $350,400.

St Paul's church occupies by far the larger site, the total land area being 17,250 square feet, which is assessed for $1,252,000. This is estimated to be worth about $1,402,500.

Two other conspicuous corners in what have become business sections are also occupied by churches. These are the Bowdoin-sq Baptist tabernacle at the corner of Chardon st in the West End and the more aristocratic Arlington-st church in the Back Bay. These churches have also been sought after for commercial purposes.

In connection with these church sites and church buildings is a vast fund of fascinating historical material.

The oldest of them is the Old South, the most famous meeting house in New England. The church society, which was organized in 1669, by dissenters from the First church, erected a wooden building, which remained until 1729, when it was removed to make room for the brick edifice which is still standing. It was in this old building that Benjamin Franklin was baptized, where the earnest Whitefield aroused in the people religious passion; where Judge Sewall arose in his pew while his confession of contrition for his part in the witchcraft delusion was read; where the Boston tea party was organized; where Warren delivered his famous speech on the Boston massacre, and where the British held a riding school during their occupation of Boston, in 1775-6.

The land itself is also noted. It was originally a part of the Gov Winthrop estate, the governor's house standing on Washington st, opposite school st. After his death, in 1649, the property passed into the possession of Rev Thos. Thatcher, who subsequently became the first minister of the Third church.

Title to the land was acquired from Mrs Mary Norton, wife of Rev Thomas Norton, who gave it in trust "forever for the erecting of a house for their assembling themselves together publiquely to worship God."

The society to whom she deeded this land erected a church edifice and continued to worship at the corner until 1872, when the society removed to the handsome edifice at the corner of Boylston and Dartmouth sts.

The three original churches in Boston are still in existence, and all have edifices on the Back Bay. The First church is at the corner of Berkeley and Marlboro sts, the Second church on Boylston st, facing Copley sq, and the Third being the present Old South.

The name of Old South meeting house has been the result of growth. Although its original name was Third church, its location at what was called the south end of the town gave it the more popular and distinctive name of South meeting house. In 1717 a New South meeting house was erected on Summer st, and at once the prefix Old was attached to the first South meeting house, and by that name it has been known ever since.

When Mrs Norton gave to the Third church a part of her land on which to build a house of worship she also added a strip from her garden plot to be added to the site. Upon her death she bequeathed to the society the whole of her landed estate, stipulating, however, that the sum of $500 should be paid to her husband, Rev John Norton, who was a former pastor, that money representing one-half the value of the land.

In accordance with her wishes that was done, and the estate, which is immensely valuable today, came into the possession of the church for the sum of $500.

In 1824 the land fronting on Spring lane was bought by the society for a few thousand dollars and added to the estate, the money for the purchase having been obtained from the income from leased land. The property was assessed last year for $1,203,000, but is said to be worth much more, and has just been leased to a trust for 75 years. A modern office building is now in course of construction on the site.

In 1876 the Old South meeting house and lot was sold for $430,000 to an association whose purpose it is to forever maintain it for its historic associations. The price paid was equal to $40 a foot for the land. Last year the land was assessed for $100 a foot, or a total of $[illegible].

A fine exhibition of public spirit was made in connection with the sale. The church property had been sold by the society for commercial purposes when the movement was started which resulted in the organization of the society for preserving the edifice. The edifice had consequently been sold to a Mr Elston, to be removed, for the sum of $2500. Very generously he agreed to resell the building for only what he paid for it, although undoubtedly he might have obtained 10, or even 20, times the amount.

King's chapel has the double distinction of being both the first Episcopal church in Boston and the first Unitarian. Likewise it was the first granite building of any prominence in New England.

The society was organized in 1686, and its first edifice, which was of wood, and stood on the same site as the present stone edifice, at the corner of Tremont and School sts, was dedicated June 30, 1689. Before the completion of their house of worship they had met in the east room of the townhouse on the site of the old state house.

In 1686, when the arbitrary Andres was sent over to the colony as the royal representative of the crown, he found the little body of Episcopalians without what he considered adequate quarters, and almost his first act was to order the doors of the Old South to be opened for their services. But the congregation of the Old South obdurately refused. Their fathers and they themselves had come over here to get rid of Episcopalianism, and they were not yet willing to admit the denomination to their place of worship.

Andros thereupon ordered the taking of a corner of the town burying ground.

The first chapel was erected in 1689, and the present stone building in 1749. For the present building the timbers were brought from England, while the stone was taken from the surface of the ground at Quincy, and many people looked upon the incident as the clearing away of the last of the valuable building stone in the vicinity.

The great quarries of granite beneath the surface had not then been discovered. Three kings contributed to the decoration of the church, and the vice regal court in Boston always worshiped in the edifice. It was in King's chapel that the first organ in a New England church was set up.

When the British occupied Boston during the siege of 1775-6 the chapel enjoyed great prosperity, while its neighbor at the foot of the street, the Old South, was undergoing the indignity of being used as a riding school. But with the evacuation of the British most of the King's chapel parishioners departed with them, leaving only 14 of the members in Boston. The rector of the chapel also took with him to Halifax the silver plate of the communion service which had been the gift of royalty.

With the departure of the British the members of the Old South, whose edifice had been despoiled, at once made use of King's chapel, and for the next five years, while their own edifice was slowly undergoing repairs, they worshiped there.

In 1785 the King's chapel society had been quite reorganized, and they had secured a pastor. But because of some of the religious opinions of the new rector the bishop refused him ordination. The society seemed quite willing to get along without the expected rite, and later when a vote was taken on the question of revising the liturgy it was voted to expurgate the doctrines of the trinity therefrom, and thus the society, independent of any other church or bishop or creed, became the first Unitarian church in Boston.

The property has remained unchanged since colonial days. Once, in 1878, when the site for a new courthouse was under discussion, the project was put forth of taking the site of King's chapel, the old burial ground and the present city hall for the place, but it did not prove popular and was abandoned. The property at that time was assessed for a total of $200,000, the land carrying a value of $20 a square foot.

The present assessed value is $88 a square foot, giving to the land an assessed value of $792,000, while real estate experts say that $100 a foot is not too high an estimate of its actual market value.

St Paul's church was started through a natural growth of Episcopalians; and on its building committee in 1820 was the great statesman, Daniel Webster. Many of the original members had been communicants of Trinity church, which was then located on Summer st. The total cost of land and building was $83,000. The imposing front, with its row of Ionic columns and wide portico, make it one of the notable landmarks of the city. The building is of Quincy granite.

Two noted architects were engaged in its construction, Solomon Willard and Alexander Parris, the former the builder of the old courthouse and Bunker Hill monument, and the latter the builder of Quincy market, the marine hospital at Chelsea and the arsenal buildings at Watertown. St Paul's church is said

to represent the best work of both architects. The ceiling of St Paul's is a cylindrical vault, with panels which span the whole width.

For two years negotiations have been undertaken for the purchase of the property for business purposes. The lot is the largest of the downtown sites, containing altogether 17,352 square feet. The church occupies 14,000 feet, and the rear lot, entirely enclosed by buildings, is known as the chapel lot, but is already given over to business purposes.

The property is assessed for $1,282,000, as follows: St Paul's church building $30,000, lot of land $1,120,000, chapel building $18,000, chapel lot $114,000.

Real estate dealers say that this property is assessed more nearly its market value than any of the others. One of the dealers said, "Much of the St Paul property is back land. It is now assessed for $50 a foot for the front land and $35 for the rear. I think that for a depth of 120 feet it is worth $100 a foot, while the rest is worth as much as other rear property in that neighborhood, like Music hall, for instance, which can be bought for $50 a foot. That would give $1,080,000 for the front land and $322,000 for the back land, a total of $1,402,000."

That estimate is only $118,000 above the assessed value.

The story of the sale of Park-st property has already been fully described in the newspapers. On Nov 9, 1795, the town of Boston sold the land, which had been the site of the old town granary, for the sum of $8366.66, this being at the rate of 88 cents a foot.

When the young Park-st church society bought the lot on April 13, 1809, the sum of $20,000 was paid. The building, which is still standing, practically unchanged, except in the matter of basement, which has been deepened and made into stores, cost $59,000. It is now assessed for only $20,000.

Twenty-five years ago the property was assessed for $220,000, of which $40,000 was for the building and $180,000 for the land. This was at the rate of $22.50 per square foot.

In 1891 the church was offered the sum of $500,000 for its property, which was utterly ignored. Three years later it was renewed and increased to $700,000, and the church was urged to make its own figure, if that was not enough. Again the church ignored the offer.

The last offer of $1,250,000, made a few weeks ago, met with an almost unanimous acceptance.

The old Bromfield-st Methodist church property has practically been on the market for some years. The building is of brick, and nearly covers the lot of land which contains 5840 square feet. The lot was bought in 1806, and the corner-stone laid on Nov 19 of that year. It was a time when Methodism was not so popular as it is today, and the young society had a hard time in raising the money for paying for the land and building. Long before it was out of debt the war with England came on, and increased the financial burden of the church.

It was the second Methodist church to be built in Boston, and funds for its completion came from all parts of the country, a considerable sum for those days coming from Charleston, S. C., to help the struggling mission in Boston.

The first building, which was of wood, was enlarged in 1816, and the present brick structure took its place in 1842. In the foundation was placed a block from Plymouth rock.

In 1877 the property was assessed for $150,000, of which $20,000 was on the building and $130,000 was on the land.

The assessment in 1902, 25 years later, increases this an even $100,000. The building is assessed for $34,000 and the land for $216,000, or at the rate of $37 a foot.

Real estate dealers place a value of $50 a square foot on the land, which would bring its actual value up to $729,400.

The Bowdoin-sq tabernacle was built in 1849, in an aristocratic quarter of the city. On its site had been the mansion house of Theodore Lyman. The building is of rough granite, 73 by 95 feet, with a tower in front rising to a hight of 110 feet. The lot of land contains 9550 square feet. The original cost of land and building was $70,000.

The property is assessed now for $202,400, the building carrying $20,000 of this, and the remainder, $182,400, going on the land. This is at the rate of $19 a square foot.

Adjoining property has sold for a price in the vicinity of $25 a square foot, and that is considered a fair price for that property, which would bring its value up to $240,150.

The Arlington-st church is the farthest down town of the Back Bay churches and of the edifices it is also the oldest, and therefore the most natural that it should be the first to succumb to the demands of business. The present structure occupies the lot of land at the corner of Arlington and Boylston sts, running through to the alley which separates the lots fronting on Boylston and Newbury sts. The area is 18,032, with a frontage on three sides.

The church is the successor to the old Federal-st church, one of the most noted churches of Boston during the revolutionary period, and of the early half of the last century. In the old Federal-st church the state convention was held in 1788 at which the U S constitution was first read and in which it was ratified. It is also the church whose pulpit was occupied from 1803 to 1842 by William Ellery Channing, the brilliant and eloquent exponent of Unitarianism.

The present edifice was built in 1859. The assessed value of the property is $459,000, of which $62,000 is on the building and $397,000 is on the land. This is at the rate of $22 a square foot, but is only about one-half of the actual worth, according to real estate men, who name $40 as the fair value per foot. At this rate, and without reckoning anything for the building, which, to be removed, is of insignificant value, the value of the site is $721,280.

OLD-TIME MINSTREL GONE.

July 22, 1902

James J. Kelly Dies at Age of 69— For Years He Sang with Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge.

James J. Kelly, the last of the old-time minstrels, died at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor yesterday of rheumatism of the heart. Mr. Kelly, whom every one knew as "Jim," was 69 years of age. He was born in Ireland, but came to America when a boy, and in 1853, in the palmy days of minstrelsy, his wonderful voice secured him an engagement. For many years he was featured as "the silver-voiced tenor." He played and sang with Henry Hatch, Billy Emerson, Dan Bryant and all the old-timers, and for several years sang in Morris Bros.' and Pell & Trowbridge's theatre on Washington street, near Province court, in this city. Mr. Kelly for over three years sang the same songs at each performance. He made famous "Black-eyed Susan," "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" and many others, some of which are sung today. For some years he had been the stage doorkeeper at the Park Theatre, and also worked at his trade of trunk making until crippled by rheumatism. Mr. Kelly was a man of upright character, honest, big hearted and popular. He leaves a son.

Boston Journal

AT THE HOTELS

April 13, 1903

Persons who want to get a last look at a tavern which flourished long before the days of elevators, electric lights, steam heat and the scores of other improvements that make the modern hotel a convenient place to live in, should visit the Hancock Tavern in Corn court, back of State street, within the next three weeks. The Hancock Tavern, erected in 1634, has been ordered vacated on May 1, on which date demolition, long expected, will begin.

Captain E. B. Wadsworth, the present proprietor, extends a cordial invitation to all who desire to visit this ancient landmark for the last time to do so during the next three weeks. This will positively be the last opportunity persons interested in Old Boston will have to see the tea room in which the young men disguised themselves as Indians preparatory to the destruction of tea in Boston Harbor in 1773, and within whose walls Washington, Lafayette, Talleyrand, Governor Vane and many men of note in the olden time have gathered.

STORIES OF THEATRES

Noted Actors Who Charmed Boston in Past Generations in Long Forgotten Playhouses

The passing of the old Boston Museum from the pages of the dramatic history of Boston brings to mind the fact that this is not by any manner of means the first of the Boston theatres to pass out of existence.

Most of the theatres of today are comparatively new, considering that Boston's first theatre was erected in 1794, but as the Hub was one of the last places in the country to permit theatrical performances, and even after the erection of theatres refused to countenance them in good society, the accounts of the old structures and their subsequent fates are rather meagre than otherwise.

It is on record, however, that concerts were permitted within the confines of the city, but when the British soldiers started to perform in some of the public houses of the town there was great indignation.

Meanwhile all of the then existing towns in the neighborhood of puritanical Boston were enjoying the play, and finally some of the citizens of the Hub made up their minds that Boston should have a playhouse, whether the law permitted or no.

The result of this determination was the first regular theatre in Boston, which, in order to evade the law, was called the New Exhibition Room. A story is still current of how the theatre was raided on one occasion, but, like the proverbial cork, the house bobbed up again and resumed business. Shortly afterwards the theatre law was repealed.

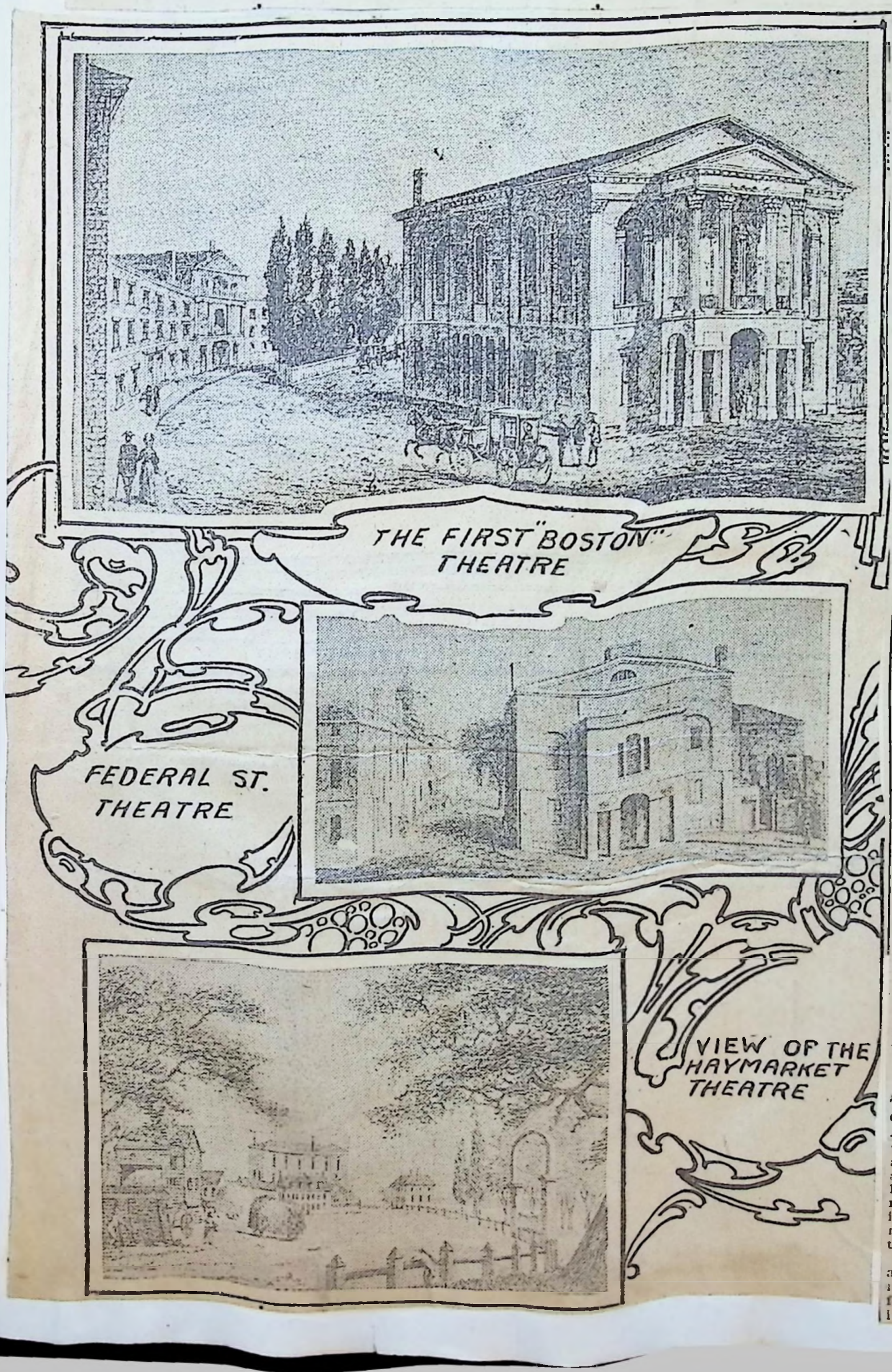
Faneuil Hall a Playhouse

Although there was an opera house on Brattle street in 1749, there is no record that any kind of amusement was ever given there save of concerts, and these promptly closed at 11 o'clock.

Probably Faneuil Hall, now a staid and decorous old market, was the first real theatre in Boston, and one finds meagre accounts of how the soldiers of Burgoyne in 1775 played Aaron Hills's tragedy, "Zara," there to the horror of Puritanical Boston, and there is a record of how, on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill, the soldiers were presenting a farce, entitled "The Blockading of Boston," when dispersed to form in line for the approaching battle.

The first formal petition for the per-

BOSTON'S FAMOUS OLD RECALLED BY MUSEUM'S END



THE FIRST "BOSTON" THEATRE

FEDERAL ST. THEATRE

VIEW OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

mission to erect a playhouse in Boston was made in 1780, but the State Legislature refused the request, and it was not until Aug. 16, 1792, that Boston had a real playhouse, and this was only obtained by evading the laws of the State.

An association was formed, consisting of Joseph Russell, Dr. Charles Jarvis, General Henry Jackson, Joseph Burrell and Joseph Russell, Jr. Ground was purchased in Broad alley, now Hawley street, and the building, though a real theatre, was called the New Exhibition Room, to avoid the letter of the law.

This was the first theatre in Boston. It had a pit, a row of boxes, forming three sides of a square, and a gallery, the seating capacity amounting to about 500.

The structure proved to be but temporary, and was displaced two years later by the Federal Street Theatre, but even during that brief period it made a lasting name, as it witnessed the first theatrical riot in America, occasioned by the arrest of the players while presenting a performance of "Douglas" and "The Poor Soldier," disguised under the title of "Moral Lectures."

Boston Theatre, Federal Street

The first regular theatre in Boston to open with the cognizance of the law was the Federal Street Theatre, Feb. 4, 1794, the initial performance being "Gustavus Vasa" and the farce, "Modern Antiquities."

This theatre was built on the corner of Federal and Franklin streets and was a brick building 140 feet long, 61 feet wide and 40 feet high. It was a plain, substantial structure, without architectural pretensions, except for a colonnade on Federal street. Charles S. Powell was the first manager. After a brief but prosperous career this house was burned down Feb. 2, 1798.

It was speedily rebuilt, however, and in October of the same year that witnessed the destruction of the old building a new one was erected, which was used as a playhouse until 1835, when it was converted into a lecture room called the Odeon.

In 1846 the Odeon was supplanted by the theatre once more under the old name, though some called it the "Old Drury," and continued as a playhouse until 1852, when the property was finally sold.

The Haymarket Theatre

The Haymarket Theatre, located near the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, was opened on the 26th of December, 1796. It was an immense wooden building, higher than any other in the city. It had three tiers of boxes, a gallery, pit, drawing room, etc. This house was afterward pulled down in March, 1803, when it was sold at auction, the express stipulation being made that the building be removed in 60 days. The land was afterward sold.

City Theatre

In 1819 a new playhouse was erected on Tremont street, called the Washington Gardens, but familiarly known as the Amphitheatre. At first this building was used for the small circuses which existed at that time, but in 1823 it became known as the City Theatre, for Boston had finally become a city. This was the only real rival of the Federal street house, and it is on record that the new upstart secured many "first nights" in spite of the activity of its experienced predecessor.

This house frequently changed management, and its name was changed almost as frequently, which may account for the meagre accounts extant concerning the building itself.

BOSTON THEATRE, Federal street—Opened in 1794, burned down in 1798, rebuilt in 1798, sold and torn down in 1852.

HAYMARKET THEATRE, near corner of Tremont and Boylston streets—Opened in 1796, torn down in 1803.

CITY THEATRE, Tremont street—Opened in 1819, torn down in 1829.

OLD TREMONT THEATRE, located on site of Tremont Temple—Opened in 1827, converted into a church and burned in 1851.

AMERICAN AMPHITHEATRE, located in Flagg alley, now Change street—Opened in 1831, afterwards called the Warren and then the National Theatre, and burned in 1852.

NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Portland street—Opened in 1852, destroyed by fire in 1863.

OLD TREMONT THEATRE

LION THEATRE—Opened in 1835, changed hands and names several times and finally moulded into the present Bijou Theatre.

EAGLE THEATRE, corner of Travers and Haverhill streets—Opened in 1841, lasted about a year.

BOSTON ADELPHI, Court street—Opened in 1847, closed in 1850.

AQUARIAL GARDENS, Central court, off Washington street—Opened in 1850, became the New Adelphi, burned down in 1871.

CONTINENTAL THEATRE, corner of Washington and Harvard streets—Opened in 1866, closed in 1872.

SELWYN'S THEATRE—Opened in 1867, became the first Globe Theatre, destroyed by fire in 1873.

GLOBE THEATRE, site of present Hotel Savoy—Opened in 1874 and burned down in 1894.

NATIONAL THEATRE
COR. OF PORTLAND & TRAVERS ST.
DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1863

The policy of the house vascillated so frequently, however, that it was not a paying establishment, and in 1829, like so many of its predecessors, it was torn down. At that time it was being run under the name of the Washington Theatre.

Old Tremont Theatre

The Tremont Theatre, not the one now in existence, was built as the result of the dissatisfaction prevailing at the other theatres, by a stock company formally incorporated. It was located on what was then known as Common street, now Tremont, on the site of Gragg & Brigham's livery stables. It was the first theatre of Boston to have a granite front and was opened to the public in September, 1827, under the management of William Pelby, the entertainment being "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are."

Everyone was crazy to see the inside of the new theatre, and it is on record that on the opening night every seat in the capacious pit and two rows of boxes were disposed of in 20 minutes, a record unrivalled even in this day of dramatic appreciation.

This house, besides a pit, was furnished with three tiers of boxes and centre and side galleries.

Like its predecessors, the Tremont Theatre was sold, but in this instance it was converted into a church and called the Tremont Temple. It also served the purpose of a bazaar, but in 1851 its useful career was terminated by fire.

American Amphitheatre

A playhouse called the American Amphitheatre was erected in Boston in 1831 by W. and T. L. Stewart and was opened in February, 1832. This was altered by William Pelby and reopened in July of the same year as the Warren Theatre.

This was afterward improved by him and called the National Theatre. The first building was an unpretentious one on Flagg alley, now Change street. This house was destroyed by fire April 22, 1852.

New National Theatre

Immediately it was determined to rebuild the house, and after some discussion and indecision plans were made at the Revere House, and $45,000 was subscribed to erect the new building, exclusive of the cost of the land.

The interior contained a parquette, first tier of boxes on a level with the rear of the same, a second tier of boxes called the dress circle, and a gallery, with six private boxes. The first tier held 440 persons, the parquette 400, the second tier 600 and the gallery about a thousand, making seating room for 2500.

The stage was 76 feet wide and 66 feet deep, with 29 feet between the wings and side scenes. The whole theatre was 151 feet deep and 80 feet wide.

At various intervals the name of the house was changed, but finally the National Theatre became its lasting one up to the time of its destruction by fire in March 24, 1863. What stage paraphernalia was saved was acquired by the present

Tremont Theatre, which opened that same spring.

Lion Theatre

In 1835 the Lion Theatre was opened in Boston. This house, owing to popular fancy, was devoted to equestrian entertainment and was located on Washington street on what was known as the Lion Tavern estate. A circle for the performers occupied the usual place of the pit, directly in front of the stage, the pit extending under the boxes, of which there were three tiers. The house was decorated by Reinagle.

This house continued as a theatre until 1838, when it was converted into a concert hall, called Mechanics' Institute. However, it was almost immediately leased by the Handel and Haydn Society, which named it the Melodeon. It is stated that the acoustic properties of this house were excellent and it was a favorite house with Jenny Lind, Sontag, Alboni and other celebrities. In 1851, when the present Boston Theatre was built, the Melodeon became part of that property and was leased many times and finally sold. Subsequently it became a billiard hall and finally lost its identity altogether in 1878, when it became the Gaiety Theatre. It is now the Bijou.

Eagle Theatre

A most interesting narrative is furnished by the career of the Eagle Theatre. It was erected in 1811 on the corner of Travers and Haverhill streets. W. H. Smith was manager, and the business of the theatre was so good that it threatened the ruin of the National. Finally Mr. Pelby, proprietor of the latter house, succeeded in buying a quarter interest in the Eagle Theatre, and one night visited the premises and cut away a portion of the building supporting the roof, and thus the Eagle was clipped and fell.

Smaller Theatres

In addition to the playhouses already mentioned, there have existed in Boston many others which have had brief but interesting careers. Many of these witnessed so many changes of name and management during their careers that historians have not seen fit to give more than the briefest accounts of them.

Brougham & Band's Boston Adelphia opened in 1847 on Court street, between Cornhill and Brattle, but became a business block in 1850, and in 1860 the Aquarial Gardens were opened on Central court, off Washington street, only to be rechristened the New Adelphia at a later day, and finally burn down in February, 1871. A business block now occupies the site. In 1866 the Continental Theatre was opened at the south corner of Washington and Harvard streets and carried on a precarious existence until 1872, when it succumbed to commercial interests.

Globe Theatre

A theatre which existed within the memories of even the young of the present generation was the Globe Theatre. This building was situated on Washington street, on the site of Hotel Savoy, and opened in October, 1867, as Selwyn's Theatre. In 1870 it became the Globe, under the management of Charles Fechter. In 1873 it was destroyed by fire, and in '74 a new structure erected.

The second Globe Theatre was improved each year, until at length it became one of the finest in the country. Its interior was rich and brilliant and thoroughly stocked with theatrical paraphernalia. Its stage was one of the best in the country and the auditorium was 60 feet high. There were two balconies, a row of mezzanine boxes and elegant proscenium boxes. The seating capacity was about 2200. This house was burned down Jan. 2, 1894.

SIXTH SEASON **BOSTON MUSEUM.** NO. 153.

☞ Museum opens from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M. Exhibition Room open at 6 o'clock, Performance commencing at 7 o'clock.

Admission to Museum and Entertainment, 25 cents; children under 12 years of age, accompanied by an adult, 12½ cents.

Seats in the Family Slips, which contain seven Seats, may be secured previous to the opening of the Exhibition Room, at Fifty cents each. The Slips not so taken will remain in common with the rest of the Seats.

Stage Manager.....W. H. Smith | Musical Director.....T. Comer

A GREAT BILL!

Benefit of Miss A. PHILLIPS.

Miss M. PHILLIPS, Miss ARVILA, and Masters FRED. and ADRIAN PHILLIPS will appear.

First night of the well known and effective Melo-Drama, the **Innkeeper's Daughter**
The Hypochondriac and Poor Pillicoddy.

On Friday Evening, December 22d, 1848,

The Performance will commence with the Excellent Overture, MASSANIELLO, *arranged by*.....*T. Comer*

After which, will be acted the Petite Comedy, called the

HYPOCHONDRIAC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF JOHN BULL.

James Meagrim, Esq...Mr. W. H. Smith	Demisou.....Curtis
James.....Warren	Bailiff.....Price
Annette,.....Miss A. Phillips	

After the Petit Comedy,

Dance, Cracovienne, - first time, Miss Arvila
DUETT. "Come from a Happy Land," Misses Adelaide & Matilda Phillips
COMIC PAS DE DEUX, Masters FRED. & ADRIAN PHILLIPS

After which will be acted [1st time here] the highly interesting and effective Melo-Drama, by George Soane, Esq., called the

INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER;

Or THE SMUGGLER'S FATE!

Taken from Southey's Admirable Poem—MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

"That moment the moon thro' a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw, by the moonlight, two ruffians appear,
And between them, a corse old they bear;
'Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold!"
Again the rough wind hurried by,
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold,
Even close to the foot of poor Mary it rolled;
She fell and expected to die."

"Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view,
Her eyes from that object convulsively start;
For, oh heaven what cold horror then thrilled thro' her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew."

Langley, a magistrate,.....Mr Curtis	Edward Harrop, a boy of 16,...Miss A. Phillips
Monkton, a country gentleman,....J. A. Smith	Wentworth.....Wade
Harrop, Capt. of a gang of smugglers, Whitman	White.....Bayard
Richard, a young fisherman in love with Mary,.....Mestayer	Frankland, the Innkeeper.....Murzy
Tricksey, a custom house officer.....Price	1st Smuggler.....Deering
Hans Ketzler, a German.....W. Warren	Custom House Officers, Sailors, &c.
William, mate of Harrop's lugger.....Alick	Mary, the Maid of the Inn.....Miss L. Gann
	Marian, Harrop's Wife.....Miss Rees

PROGRAMME OF INCIDENTS.

ACT 1, SCENE 1—The sea coast; cottage of the smuggler's wife; the lugger destroyed; the smuggler's wife and son; landing of the Custom House Officer, and the German; the attempt and failure. SCENE 2—The attempted murder; "The next shot shall be more certain." SCENE 3—Parlour of the Inn. *"The guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright, And smoking in silence with tranquil delight, They listened to hear the wind roar."* The Innkeeper's daughter and her lover; The persuasion; the promise and the kiss. SCENE 4—The church yard; the smuggler and his mate; Mary arrives to cut the bough from the tree. *"The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head, She listened, nought else could she hear, The wind ceased, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread; For she heard in the abbey, distinctly the tread, Of footsteps, approaching her near."* The murderer; his victim, and the evidence! TABLEAU.

ACT 2, SCENE 1. Richard's cottage; the smuggler and the pocket-book; the arrest; the denial; the proof. SCENE 2—The smuggler's haunt; the consultation, and its consequence. SCENE 3—The belfry of the old church; the place of confinement; the prison, and his guard; the German, and his charge; attempt at escape; the girl and her lover; woman's faith; the Dutchman in trouble the ESCAPE. SCENE 4—Interior of vestry; the explanation; the pursuit. SCENE LAST—The seacost; the storm; the lover in peril; the life boat; woman's love; "A woman braves the storm, a sailor shrinks from"—the danger braved and conquer'd. LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

SCOTCH PAS DE TROIS, Miss ARVILA and Masters ADRIAN and FRED. PHILLIPS

Grand Dance, "La Zingarella," Miss A. Phillips

To conclude with [14th time] the popular Farce,

POOR PILLICODDY.

RECEIVED NIGHTLY WITH SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER

Mr John Peter Pillicoddy, (Nursery Man) Mr W. Warren | Mrs John Peter Pillicoddy.....Miss L. Gann
Captain O'Scuttle.....Mr Mestayer | Mrs Capt. O'Scuttle.....Miss Wagstaff | Susan Blunt,.....Miss A. Phillips

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—The Beautiful Drama, THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, DANCES, and the New Piece, THE SOLDIER, THE SAILOR, THE TINKER, AND THE TAILOR.

☞MONDAY—CHRISTMAS—Performances Afternoon and Evening.—The New Domestic Drama, OLD HONESTY, or the BRICKLAYER & HIS MAN, and the Pantomimic Fary play, (by the late Wm. Barrymore,) called, THE GOLDEN AXE!

☞ In Rehearsal an interesting and effective Domestic Drama, just received from London.

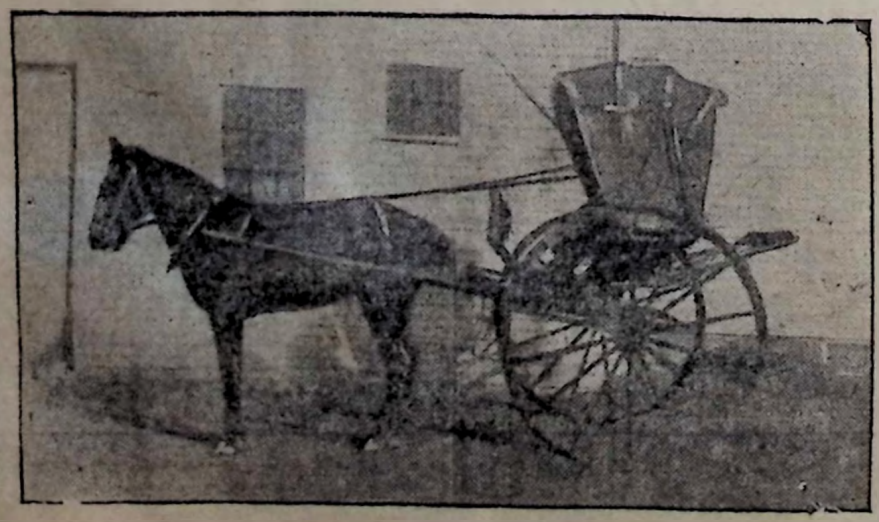
☞ PRIZE PLAY. The Committee having awarded the Premium of $200 to the play of **Old Job and Jacob Gray,"** written by Dr J. S. Jones, it has been placed in active preparation and will shortly be produced.

NEW MARBLE BUILDING.

The accompanying illustration will be readily recognized. The view is taken from the corner of Tremont and School Streets, showing an angle of the King's Chapel. The principal object in the picture is the magnificent marble structure, erected by Mr. Parker, for his restaurant, on the site of the old tavern which stood there for so many years. This palatial structure is the most costly and extensive ever devoted to such a purpose in Boston, and will be one of the most noted places in the city—and become as celebrated in our gastronomic annals as the Trois Freres Provencaux at Paris, to dine at which establishment is—to have lived. Beyond Parker's we have a glimpse of the Horticultural Hall, the temple of Flora, where they deal in bouquets of flowers instead of bunches of birch, which in the early days of the Latin School that stood upon its site, were wont to propel the reluctant urchin who stumbled in the ascent of the Gradus ad Parnassum. Many of Boston's most eminent citizens were educated on this spot. The King's Chapel, part of the tower of which forms the foreground on the left, is quite a venerable looking building. The old church which stood on this site, was finished in July, 1689. It was a wooden building with a steeple, and cost £284 16s. sterling. The first rector was named Ratcliffe, and his assistant Robert Clarke. The church was first called His Majesty's Chapel, then King's Chapel, and in 1713, Queen's Chapel, in honor of Queen Anne. On the 17th of March, 1776, the clergymen of the three Episcopal churches, including King's Chapel, fled from Boston with the British. From 1777 to 1783 it was occupied by the congregation of the Old South Church, which the British had dismantled and converted into a riding-school during their occupancy of the town. In 1782 the remaining proprietors of the church re-opened it for worship, and the Rev. Mr. Freeman was ordained pastor in 1789. The society had previously adopted a new form of service, adapted from the Unitarian liturgy. The adoption of this form and the manner of ordaining Mr. Freeman produced a remonstrance and finally an excommunication from the rectors of the Episcopal churches of Boston and vicinity, but the society adhered to its course.

PARKER'S NEW MARBLE BUILDING, SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

DR MASON'S ONE-HORSE SHAY.



CHAISE NEARLY A CENTURY OLD.

The old one-horse shay, known as the Thompson chaise, having been in the possession of that well-known Kennebunkport family for almost a century, is now the property of Dr John S. Mason of Boston.

Dr Mason, who is an admirer of antiques, would not part with it for any money. It is in perfect condition, and is seen daily on the streets of Saco and Biddeford whenever its owner is at his old home in Saco.

The chaise was bought almost 100 years ago by Capt Robert Smith of Kennebunkport, and at that time was the finest carriage made. Shortly after it came into the possession of Capt Benjamin F. Thompson of the same town. The latter was in the 90s when he died. The vehicle, with wheels as large and heavy as those of a dumpcart, later passed into the possession of Postmaster Stackpole, and then was bought by Dr Mason.

DID IT WITH OXEN.

How Pemberton Hill Was Shaved Down.

Task Quickly Done by an Old-Time Wilmington Farmer.

His Name Was Sheldon, and He Had an Interesting Career.

One hundred and eight coppers made a dollar in the days when Asa G. Sheldon was a boy, and that was a long time ago, for he was born in Lynnfield on the 24th of October, 1788. His was a laborious row to hoe, but he never complained. During his time he accomplished an immense amount of hard work, drove ox loads of hops and other merchandise between Wilmington, near Woburn, to New York during the war of 1812, leveled Pemberton hill in this city, helped lay out and build several streets in the West and North Ends of Boston, and was conspicuous in the construction of the old Boston & Lowell railway.

Asa Sheldon was a superior type of

ASA G. SHELDON.

the keen, shrewd, calculating, hard-working Yankee. He was as honest as tree growth, as square as the sun is sure, and believed implicitly in the golden rule. In fact, that was his religion, but more than once or twice in his long career he detected evidence that men were trying to do him. By his industry he made fortunes, and by the treachery of men and the fluctuations of prices he lost them. But he never found fault with things as they were. The first copper he earned was for opening a gate for a lady on horseback. Observing the pleasure the unit of the almighty dollar gave the little fellow, the lady remarked that it would be a good thing for him to begin saving for a future "rainy day." She would send him a little tin box to put his coppers in, and every time he opened the gate for herself or her husband he should have a cent.

Sometimes when husband and wife were riding together the boy would get two, but not always, for coppers were valued higher then, and time extended into months before he got the 108 necessary for a dollar and took his sister Lucinda to a mile-away store where he bought a porringer and a primer, some pretty things for Lucinda and a tin whistle.

Later in life when his mind reverted to the annoyance caused his mother by the whistle he regretted his thoughtlessness and advised boys to be careful how they exercised on such things about the house. These are trivial matters, but they figured in the life of a man who helped build part of Boston, who was a conspicuous figure in the early period of the last century, whose brain evolved the wagon spring, the proper laying of railway sleepers, the use of clean dry gravel for railway trenches, the iron axletrees for ox wagons.

What He Remembered at 3.

His memory ran true back to the time when he was 3 years old. How he fixed that point was this way. One day a neighborhood friend of his mother came in and said:

"They do say, Mrs Sheldon, that Daniel Hart is courting Patty Tapley!"

His mother said, "Sho, you don't tell me!" and Asa, noticing the surprised expression in his mother's face, was ill at ease until the neighbor said she guessed she'd have to go, when he pestered his mother with entreaties to tell him what Daniel Hart was doing to Patty Tapley. His mother tried to explain, but her inquisitive young hopeful was by no means prepared to tell himself all about it after she finished.

When Asa Sheldon was 6 years old he contracted for his first day's work with a farmer who had a fondness for fractions. His name was William Flint, and he lived in North Reading. He never paid even money for work done. There was always a quarter or a half attached to the price, and one day, when Asa trotted into a new field with him to help pick stone, he was under engagement at 6½ cents per day. In the account he left of his long life of usefulness Asa Sheldon explained that a cent then meant a great deal to a boy, for they were as scarce in boys' pockets as white crows in a field of grain.

After that first contract at stone picking the boy was frequently employed by Mr Flint doing odd jobs which netted him anywhere from one cent to a full day's wage. He helped drovers, too, for in that long ago beef on the hoof was driven from everywhere in eastern New England to the killing and dressing places in Brighton. When opportunity offered, he would look after the cattle and keep them moving while the drovers rode ahead to have dinner at a wayside inn. By the time they finished eating the boy would be along with the drove.

The first food he ever tasted in a tavern was at an inn near Lynnfield, where he bought four coppers' worth of gingerbread. That was when he was between 6 and 7. It was a feast. Telling of it made other boys envious.

For two summers he watched for chances along the road to help cattlemen, and then his attention was turned to school. His teacher was a Miss Hannah Sherman, a relative of the lady who gave him his first copper. She had her pupils seated on three wooden benches, so arranged that she could reach each one with her long willow switch without rising. Sly whispers or a smothered snigger would put life into the switch, and sometimes when boys were slow in grasping ideas the willow helped them to catch on.

Went to Live on a Farm.

Asa was in his ninth year when he went to live with a farmer, named Parker. His first work was splitting oak butts for wheel spokes. Parker was quite a middling man to get along with, but by nature was close fisted and irritable. The boy worked one whole year in payment for a cow, valued at $22, which Parker sold to his father. After that he was bonded to this farmer until he was 21. The stipulation was $20 to Asa's father in hand, and $100 to be paid to himself at the expiration of the contract. He tilled the soil, chopped wood, hauled merchandise to Salem and sold it, hauled hops to Boston, milked cows, fed hens, built fences, did chores. His diversions were few. Parker allowed him six cents a year for pocket money, and refused to give him a cent to spend the day he and 18 other boys tramped from North Reading to Salem and back to see the launching of the frigate Essex.

Brown bread and milk was the family fare three times a day during the summer, the bread being made of rye and indian meal. The only change was Saturdays when supper was made of roast potatoes and salt. Butter was not used. That was for the market. Winter rations were beef broth with brown bread crumbled into it, and on Sundays baked beans and salt pork. On election days and Thanksgivings a feast was spread. At those times fowl, roast pork and two or three kinds of pie would grace the table, and until another feast day came around Asa would have to chew the cud of fancy and bottle his appetite with the usual sustenance.

Before his time was out he got tired of the abuse of his employer, and his mother, not being a party to the bonding, and the laws governing that kind of slavery having been amended, he took all of his belongings in a big red handkerchief and footed it to Salem, where he hired out at $12 per month in a family with an invalid husband, a pampered son, and the type of a wife constituted to drive a wooden Indian to the grog shop. Asa was a kind of all-around errand boy, table waiter, door tender, hostler, coachman and he-chambermaid. The mistress of the house was a one-thing-at-a-time woman, and if she wanted three or four different articles from downtown—a matter of half a mile or more—Asa would have to do as many trips back and forth.

Hid Money in an Ox's Ear.

One month of that kind of shuttlecock existence made him yearn for a goad stick and yoke of oxen; anything in fact, that would suggest farm life. He put in a year with an innkeeper and one time while returning from Boston, where he had sold two loads o hay, he hid the money in the near ox' ear in anticipation of robbers in th Lynn woods. Soon after his 21st birthday he peddled groceries through the country, going as far away as Vermont. He bought up several wood-l ts engaged with others in lumbering on a small scale, and during the war of 1812 took loads of hops to New York, going all the way with teams of oxen, where the hops sold at good prices to the brewers.

Money received was invested in flour, which was sold on the way back at double the price of cost. In the spring of 1814 he hauled 6760 pounds of grape shot from Charlestown to Vergennes, Vt., at 3½ cents per pound, sold the four yokes of oxen and a horse that pulled it, and walked 175 miles back to Wilmington.

One of the first trades made by Mr Sheldon after he was married in 1815 was to take two loads of trash wood from Wilmington to Boston. The wood was swamp alder and blueberry bushes, not a stick of it larger than a man's wrist; but stoves had just come into use, and the impression prevailed that nothing but small sticks or fagots would burn in them. The wood brought $10 a cord.

Moves Pemberton Hill.

Sometime in the spring of 1835 he was asked by a Boston contractor named Patrick T. Jackson to ascertain the cost of moving Pemberton hill into salt water on the north side of Causeway st. The area of Pemberton hill, including streets adjoining, was upwards of four acres. The depth of the hill was 65 feet 10 inches. Gardner Green's greenhouse stood on top of the hill, and there were besides, on the slopes, six dwelling houses and outbuildings. One of the shade trees was a ginkgo, an exotic, which was moved to the common; the others, elms, were worked up into lumber.

An agreement was made to move the hill inside of six months, and the task was accomplished. One hundred and twenty-six oxen and 250 men were em-

ployed, and the earth carted away made eight acres 14 feet deep in the water.

Opposite the head of Court st, about five feet from the surface, the diggers encountered a large flat stone. On turning it a well, 30 feet deep, was discovered. A person standing near this well could distinctly hear running water. Investigation showed that the water came in 15 feet from the top of the well, and ran out at the bottom. The grade level of the excavation was five below the flat stone. This old well was somewhere near the center of what is now Pemberton sq.

One of the houses torn down on account of the removal of the hill was the old Gov Phillips place. An iron door in the cellar of this house led to an arch about 12 feet wide on the base, 50 feet long and nine feet high. There was room for 16 large oxen and space to feed them. This arch was made of brick, 16 inches thick. From the cellar of another house an iron door opened into a tomb, from which 15 coffins, large and small, were taken.

While the work of carting away the hill was in progress a crew of Spanish pirates, which had been captured some time before, were tried. Bernardo de Soto and four others were condemned to be hanged. The execution of the sentence took place on land near to the excavation, and a team of Sheldon's oxen hauled the bodies to a Catholic burying ground in Charlestown after the hanging.

In the removal of the hill the first shovelful of earth was thrown May 5, 1835, and the last on Oct 5 of the same year. Seventeen hundred dollars was the profit made by Asa Sheldon.

OLD TIME SHIPWRECK.

Bark Isidore Wrecked on Bald Head, York, in 1842.

The bark Isidore, Captain Foss, sailed from Kennebunkport on her first voyage November 30, 1842, and that night came ashore on Bald Head in the town of York, and all hands were lost in sight of home. She was seen all the afternoon out in the bay becalmed; that night a furious southeaster set in and she, being light, probably capsized and came ashore on her beam ends. Her sails were found close reefed.

One of her crew dreamed that he saw the coffins of all the crew and their names on them and it made such an impression on him that he ran away and so saved the number of his mess. This wreck at the time thrilled with horror the inhabitants of the southeastern part of Maine, especially on the seacoast, and created as much excitement as did the wreck of the steamer Portland 56 years later.

The Isidore struck on what is called White Flint, near Jackson Perkins cove, and all hands were lost.

The names and ages of the persons on board are as follows: Leander Foss, captain, aged 36 years; Clement P. Stone, first mate, 25; John Crowder, second mate, 45; Captain Paul M. Grant, passenger, 42; James C. Murphy, seaman, 23; James Young, seaman, 23; Charles Lord, seaman, 25; George F. Hutchins, seaman, 23; Alvin Huff, seaman, 23; William Thompson, seaman, 19; William B. Harding, seaman, 22; George P. Lewis, seaman, 15; Daniel H. Perkins, seaman, 22; John Tendell, cook, 53; George P. Davis, cabin boy, 18.

The following verses written on the occasion of the loss of the Isidore were furnished the Journal by James S. Brewster, of Cape Neddick, Me., who says he knows of but one copy of the poem in York, though they were common 60 years ago.

LINES.

Composed on the Loss of the Barque Isidore of Kennebunkport, which went ashore near Bald Head in the town of York on the night of Nov. 30, 1842, in a tremendous storm and all her crew perished.

Come let us all deeply deplore
The fate of the Barque Isidore,
Which in November, forty-two,
Perished with all her gallant crew.

Leaving their homes and friends behind,
Spreading their canvass to the wind.
A voyage proposed was their intent,
'Twas thus to the sea they bravely went.

But when they left a secret fear
Possessed the minds of kindred dear,
That a sad fate would them befall,
Proving destruction to them all.

Those fears were not an idle dream;
They hasted to the dismal scene,
Where all was in confusion hurled
And friends had left the present world.

O'er husbands, fathers, sons most dear,
For brothers, too, affection's tear
Flowed as from sorrow's fountain head,
Telling the world those friends were dead.

But tears and sighs could not express
The deep-felt anguish of the breast
Of those from whom death just had torn
The dearest friends for whom they mourn.

How dark the providence that frowned,
Spreading a gloom on all around,
Making all feel that nothing sure
To mortal man can be secure.

How wise is God in all the plan
By which he rules the race of man!
His bounds are set, days numbered, too,
And can't be passed, whate'er we do.

Some may suppose that chance doth plan
And govern the affairs of man;
Whatever thus befalls him here
Is the result and want of care.

But this sad providence reveals
Truth that should make the heart to yield.
And to believe that God doth plan
And order the concerns of man.

The hand of God we can but view
In the selection of the crew,
For all who shipped except one man
Continued and the voyage began.

But he through fear was made to fly
From the impression all must die,
By being wrecked on a lee shore
And time with them to be no more.

To keep him from the awful scene
Kind Providence did intervene,
For naught but Providence did save
Him from a dismal watery grave.

In consequence of his withdraw
Another was inquired for.
This man was found of whom God said
He must be numbered with the dead.

Day after day then passed away
And they were hindered by delay,
Until life's race was almost done,
It's hour glass had nearly run.

Then came the fatal day at last,
When they let go their leading fast
And to the wind did spread their sail.
Just cleared the port and met the gale.

Upon them burst the furious storm,
Death did appear in frightful form;
And them it threatened to devour
But to escape they had no power.

All means were tried death to evade
They every effort must have made
For to escape its dreadful grasp;
But death o'ertook them all at last.

How sad and solemn must they feel
While to and fro their barque did reel,
Plunging into the foaming deep
Then to the sky again did leap.

Thus filled with fear and sad dismay,
This lonely crew could not but pray
That God through Christ would grant them grace
And fit them for his own embrace.

God heareth sinners when they cry
And sends salvation from on high.
When penitently he is sought,
Their sins he will remember not.

Their prayers and sighs are heard no more,
But died away on the lee shore,
Where fifteen souls have met their fate
And thus is sealed their future state.

They live no more but in the mind
Of friends most dear they've left behind,
Who mourn the loss of those they love,
But hope to meet them all above.

In this event the beach is wide
Our numbers less, our feelings tried;
But we desire yet to submit
To that which God should see most fit.

From wives dear husbands have been torn,
And they as widows left to mourn
Their husbands, silent with the dead,
Who were their friends' support and head.

Dear children have been orphans made
To wander through the world's dark shade.
May God protect them by his hand
And lead them to the promised land.

Kind parents, too, are called to weep
For sons who've perished in the deep.
The loss has filled them thus with grief,
But sons can give them no relief.

Brothers and sisters, you have seen
How short and hasty life has been
To brothers who with you did dwell
But now they've bid you long farewell.

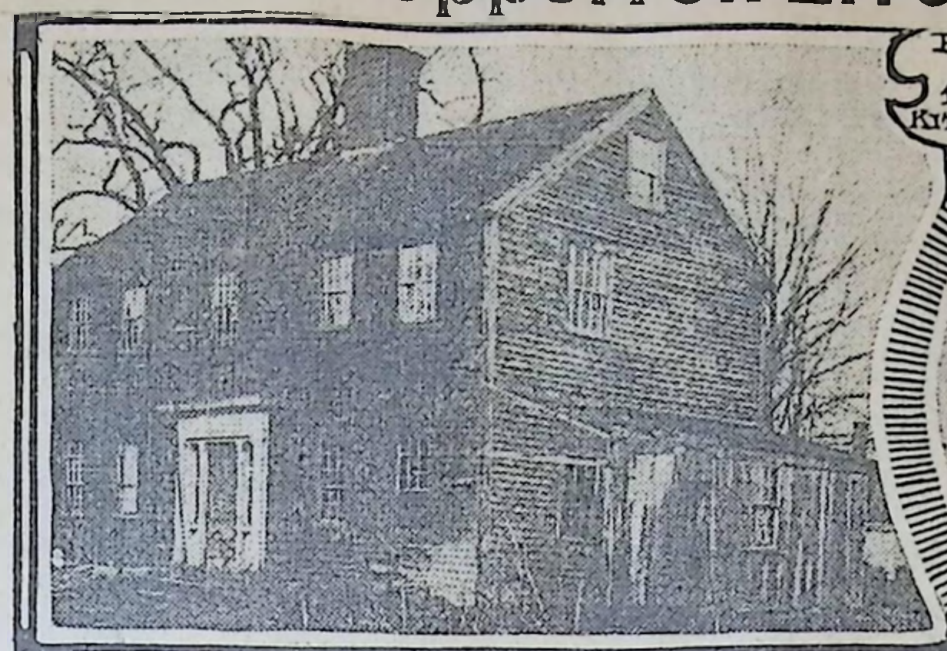
Both young and old have felt the blow
While these dear friends were made to bow
To Death's strong arm which conquers all
Who dwell upon this earthly ball.

Young men, to you loud is the call.
Upon you ears it can't but fall;
But may it reach your heart within
And lead you to forsake your sin.

Don't boast of years, for this is vain;
For God has entered now your train;
These he by death has called away,
The active, sprightly and the gay.

May this event God sanctify.
And thus prepare us all to die.
That when we leave this earthly clod
We may be blessed and dwell with God.

Ancient Glories of Famous Bray Mansion Where Pepperrell Lived Will Be Revived



BRAY HOUSE BUILT 1643 KITTERY PT

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL

SIR. WM. PEPPERRELL MANSION BUILT 1733.

LADY PEPPERRELL HOUSE, WHERE SHE WENT TO LIVE, AFTER SIR WILLIAM DIED.

The oldest house in Maine, memorable for its historical associations and the great men and women of the past it has harbored, is about to be renovated and shine with all its pristine glory.

The structure is the Bray mansion at Kittery Point, built about 1662 by John Bray, a shipwright, whose daughter Margery became Lady Pepperrell, wife of Sir William Pepperell, the father of Sir William Pepperell of Louisburg fame.

This stroke of good fortune is due to John G. Ruge, of Appalachicola, Fla., who has purchased it and will convert it into a magnificent summer home for himself.

At the water in front are the remains of the shipyards and wharves, at which at different times Master Bray, Sir William Pepperrell, Sr., and his more famous son, carried on a flourishing shipbuilding industry, fishery business and extensive foreign trade.

The anchorage, here known as Pepperrell's Cove, in which the loaded ships of the firm's fleet might easily at all times lie afloat, has of late years filled in, and a government survey is soon to be made with a view to having it deepened. The house is within a stone's throw, or nearly so, of the famous Pepperrell mansion, built in 1731; the Sparhawk mansion, a family possession, built in 1740, and the Pepperrell tomb, erected in 1734, all of the historic objects representing one of the greatest fortunes of colonial New England.

Once Home of Luxury

The Bray house is yet a comfortable dwelling house, and its interior finish tells that it was once a home of luxury. The house was, in former days, larger than at present, and here in 1672 and 1673 John Bray kept a public house of entertainment and was directed by the court to put up a sign.

John Bray was one of the pioneers in shipbuilding and laid a foundation for the future wealth of his son-in-law, William Pepperrell. An interesting old painting is shown in the Bray house. Some say it is a view of Kittery Point, England; some think it is a picture of Louisburg. Here court was sometimes held in the old days before court buildings were known.

The Pepperrells kept buying land on all sides of them until they owned the greater part of the Point, and much land elsewhere.

Most of the property of Sir William Pepperrell was willed to his grandson, William Pepperrell Sparhawk upon the condition that he should drop his surname upon arriving at the age of 21. This he did and became the second Sir William Pepperell. The estates bequeathed by the first Sir William Pepperrell, were confiscated in 1778 since their owner was a Tory. The large fortune accumulated by Sir William and his father was soon dissipated and some of his descendants came to indolent pride and poverty.

Proved Name Extinct

The name of Pepperrell is extinct in America. An association of the descendants of the Pepperrells take some pride in their lineage and seek to perpetuate the name of the great men who honored their town and their country by noble and patriotic services.

The fame of Sir William Pepperrell, however, will never die out, as his name will go down in history as connected with Louisburg. After being trained in early life to survey land, to sell a ship, to act as clerk, and to manage men; by trading in fishing, lumber and West India goods, by extensive shipbuilding, and by the purchase and sale of large tracts of land he became wealthy.

At one time he owned the greater part of Saco and Scarboro. Saco was first called Pepperrellboro in his honor. He was justice of the peace at the age of 21 and captain of a company of cavalry. At the age of 30 he held the rank of colonel and was in command of all the militia in Maine. At about the same time he was appointed one of the Governor's council and held that office 32 years, 18 of which he was the president of the board. The people of Kittery elected him their Representative in 1726 and 1727. The office of justice of the peace was held from 1730 until his death. Like his father, he was an owner of slaves. A boat's crew of them used to row him across the harbor.

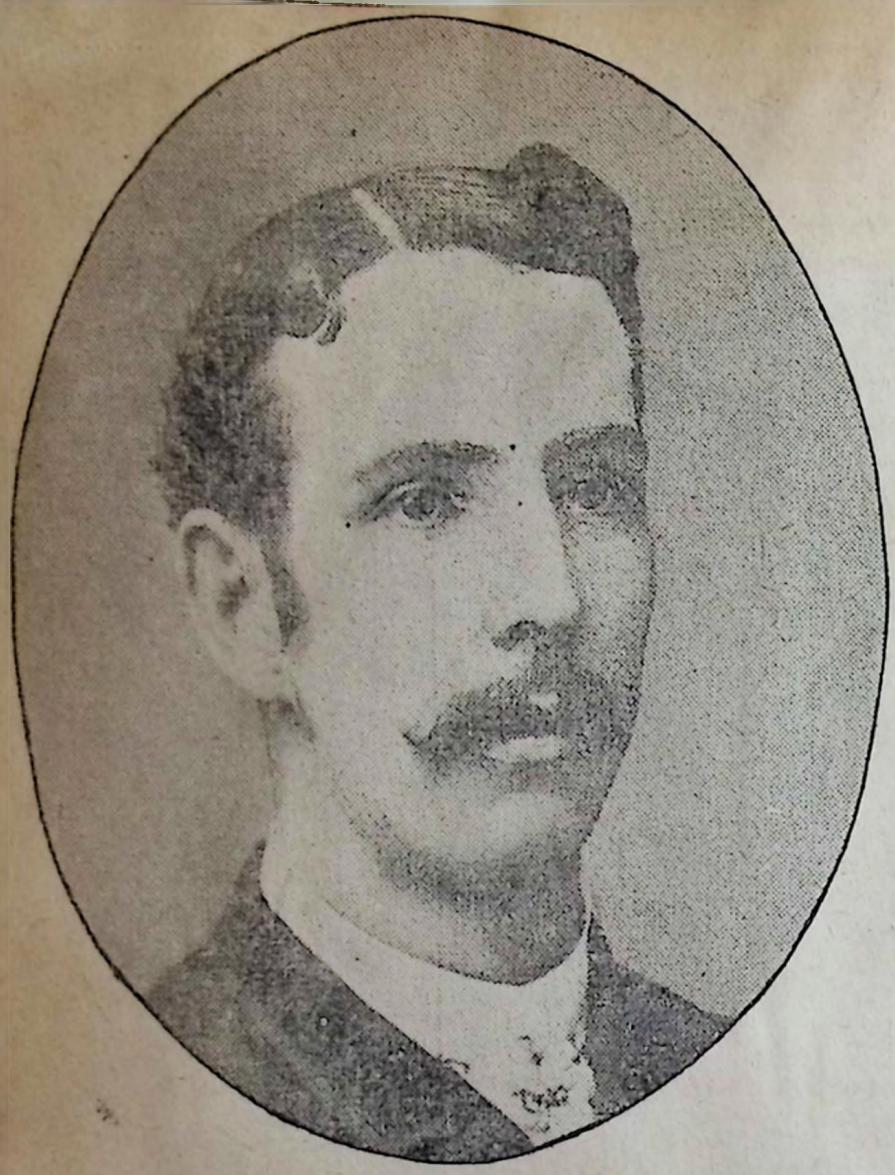
Took Louisburg

He was appointed in 1745 to command the expedition against Louisburg and contributed out of his private fortune £7500 towards expenses of that expedition. All know the result. What had been regarded as an impregnable fortress surrendered after a brief siege. In the expedition Pepperrell was accompanied by many of his townsmen as soldiers, and 30 men under Captain Moses Butler went from Berwick. For his success at Louisburg he was knighted and received in London with many attentions. In 1756 he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the royal army.

He united with the church at Kittery in 1734 and was prominent in its business affairs. George Whitefield was entertained at his house and consulted with in reference to the Louisburg expedition, though Pepperell did not follow his advice.

The honors received at home and abroad did not separate him from the companionship and sympathies of his fellow-townsmen. The rest of his life was comparatively uneventful, and he died the 6th of July, 1759.

Bray house is sometimes spoken of as the birthplace of the wife of Sir William Pepperrell, but as she was born in 1660 was more likely born in Plymouth, Eng.



WILLIAM McGUNNIGLE.

"Billy" McGunnigle, as he was called, player, captain and manager, was a native of Massachusetts. He learned to play ball in Brockton in the 70s. As an all-round man, he played with Fall River and Buffalo, and later he managed the Brooklyn and Louisville teams, of the National league, and was considered a great baseball general. He died a few years ago in Brockton.

THE BOER SAYS—

This is our country. We snatched it from the savages. We made farmland of the wilderness.

You want it because of the gold and diamonds.

You demand equal franchise. This would mean political extinction for us.

By the conventions of 1884 you promised never to interfere in our internal government. Now you ignore those conventions.

We want no English among our citizens. You are immoral and vicious. You would not make good burghers.

If our laws please you not, you are free to go away.

If God wills it, we will fight to the death.

Remember Majuba Hill.

THE BRITON SAYS—

We helped you fight the Kaffirs. We developed the mines and made you rich. We built the cities.

We seek only to protect our subjects in their legitimate pursuits.

We pay nine-tenths of the taxes. Don't we deserve a vote? The majority ought to rule.

Conditions have changed. Your rule has become tyrannical. You rob us on every hand.

No nation has the right to isolate itself in a land full of gold and diamonds. You are only half civilized. You are religious bigots.

We are here to stay.

So will we.

We do.

STATE HOUSE Albany. N.Y.

SAD END OF SYBIL SANDERSON'S CAREER

Noted American Singer to Whom Europe's Nobility Paid Homage Lost Her Once Famous Beauty and Suffered Agony Before She Died

SYBIL SANDERSON, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN SINGER, IN THREE OF HER FAVORITE POSES.

PARIS, May 16.—Sybil Sanderson, the well-known American opera singer, died suddenly this morning from the effects of an acute attack of the grip. The announcement caused a profound shock in the American colony. She returned to Paris from Nice six weeks ago, suffering from a slight attack of the grip. Her sickness finally developed into pneumonia. Her mother and her sisters, Edith and Marion, were present at the time of her death.

Miss Sanderson, according to report, was to have been married this summer to Count Paul Tolstoi, a cousin of the Russian novelist.

Many Americans and leaders of the theatrical world called at the Sanderson residence during the afternoon, when the news of Miss Sanderson's death became generally known, and inscribed their names on the register.

Director Vizentini of the Opera Comique, where Miss Sanderson achieved her most notable successes, paid her a tribute as one of the foremost figures the French lyric stage had seen during the present generation. He said her "Esclarmonde" was one of the triumphs of the exposition of 1889, and he added that she was recognized as the leading exponent of the roles of Manon, Phryne and Thais.

Although the grip was the active cause of Miss Sanderson's death, a number of ailments contributed to it. During her stay at Monte Carlo, following her retirement from the stage, the singer suffered from paralysis of the legs, from which, however, she largely recovered.

Since her marriage in 1897 to Antonio Terry (the Cuban millionaire, who died in 1899) Miss Sanderson had withdrawn from active participation in opera. Until her husband's death she spent most of her time at his handsome chateau at Chenonceaux, and she had since lived with her mother in spacious apartments here, where she received only a few intimate friends.

But Miss Sanderson constantly retained her love of music and the stage and occasionally lent her talents to charitable performances. Her last appearance of this kind was a few months ago at Aix.

Miss Sanderson had confided to her friends her wish to return to the stage and sing in Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci."

Miss Sanderson had lived here so long that the Parisians considered her to be one of them. Miss Sanderson also actively took part in the social events of the American colony and was frequently seen at the receptions held at the United States legation.

INTERVIEW GIVEN BY MISS SANDERSON'S FRIEND

PARIS, May 16.—Mary Garden of the Opera Comique, an intimate friend of Miss Sanderson, said in an interview today:

"I saw poor Sybil yesterday. She looked very chalky and her hands were cold and damp, but she had no idea her condition was serious. She spoke hopefully of going soon to take the waters for her troubles, and looked forward to recovery.

"The doctors and others in attendance had no idea that she was in a dangerous condition. She continued fairly well until midnight last night, when a sudden, serious change took place, and death followed so soon that there was no time to send for me or other intimate and old friends.

"Sybil could hardly be recognized. Her changed appearance was due to her continued illness. Her once famous beauty was gone, and her body was cruelly distorted by the effects of the slow atrophy of the liver and other complications; but her sickness and trouble did not diminish the quality of her voice, which retained until the last few days the bird-like quality for which it was originally famous.

"For the last few hours immediately preceding her death, Miss Sanderson's condition was most agonizing. After midnight the patient suffered greatly, the pain culminating in paralysis affecting the right side of her face and body. She continued in a semi-conscious condition until 5 o'clock this morning, when death came."

A close friend of the family says Miss Sanderson had an income of $20,000 a year under the terms of her late husband's will. This and much of the jewelry and valuables inherited from her husband will go to his child by a former marriage, as Mr. Terry and the dead singer had no issue except a daughter, who died soon after her birth.

Many leading figures in the operatic and theatrical world will take part in the funeral ceremonies. The choir will probably be made up of leading artists.

MISS SANDERSON'S CAREER

Sybil Sanderson was considered one of the most beautiful women in the world. Her figure was pronounced faultless, her face charming, her hair dark and abundant, and her eyes particularly expressive. She won distinction on the operatic stage in St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, New York, Nice, Paris and Brussels. For love of her Nicholas, Czar of the Russias, was said to have neglected his empress. Many princes and potentates sought her favor. At her frown, Prince Baldwin of Flanders killed himself. "Sybil the Siren," they called her in the courts of Europe.

Fortune has smiled and frowned upon her. But, in the main, from 1864, when she was born in Sacramento, Cal., until the time of her death, her career has been a romance. When she was 15, her father died, and with her mother and three sisters she went to Paris. After leaving the conservatory there, she went under the tuition of Sbriglia and later, with Leoncavallo, she studied Manon.

She took Paris by storm, when, on May 15, 1889, she made her debut in that city at the Opera Comique. The success that "Esclarmonde," composed by Massenet, achieved is not forgotten in Paris. Cabled congratulations and flowers, sent by order from different places in America, and from different countries of Europe, showered upon the successful American girl.

In 1895 she made a tour in the United States, appearing in New York and other large cities, but the tour was only a fair success. A passenger of the steamer on which she came was Antonio Terry, whose father, a Cuban planter, left $50,000,000 by his will.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry filed suits and counter suits for divorce, Mrs. Terry mentioning Miss Sanderson as corespondent. Mrs. Terry, the first, died in September, 1897. In December of that year Miss Sanderson announced that she had left the stage forever. She turned Catholic, married Terry and they went to Italy. He died the following year in Paris. Much of his fortune was left in the control of his mother, who was opposed to the opera singer.

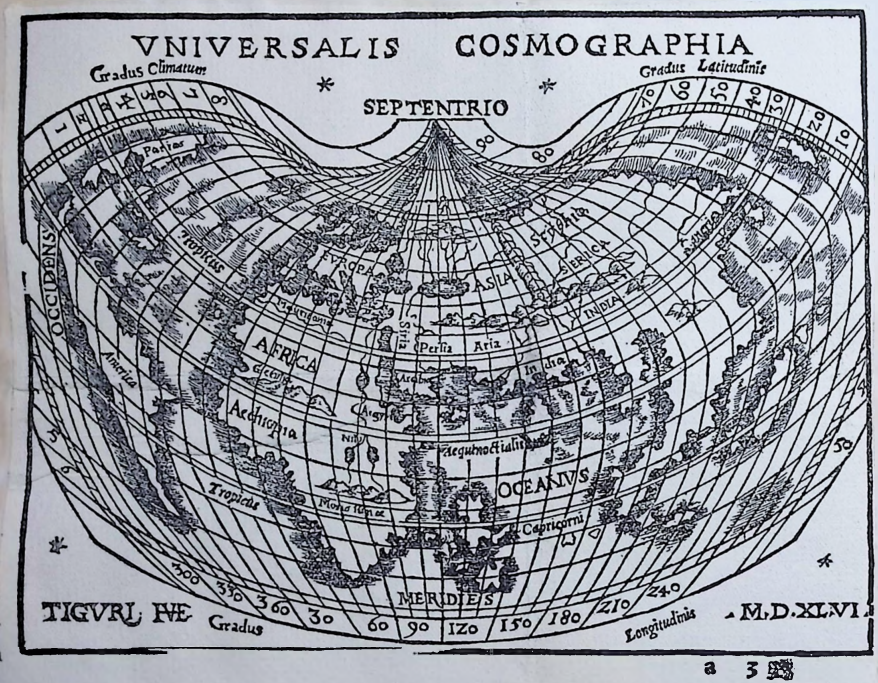
In May, 1900, the singer's engagement to Henry Voisin, a Swedish artist, barely 20, was announced by her. Then in December, 1901, she announced her engagement to Comte Henri de Fitz James. In January of the following year she announced that the marriage would not take place. For the last year or so she has not been prominently before the public.

THE OLDEST MAP

WITH THE

NAME AMERICA

OF THE YEAR 1507



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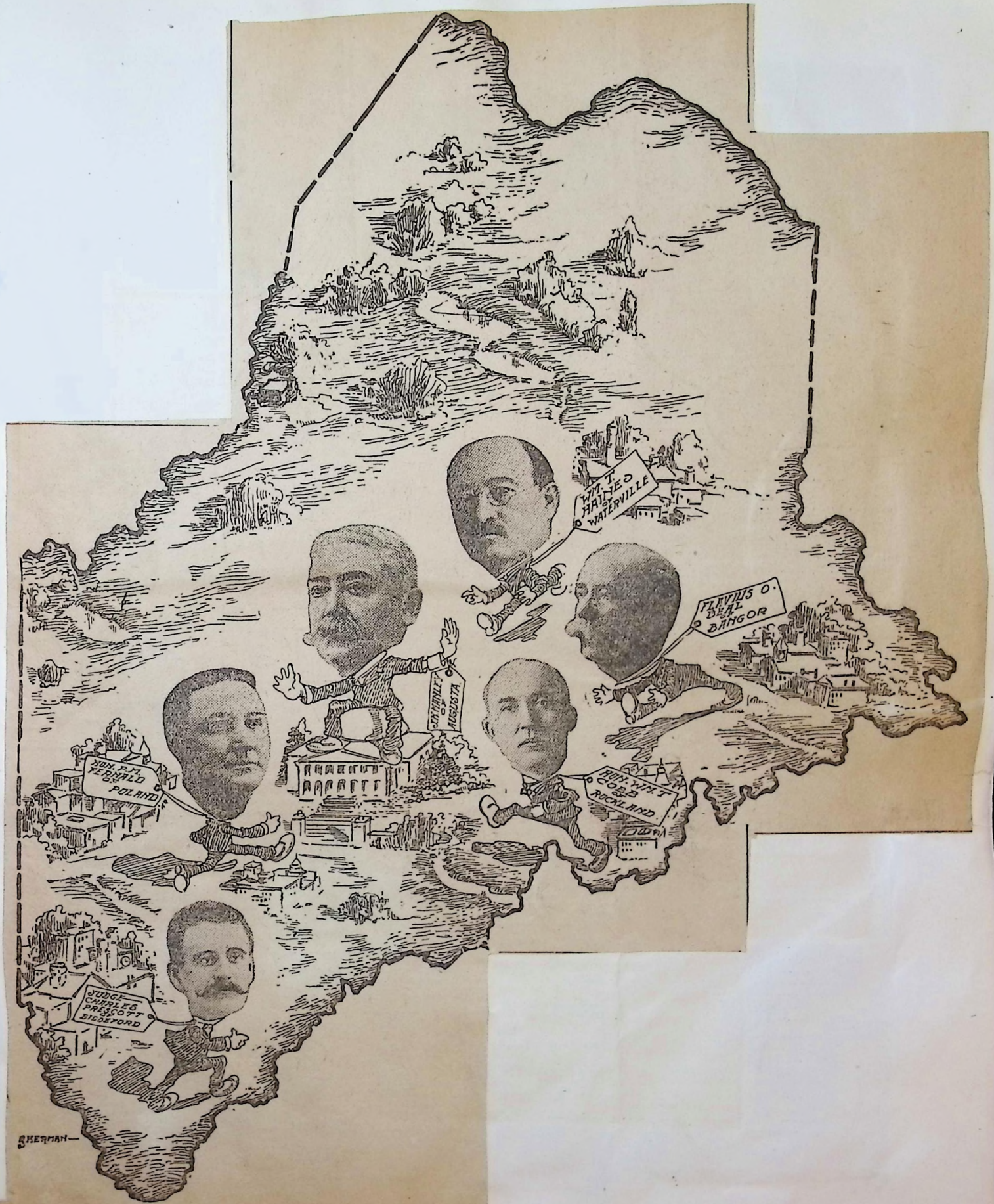
Weltkarte aus Joh. Honterus Rudim. Cosmogr.

9.

On all these reproductions the name of Waldseemüller is not mentioned. This is to be excused by the circumstance, that the world-map of 1507 itself appeared anonymously. It was however, quite improper for copyists to designate themselves as the authors on these reproductions.


WM. T. HAINES OF WATERVILLE
FLAVIUS O. BEAL BANGOR
CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD OF AUGUSTA
HON. P. M. PERKINS OF POLAND
HON. WM. T. COBB OF ROCKLAND
JUDGE CHARLES P. SCOTT OF BIDDEFORD
SHERMAN

THE SIX CANDIDATES FOR THE MAINE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR SO FAR HEARD FROM.

DR. HAMPTON EUGENE HILL.

Death Brings to a Close a Life of Genius and Great Usefulness.

A life of great genius and usefulness closed in death Tuesday morning.

At 8 o'clock, exhausted by long illness, Dr. Hampton Eugene Hill passed quietly away at the home of his father, John H. Hill, upon the New County road, Saco.

Hampton E. Hill was born at Mt. Vernon, April 21, 1850, and was therefore in the 44th year of his age. He was the oldest child of a family of three children and removed with his family to Biddeford when he was ten years old.

He attended the public schools of this city and graduated from the High school in the class of '65, being then but 15 years old, and one of the youngest graduates in the school's history. After graduation he attended the Portland medical school and next took one course in medicine at Brunswick. He completed his medical education with a full course at the Ann Arbor university, and at the age of 21 began the practice of his profession at Augusta, with good success from the first.

In 1875 he came back to Biddeford and opened an office in this city, building up a large practice and gaining fame as a successful surgeon which extended beyond the ordinary fields of his practice. For six years he followed his profession here and in 1881, on account of a bronchial trouble and generally poor health, resulting from hard work, he was forced to give up his practice and try a change of climate. He went to Dakota and was upon a ranch there for 15 months, with beneficial results. He then came back and opened an office in Saco, where he practiced with such success as need not be recounted, until about two years ago, when from bodily and mental trouble he was obliged to give up practice, in March, 1891.

The history of the sad affliction, which robbed the public of his professional services, does not need to be reviewed. The hope that he might be restored to his usefulness was strong, not only in his family and with the other members of his profession but with all who knew him personally or by reputation, but the hope was not to be realized. All medical skill, all the care and treatment which the love of family and friends could prompt were not sufficient to build up his wrecked constitution.

Upon his return from the hospital at Augusta he seemed improved both in body and mind and for a time his progress gave strong hopes of his full recovery. Last August, however, he suffered from a relapse and has since been failing steadily and of late rapidly. Sunday and Monday he had become so low that it was not thought he would live through the night. He died quietly at about 8 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Dr. Hill had been twice married. His first wife was Lizzie Homan of Augusta, who only lived three months after her marriage to him. He then married Myra E. Mansur of Corinna, who died about two years ago. He leaves two sons, Hovey, aged 17, and Paul, aged 10. He also leaves a father and mother, with whom he had lived most of the time since his sickness, a brother, J. Frank Hill, and a sister, Mrs. Annette H. Hooper of this city.

From childhood, Dr. Hill seemed born for the profession which he afterward took up. When a boy he was continually studying the anatomy of dumb animals, experimenting upon them to find out how long they could live under different conditions of atmosphere and food and finally dissecting them and studying their make up. While he entered upon the study of medicine with more than the usual interest it was surgery over which he was most enthusiastic. He never tired of experiments in this line. His love for this branch of his profession almost amounted to a mania. The knowledge he acquired made him famous as one of the most successful surgeons in the history of the science.

His wonderful success in the removal of ovarian tumors gave him a reputation and fame which was world wide. It was a special line of work in which his success was such that his name and his work became known to the highest surgical authorities of the world and by these authorities he was credited as being the most successful surgeon in that particular line of work in the world of his age. In 34 cases in which the chances were overwhelmingly and almost hopelessly against success he operated for the removal of ovarian tumors and in only four instances did he fail to save the patient. In nearly all of these cases other surgeons of reputation and known skill had not considered that the operation were attended by a chance of success. Those operations were performed in various cities of the east. The most remarkable one in his experience and most remarkable also in the history of surgery, according to the highest surgical authority, was upon a lady who lived at Dover, N. H., from whom a tumor which weighed 47 pounds was removed. This lady, whose case had been pronounced hopeless by eminent surgeons, is living in good health today. The operation was noticed by medical journals of the world, and one English journal stated in connection with its mention, that Saco, Maine, could claim the most successful surgeon in this line of work, in the world.

Dr. Hill was a slave to his profession and always ready to respond to any call upon his services. His practice was so extensive that he hardly knew what regularity of rest or of food meant. The strain thus put upon him had much to do with his early breaking down. The circumstances of his patient made no difference to him. He had the same interest when there was no probability that his labors would be remunerated as when devoting his skill to those who could pay any price. The reward for his labors always seemed a matter of secondary importance to him. Those in need of his skill and knowledge received it without distinction. Times almost numberless he has performed operations for nominal fees and even for nothing upon those who could not have been able to have secured such treatment from any other source.

Dr. Hill was a mechanical genius and this genius he early manifested. During his career as a student he made his own instruments for use in dissection. He also had artistic talent, which he never attempted to develop, save as a recreation. In his father's house several fine oil paintings are hung which are his work, all of them introducing animal life. He was a great lover of horses and one fine painting of a horse he sold for a good price. This talent for painting and drawing was never cultivated, by a single lesson of instruction.

Dr. Hill was also a keen sportsman and an excellent shot. He was for a number of years a member of the Light Infantry and was one of the best marksmen that company ever had.

With his fame and ability, Dr. Hill could have settled to a much more remunerative practice in large cities, but he preferred the field in which he had settled and which was home to him.

It was a privilege which the local public appreciated to have within call a physician and surgeon of such skill and who was unfailingly generous in bestowing his services upon demand. It was such a benefit as smaller cities have seldom profited by and his loss has been felt since his retirement from practice.

Dr. Hill had warm personal friends, though the demands of his practice left him little opportunity for social intercourse. He stood high in the regard and confidence of the members of his profession and among the physicians of the two cities he was admired without jealousy.

Dr. Hill was a Knight Templar and member of the Augusta lodge of Masons.

OLD YEAR'S WAKE.

Events Which Will Make 1893 Memorable

FROM THE JOURNAL'S FILE.

Occurrences of the Year of Particular Local Interest.

With today's issue the JOURNAL completes another year and but for what Sunday may bring forth 1893 is a past period.

A review of the JOURNAL'S files shows that locally the year has been quite an eventful one, the big strike on the corporations and the burning of the High school building having been events which will be longest remembered.

Following is a summary of the most important happenings:

Jan. 2. Heavy gale does much damage.
Jan. 3. Court convenes. Annual Bar banquet.
Jan. 9. Fire over Day's restaurant. Burglary of Chas. J. Cleaves' store. Incendiary fires set by Alexander Briggs.
Jan. 18. Damaging fire in Sanford worsted mills.
Jan. 19. Rum sellers get heavy sentences from Judge Foster.
Jan. 23. Death of Judge Virgin.
Jan. 27. Forger McLean sentenced.
Feb. 1. York valuation hearing begun.
Feb. 2. Mrs. Linda Chadwick died under the influence of ether.
Feb. 4. Annual meeting of the York County Agricultural society. Annual meeting of the City mission.
Feb. 9. Keeley club's first annual banquet.
Feb. 13. City council voted to exempt Pepperell and Laconia corporations from taxation on increase of their plants.
Feb. 18. Mayor Bradbury renominated by Saco Republicans.
Feb. 20. Death of Chief Engineer Boston.
Feb. 21. Saco Democrats hold a hot caucus.
Feb. 24. Bad train wreck near Kennebunk.
Feb. 25. Origin of the French Independent movement.
Feb. 28. Biddeford Republicans nominate Richmond R. Ingersoll.
March 1. Death of Mrs. O. P. Greene. Keeley tea party.
March 3. Mayor Staples renominated by the Democrats.
March 4. Death of Sarah Bradbury.
March 6. Saco Republicans carry every ward.
March 9. Death of Eugene Parent under suspicious circumstances.
March 12. Rosenbaum Bros.' fire.
March 13. Biddeford election and celebration.
March 14. Mrs. Elizabeth Dolliff committed suicide.
March 20. New city governments inaugurated.
March 22. Cyclomania appears in Saco.
March 24. Police commission bill becomes a law.
March 27. Democrats pass an ordinance aimed at the police commission.
April 2. Easter Sunday.
April 3. Rosenbaum arrested for arson. Saco city council appoints a water commission. Easter Monday ball.
April 7. Ralph Templeton arrested.

April 10. Death of Judge Rufus P. Tapley.
April 12. Circus in the Biddeford court, C. S. Hamilton fined for contempt.
April 15. Templeton held and released on bail.
April 20. Templeton skips. Napoleon Turcotte fatally stabbed by Joseph Lemey. Schooner Index wrecked off Stage island.
April 25. "After the Ball" first struck town.
April 26. Odd Fellows' celebration.
April 27. Quarrymen threaten to strike. Suicide of Asa G. Clark of Saco.
April 28. Hartley Lord hurt in an elevator accident on the York.
April 29. Joe Gagnon arrested for breaking and entering. Ghastly orgie over a corpse at Smith's corner.
May 1. Landlord Swan takes possession of the Biddeford house.
May 4. General strike of stone workers.
May 8. City liquor agent reelected. Geo. H. Smith's shop burglarized. Death of C. M. Littlefield of Saco.
May 9. Henry Davis' store burned out. Death of Edw. H. Ross of Saco.
May 10. Child killed by an overdose of morphine.
May 11. Granite workers' strike declared off. Death of Geo. O. Burnham.
May 14. Lawyer Lizotte has a set-to with John L. Sullivan.
May 16. John L. Sullivan arrested and brought here and his trouble with Lawyer Lizotte settled. Sanborn Bros. sell out to Youland & Co.
May 19. Death of Hiram Hanson.
May 24. Board of Trade banquet.
May 30. Memorial day.
June 1. Failure of A. G. Prentiss.
June 3. JOURNAL sends crowds into the woods looking for Kidd's treasure.
June 7. Rosenbaum Bros. discharged. Back boys quit work on the Pepperell.
June 8. Weavers join the strike. Criminals sentenced at Alfred.
June 9. Strike on the Pepperell becomes general.
June 10. Strike extends to the Laconia.
June 11. Mills on both corporations nearly shut down. Big meeting of the strikers.
June 14. Wild excitement at the mill gates.
June 15. Strikers weaken. Polakawick Bros.' store burglarized.
June 16. Harry Norris drowned in the river. Geo. Whitney of Saco found dead in a field. Thornton academy graduation. Dearborn & Kendall's shoe factory burned out. Hill & Atwood's coal office burglarized. Exciting meeting of the strikers.
June 21. Arthur Libby drowned at Bar Mills.
June 22. The strike over. James Lovely drowned in the river.
June 23. Charles B. Witham found dead in a ditch.
June 26. Biddeford graduation. City council cuts down the pay of police.
June 27. Alumni banquet.
June 28. Academey Alumni banquet.
June 30. Charles B. Harmon appointed city marshal.
July 1. Melville Woodman appointed member of the board of registrators.
July 2. Marshal Harmon takes possession.
July 4. Wheelmen and kite track races. Terrific hail storm.
July 5. Suicide of Geo. H. Foss.
July 6. Canadian commissioners visit Biddeford. Joseph Cyr fatally injured at Palmer's quarry. James Cullen badly injured in a hand car accident.
July 7. Wheelmen's postponed races.
July 11. Salary of police commissioners fixed. John Dubriel of Biddeford killed at Suncook. Joseph Marcotte of Biddeford killed at Worcester.
July 12. Merchants and Professionals play ball.
July 13. Burglary at the Lawrence house, Old Orchard.
July 15. Barnum's show played in Biddeford.
July 17. Marjorie Romeo badly injured by an express train.
July 18. First talk of the York's shutting down.
July 22. Fierce wind storm.
July 27. Opening of the second race meeting at the kite track.
July 28. City refuses to pay the police.
July 29. York shuts down for five weeks. Old Orchard races declared off on account of rain.
August 3. Michael Staples of Biddeford found dead in Scarboro.
August 4. Hon. Honore Mercier speaks in the City hall.
August 5. Alleged assault upon Mrs. Louville Hill.
August 6. Dr. Simpson gets pledges for $25,000 at Old Orchard.
August 7. Death of Henry Scamman of Saco and Charles H. Sellea.
August 10. Hottest day of the year Old Orchard hotels fill up.
August 11. Mrs. Cora Hayes attempts suicide in the Saco river. Dayton farmer interviewed by white caps.
August 12. David Baker drowned in Saco.
August 20. Duff's grocery store burned at Old Orchard.
August 22. Big burglary at Grand Beach.
August 23. Marshal Harmon began his watch at the agency. River carnival at Kennebunkport.
August 24. Goodall's mills at Sanford closed. Schooner Lizzie Guptil wrecked at Cape Porpoise.
August 25. Conflict of police and constables at City hall.
August 26. York's shut down extended indifinitely. Infantry team wins at muster.
August 29. Burglary at Luques' coal office.
Sept. 4. Labor day. James Beatty killed. Fall meet of cyclists at Saco.
Sept. 5. Death of Charles H. Granger and of Samuel W. Berry.
Sept. 7. Fire at Calderwood's bake shop.
Sept. 12. Fire at Bardsley's book store.
Sept. 16. Constables' trial begun. Patrick Blake kills Joseph Heroux at Lowell, both of Biddeford.
Sept. 19. September term of court. Commencement of the York County fair.
Sept. 20. Robbery of the Staples brothers of Limerick. Elopement in Saco.
Sept. 21. Governor's day at the county fair. Keeley reunion at North Conway.
Sept. 25. Constable Gagnon discharged.
Sept. 26. Fire at Davis and Sutherland's. Burglary at Richards' shoe store. Rose St. Pierre and Elsie Renouch visited by police and arrested. Deputy Sheriff Palmer and Freeman Hanson have trouble.
Sept. 29. Pedlar Simpson tells the story of the Limerick robbery.
Oct. 3. Fire at Lacroix's. Opening races at Rigby park.
Oct. 5. Miss Vinie McNeil brings suit for trespass against Frank A. Bryant. Supreme court adjourns.
Oct. 10. Edward Wentworth of Dayton mysteriously assaulted.
Oct. 11. Foot ball season opens.
Oct. 18. First game between the Academy and High school elevens.
Oct. 22. High school building burned.
Oct. 25. Salem Cadets beat the Infantry.
Oct. 26. Mutilated body of an infant found in Lebanon woods. Fire at Oak Ridge.
Oct. 27. Longfellow's Dream produced.
Nov. 4. Enoch Townsend's paint shop set on fire by Richard Schofield. Biddeford riflemen beaten at Salem.
Nov. 5. York starts up on short time and at a cut down.
Nov. 7. JOURNAL bulletins great election news for Republicans.
Nov. 8. Draw game between Academy and High school elevens.
Nov. 10. Eliza Rumery will case and the ghost story connected, published by the JOURNAL.
Nov. 13. Agency books refused to Marshal Harmon.
Nov. 14. Police put on watch at the agency. Pedlar Simpson tells his story to the JOURNAL.
Nov. 17. Sudden death of Eliza Dame.
Nov. 18. Biddeford eleven wins at South Berwick.
Nov. 25. News of the loss of the Frank S. Warren received.
Nov. 28. Maine Ensor company organized in this city.
Dec. 1. Constable Remi Gagnon arrested and afterwards convicted of intoxication. Society ball given in Saco City hall.
Dec. 5. Burglary at Billings' grocery store.
Dec. 6. JOURNAL foretells the Leland will contest.
Dec. 8. Stephen White sues the Standard for libel.
Dec. 9. Wholesale raid by Sanford constables on Biddeford liquor sellers.
Dec. 12. Saco widow libelled by slanderous notices posted in public.
Dec. 14. Coldest day known for years. Mercury drops to 36 below. Hotel Belmont at Old Orchard burned.
Dec. 17. Gasometer explodes.
Dec. 22. JOURNAL makes public the predicament of Judge Cram and the constables. Fred Mason arrested on a strange charge at New Britain, Conn.
Dec. 25. Christmas. Newcomb-Johnson wedding.
Dec. 9. Capt. Benjamin Thompson of Kennebunkport celebrates his centennial birthday. Death of James O. Tarbox.

REV. MADISON K. MABRY.

Reception To Be Tendered on 78th Birthday Anniversary.

Editor Biddeford Journal: On October 17, afternoon and evening, at Knights of Pythias hall, East Hiram, a reception will be tendered Rev. Madison K. Mabry, of North Turner Bridge, by numerous persons in Hiram and other towns who were his pupils within the past sixty years in some of his one hundred terms of school, including several terms as preceptor of Limerick academy. The date given will be his 78th birthday anniversary. He served one term as county supervisor of schools in York county and served for years as superintending school committee and supervisor of schools in Hiram, giving the best energies of his best years to the cause of the common schools. It will be impossible to obtain the names of all his pupils and impolitic to slight any, hence a general announcement is all that may be expected. Hiram is Mr. Mabry's birthplace. Here his parents, Thomas and Hannah Kimball Mabry, and his grandfather, Capt. Josiah Mabry, an early settler, are buried, and it is presumed that there will be a reunion of Mr. Mabry and his six children, well known in musical circles. The oldest, Abbie, the wife of George H. Swasey of Limerick, died some years since. Hon. Samuel W. Gould of Skowhegan is leading in this movement and will probably preside and deliver an address of welcome to be followed by the other appropriate exercises.

Llewellyn A. Wadsworth.

MT CHOCORUA.

Incidents of a Climb to Famous Peak.

Point From Which New Hampshire's Pretty Lakes May Be Seen.

Legend of Ossipee Chieftain Who Held the Fort.

It was at the old Half-way house, a little pine board shack in the heart of the black growth that binds with a grasp like iron the belt of Chocorua, most picturesque of mountains in the White hills.

Mrs Liberty laid aside her dish towel and came out and stood on the steps.

"Be this your first visit up Chocoruay?" she asked pleasantly; "well, you all must come in an' rest yer selves. Mountain climbin' ain't so easy as it looks, leastways, Chocoruay ain't—won't you all have a drink of water? You be the first folks so far this mornin', but ain't a day we don't have near 30, an' sometimes more'n that. They comes from all parts. You all will see 'em comin' by an' by. Be you goin' clear to the peak?" She put a stick of silver birch on the fire. "Wall, now, but you got a fine day for it. I guess it be right smart windy up along the peak, but all the folks who come around here says they wouldn't miss Chocoruay, not for nothin'."

The little white-haired old woman sat down by the window and folded her hands. How the wind whistling through the cracks in the boards brought with it sweet odor of the pines. A mountain stream, water clear as dew and white and cold as frost ran away from the house toward the far-away lake, Chocorua lake, that mystic little body of water consecrated centuries ago by the Indians to the Great Spirit, where, upon whose waters, if one dared to speak, his canoe was sunk, and over which today there still broods a fast silence.

Straight from the back door of the Halfway house up in the mountain side, until it was lost in the trees, wound the trail, the "Liberty Trail."

"You'll find it muddy today, I guess," went on the old lady, "in parts; but, law, it's all kind of ways goin' up a mountain, some mud, some corduroy, some harricane, an' some rocks—good many rocks, but Liberty an' me, we keep it up pretty well; ain't no complainin', an' it wa'nt easy. How long I been here? Well, I ain't been here only since I merried Liberty, but he's been here goin' on more'n 30 years, an' long 'fore that he made the road up Chocoruay. Lonely? Wall a lots o' city folks here in summer time, you know, an' long about till the last of October, but then by the time winter shets in thar's never a livin' soul, 'cept maybe a party comin' fer lumber once't in a while. But I ain't complainin', I says to mysell: God give me good health an' a roof ter cover me, an' he put me down here on Chocoruay mountain, an' here I am ter stay. Here comes Liberty now. I guess he'll put up your teams."

Dutch Liberty is a little old man "going on nigh 75."

"I look after ze teams—for pay," said he, pushing back his slouch hat from his bristling gray eyebrows, "an' I haf to see zat ever one, he give his toll!" "Dutch" Liberty is a French-Canadian descended from one of the early coureurs de bois, so many of whom made up the first explorers of New Hampshire, as well as the great northwest. Liberty is called Dutch by his Yankee brethren because his English is so lame and halting, and up here any kind of broken English or incomprehensible temperament is called Dutch. Then, too, there was another reason. After Liberty first opened his trail up Mt Chocorua he placed a signboard on one of the blazed trees with a hand roughly drawn in charcoal inscribed, "Dot vay," and "that be Dutch" folks around here said, "so Liberty be a Dutchman." He is, however, in his disposition to exact his dues, truebred Yankee.

"To hit the high trail" is an experience worth going over.

"Which ever ze way you go," observed Dutch Liberty, "be he to ze right or be he to ze lef', you weesh to God you took ze other, so ees he not all ze same thing?"

But it wasn't quite as bad as all that. Sometimes a little mountain stream would get lost on its way down, stray from its bed and run along the trail a bit, leave its footprints in a cool spring, then skip headlong into gray bowlders. The "barricanes" were all cleared out, and the marshy places knitted close with logs, so there was only the steep ascent and uneven footing under a wonderful way of trees, slender lines of white birches shining against the dark spruce belt like white arms of women in the night. They met overhead, twining branches dressed in gold coverings of the leaves, swaying in rhythm with the wind. Footprints of deer, a doe, and a little one, led up the trail a long distance, then turned off into the pines.

After a mile of climbing the deep way of the trees was left, the spruce belt, or black growth, and the region of the balsam firs arrived, tough little citizens of the mountain, they and all their brothers—little, but tough. The trail grew steep, and the temptation to look backward irresistible—the country so afire with autumn colors, such a burning in the valleys, such purple mist far on the Ossipee range, flames and smoke of the fall trees meeting the falling of the clouds.

Then quite suddenly—a pyramid in the skies. High above you, tall above you, swept in the cold, wild wind, rigid. Egyptian—Chocorua!

Like a cloud fallen upon you, mystery of the Indian legend, sense of the Indian days.

Chocorua, "the Prophet's Home"—how the old story runs! Far back in New Hampshire's history a thread of heroism, a chapter of romance. Like hieroglyphics it is written on the stones which lay like fallen pillars of an ancient city over the mountain's breast.

Chocorua was a chief of the Ossipee tribe, and after the Lovewell battle, when the tribe was all but exterminated or fled into Canada, Chocorua retreated with a few followers to the isolated mountain which now bears his name, and here for several years held his ground. The rangers and early settlers, however, were after the blood money offered by Massachusetts for Indian scalps, so they hunted down and murdered the little band of Indians until the chief alone was left. He retreated farther up to the top and made his stronghold in the cave near the peak. Watched on all sides escape was impossible. One morning, just at sunrise, he mounted to the high topmost hight, and calling on the Great Spirit to curse the land and its white settlers plunged from the peak down into the black pines, over 3000 feet below.

Half way up the trail there is a great rock which is called Chocorua's tomb, and here gather many wondering tourists who listen open-mouthed and wide-eyed to the story of Chocorua as Dutch Liberty tells it—so much per paragraph. This stone was named and baptized by Liberty himself, so he ought to know, and Mrs Liberty invariably breaks in with the story of how all the cattle around there were stricken with some fatal disease and were killed off by hundreds, and everybody was afraid to go near the mountain for generations after Chocorua's death.

It has been a fact that up to within the last few years all the cattle around the neighborhood of the mountains died in some mysterious way. Scientists discovered an excess of muriate of lime in the water, and now that the farmers have learned to give the cattle soapsuds to drink the curse of Chocorua is removed.

The place of rendezvous is a 2-story pine board affair, anchored and riveted to the stone at the very base of the lofty peak, there where the stiff climb begins, up ladders and stepping stones, rocks that bridge the precipice, where, in some places, you have to cling to the dwarf fir trees which have sprouted out of the open veins in the wall of rock for support.

Twisted cables fastened to iron bolts which have been drilled into the solid rock, hold down this little frame house on the mountain's top, secure from the hurricanes of wind that night and day roar round it. A bare, bleak little house so long touched by frost that no flower or tree grows near, excepting there along one wide crevice like a giant's scratch, some little red berries, mountain cranberries, like drops of blood on the gray stone.

Inside, first, the little hallway where the registry book is placed on a low pine shelf. That registry book—names of English, German, French, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, South American, Mexican, Swedish, Danish, Russian—every nationality, as well as nearly every place in and near the United States! That tells a story in itself. Then the little bedroom—such [illegible] walls and window looking out to sky; then the sitting room, of the wonderful view. Here there is a sofa, one with a quaint old festooned flower pattern, an old-fashioned organ, some horsehair chairs, and calendars on the wall—that is everything—no, up in the corner there, a little fellow from Boston—a blue-eyed youngster 10 years old, selling birch bark wigwams, canoes and snowshoes.

"Made by the Intervale Indians," he says

The dining room is the star chamber. That is long as a barracks, and just about as plain, bare pine wood walls and a long table. Hot coffee—how good that tastes! And toasted Boston brown bread and New England flapjacks—breakfast good enough for kings, after all that climb.

Now the other mountain climbers begin to come; alpenstocks in hand, single file up the long trail. In the distance they look like little toiling ants, so bent on getting there; full of the "newness of climbing a mountain" The men wear sweaters under their jackets, steamer caps and golf breeches. Many carry knapsacks, photograph instruments. The women also wear sweaters, boots, steamer caps, while their jackets are tied around their waists together with their lunch boxes on leather straps. The wind blows their hair around the women's faces, bright and rosy from the wind. Such a spirit of vigor and exhilaration—breathing of relief—as they reach the Tip-Top house, quite as though everybody is saying, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Everybody is talking at once: "Are you going clear to the top?"

"You bet I am; aren't you?"

"Well, what do you take me for? Think I would come this far and go no farther?"

"What glorious weather—just the day for climbing Chocorua!"

There are types and types, volumes of them; men and women, young and old; children, college girls and college boys; all in for a jolly time, the college boys and girls in at once for "making records" to the peak. There are plenty of New England school teachers and teachers from the south and west, college professors and regular tourists, "summer boarders" by the wholesale, and each one climbing Chocorua in just his or her way—that is another book quite in itself; such ways they have of climbing!

The light once gained, there is one cry, always that same cry:

"Mt Washington!"

There the blue ocean of the great hills, towering up into the clouds, snow-capped, majestic, mounts the king of the White hills. All around is a vast world of the hills, the great ranges, Franconia, Squam, Ossipee, Sandwich, the Presidential, and far to the east, the stretch of the Atlantic off the Maine coast, that blue line of the sea!

The wind is blowing great guns there on Mt Chocorua. Billows of clouds, white ships sail by full blast, and you cling to the rocks like a little mountain plant bent low in the wind.

Far beneath you rages the fire of the valleys, the wonderful fire of the autumn trees—it burns red and gold, dies in the little lakes, the hundreds of little lakes, like pieces of the blue sky fallen down to earth in the May-time to make the land sweet for all time, and this—this is fall in New England.—Ethel Marie Armes in Washington Post.

RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MAJ WILLIAM DICKEY OF FORT KENT, ME., HDQT. OF GEN SCOTT AND OTHERS DURING THE AROOSTOOK WAR.

MAINE'S WAR.

Bloodless Fray of the Old Aroostook.

Few Survivors of the Days When Britain Threatened.

Dirigo State Voted to Spend Blood and Treasure.

10,000 Men and $800,000 for Home Defence.

Gen Scott Went to Augusta and Soon Talked Calmness.

When the Acadians were exiled from their native country by the English, a little band eluding their captors, went up the St John river and made a settlement at Madawaska, near the northern boundary of Maine. This was in 1756.

As they grew in numbers they spread out along both banks of the river and in after years the fertile soil and valuable timber lands within their reach became a desirable prize for both Maine and New Brunswick.

Hoping to obtain this country, Canada took advantage of flaws in the treaty of 1783. This treaty specified that the boundary should begin at the mouth of the St Croix river, pass up that river to its source, then due north to the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, and thence along the highlands dividing the St Lawrence basin from the rivers flowing south into the Atlantic to the source of the Connecticut. As to where this "northwest angle of Nova Scotia was," caused the dispute.

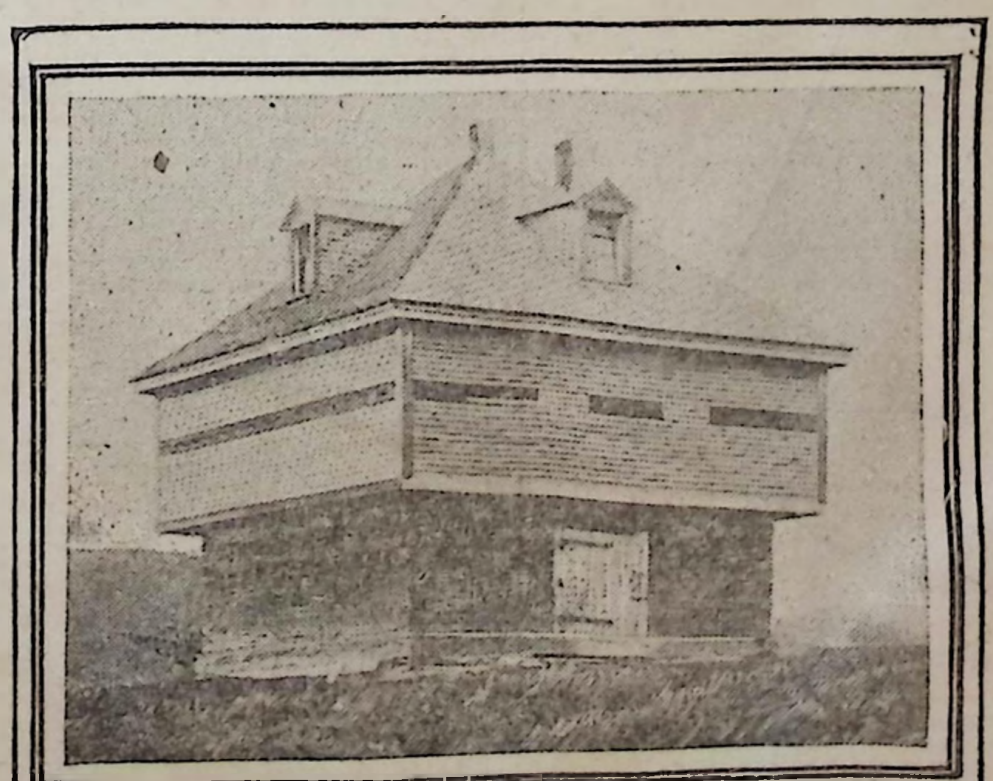
Maine claimed it was where the line due north from the source of the St Croix met the highlands. Canada claimed it was near Mars Hill mountain, and the line ran westward along the divide separating the St John river basin from the rivers farther south, thus claiming nearly all of northern Maine.

In 1829 the matter was referred to William I, of Holland, as an arbiter. He attempted to settle the matter by dividing the disputed territory equally, but Maine refused to abide by this decision and was sustained by the U S senate.

In order to maintain their claims the United States established a military post at Houlton and Canada placed one at Fredericton. Maine believed that Madawaska was in her territory and it was organized as a plantation and given a representative in the legislature.

In 1837 the government sent a commissioner there to take a census of the people and give them their share of the surplus which had collected in the U S treasury. Upon hearing of this, Gov Harvey of New Brunswick, thinking the money was a bribe to induce the French people to take sides with Maine, sent troops there who imprisoned the commissioner and broke up all meetings of the French.

The Canadians, determined to have all the value of doubt, carried on extensive lumbering operations in the disputed territory and floated millions of feet of pine timber down the St John river to Fredericton and St John. The land agent of Maine attempted to stop these depredations, but, with his men, was



THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE BUILT AT FORT KENT, ME. DURING THE AROOSTOOK WAR.

captured and thrown into jail at Fredericton.

This act caused the people of Maine to become greatly excited, and the legislature met and voted 10,000 men and $800,000 for defence, and the militia was called out by Gov Fairfield and sent to the scene of the trouble. Maine's act was approved by congress, which voted 50,000 men and $10,000,000, and sent Gen Winfield Scott to direct the operations.

Gen Scott came to Augusta and at once began negotiations with Gov Harvey to decide the matter by arbitration. In the meantime troops had been hurried to Houlton and places beyond. Fort Fairfield, named for the governor, was built to guard the Aroostook river and keep the Canadians from driving lumber from it into the St John, and fort Kent, named for Ex-Gov Kent, to overawe the French should they desire to join the English, and to guard the headwaters of the St John.

A lookout was built at Castle Hill, block houses at fort Kent and other places and military roads were constructed from fort Kent and fort Fairfield to Houlton. The soldiers remained there all winter and never saw scarcely one member of the opposing forces.

In 1842 the United States referred this dispute to Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, as arbiters. They decided upon the present boundary and the dispute was settled without a drop of blood being shed. Maine lost by this decision and congress paid her $150,000, which has always been claimed was to pay the expense of the "war" and not for the territory she lost.

The late Maj William Dickey, known as "the duke of fort Kent," was a member of the legislature at the time that the treaty was decided upon. Webster did not come to Maine at that time, but sent Hon Peleg Sprague of Hallowell to represent him. The sessions were held behind bolted doors, and in the committee room when Mr Sprague appeared Maj Dickey approached him.

"Why, Mr Sprague," said the major, "where is Mr Webster?"

"He did not come," replied Mr Sprague, "his politics do not quite agree with the kind you have down here."

"Well, Peleg," replied the major, "I guess they agree as well as yours do," which was a very keen shot, for Sprague had but recently resigned from congress because he did not like the instructions given him by his constituents. In those days when a representative found his own politics opposed by his constituency he at once resigned.

Gen Scott was heralded in Augusta with great pomp. Maj Dickey made a bet of $5 with a pretty girl in the state house that she could not detain the general for five minutes in the anteroom after he was notified by the committee that he was wanted by them. The major lost his bet. The girl kept the general for 10 minutes, and the committee awaited his coming with much uneasiness.

Gen Scott went to fort Kent and established his headquarters. The house which Gen Scott, Gen McGruder, Gen Hancock and others made their home was afterward purchased by Maj Dickey, who went to northern Maine for his health.

But few men are living in Maine now who were participants in the bloodless war. Recently an attempt was made to secure the names of some of them, but the effort met with little success. One of the participants was Col Israel Norcross of Saginaw, Mich, a former Bangor man, and there are several others who are now residents of the west.

A large proportion of the militia sent to the northeastern border was furnished by Penobscot county. Five companies were recruited in Bangor and one each in Veazie, Hermon and Dexter. The Bangor companies were commanded by Capt Nathaniel Sawyer, Capt Ellphalet I. Maxfield, Capt George W. Maxim, Capt William H. Mills and Capt Charles R. Hamblet. Capt James Clark commanded the Hermon organization, Capt Samuel L. Fish the Veazie company, and the Dexter company was commanded by Capt Stephen Leighton Jr.

The commissioned officers included such well-known men as Isaac Hodsdon, John L. Hodsdon, William H. McCrillis, Henry E. Prentiss, James Dunlap, E. G. Rawson and others.

ON THE SONGO RIVER.

Stream Immortalized by Poet Longfellow.

Was One of the Latest of His Productions.

Visit to the Maine Water in His Declining Days.

Beauty of Sinuous Stream Invoked the Muse.

Poem First Published in a Rural Newspaper.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

BRIDGTON, Me., Aug. 2, 1901.

ONE of the last poems written by Mr. Longfellow was that entitled "Songo River." It was published in a revised edition of his verses, "The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems." This poem is not an ideal creation, but is a graphic pen picture of an odd, almost unique, little river seven miles long in southwestern Maine, 30 miles north of Portland—Mr. Longfellow's native city—an extremely crooked, but wonderfully picturesque stream, which greatly charmed the poet, when, in the seventies, for the first and only time he sailed over its devious waters.

Moreover, connected with this river are Indian traditions and stirring legends of early settler days; while only three or four miles from its mouth, on the eastern shore of Lake Sebago, there still stands the "Hawthorne House," wherein for a few years dwelt Nathaniel Hawthorne, his widowed mother, and his two sisters, when he was a lad.

Independent of its scenic, quaint and sentimental features, Songo river is also a famous resort of anglers, including noted prominent Portlanders, for it abounds in salmon and other kinds of fish.

Of Lake Sebago Hawthorne has left colloquial reminiscences in his chats with the junior member of his publishing firm, Ticknor & Fields; and Whittier, in his "Funeral Trio of the Sokokis," has touched his harp in similar strain in these two stanzas:

Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy shore.

But to Longfellow, however, it was left to portray to the world the lake's chief tributary—to sing the quaint glories of the "sweetly sinuous Songo." I have sailed the river scores of times; I saw Mr. Longfellow when he made the trip referred to; I know the history of the poem, and I now take occasion when the tourist, the art lover and the pleasure seeker are abroad in the rural land, to give, in print, a reminiscent account of the origin of this creation.

And right here is the story of a curious little incident, in which the writer played an humble, but successful, part. It relates to the fact that this very poem was first printed in a country weekly paper, the Bridgton News. Briefly told, the story is this:

While on a short visit to Old Cambridge, I incidentally called on my whilom friend, Henry H. Clark, at that time manager of the University Press establishment. Among other things, Mr. Clark showed me the last revised proof-sheet of the new edition of Longfellow's poems aforementioned, which was going through the press. This proof contained a new poem; "Songo River." Naturally I was particularly interested in the poem because of its local connection. Noting which, Mr. Clark said I might have the proof to keep, but not to use it in any way until the book was on the market. I ventured the remark, how nice a thing it would be, on account of its local character, to have it first printed in the Bridgton paper.

"As a point of honor," he said, "I cannot, of course, allow it to be thus prematurely used, but if the publishers were to give their consent, why, then, I obviously could have no cause to object."

I took the very broad hint, and went straightway to Boston and interviewed the junior member of the publishing house of J. R. Osgood & Co. I explained matters to him, and entreated him to allow me to present the proof copy of the poem to the editor of the down East local paper. He at first objected; but, in the course of nearly half an hour, and after a deliberate conference with his partner, he, to my delight, gave his assent, with the stipulation that the paper, in return for the courtesy, should duly credit the publishers, thereby helping advertise the work.

I shortly returned home, and lost no time in reporting the case and offering the proof-sheet to the editor of the News, Maj. H. A. Shorey. He at once published it, and gave his readers a genuine surprise party, at the same time scoring a first-class literary "scoop."

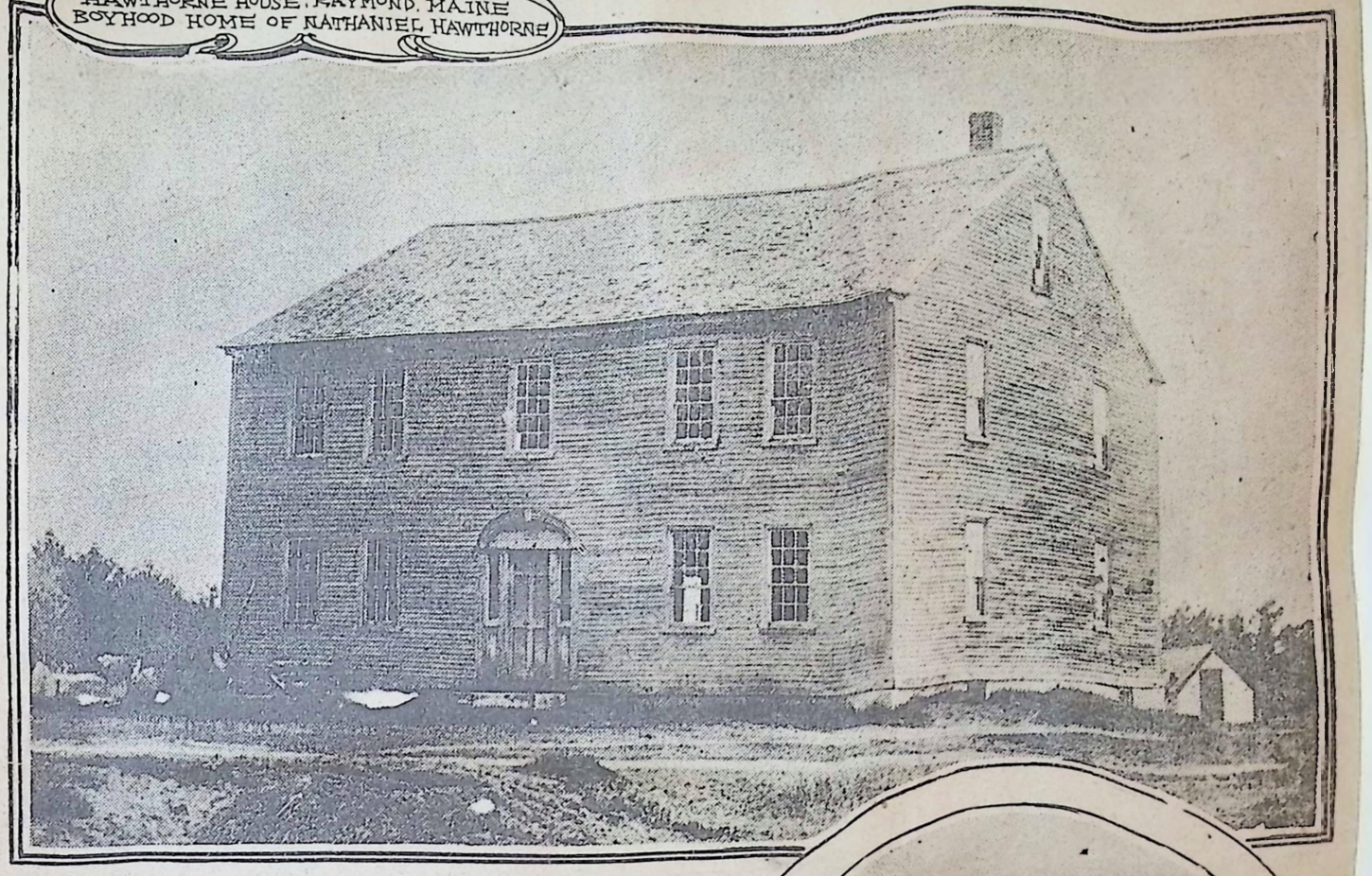
When near the close of his life, Mr. Longfellow once more revisited his native city. But before returning to Cambridge he decided to take a trip over the chain of lakes and rivers north of Portland, of which region his friends, Whittier and Hawthorne, had chanted praises. So, accompanied by his daughter, Alice, and his brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, he took the cars to the foot of Sebago lake, 17 miles distant, up the Songo river, to Bridgton, the head of inland navigation, where they stayed over night.

And now, reader, we will in fancy accompany the poet on his northward sail up the Songo, for which purpose we board the pretty little steamer, Hawthorne—so named after the great romancer—and traverse the length of the lake, 14 miles. We ere long pass, close on our right, "Hawthorne's cave," a small aperture in a tall and perpendicular mass of rocks known as the "Images," so called from an Indian legend thereby connected, into which the embryo author was wont to sail his skiff, and presently the "Hawthorne house," now used as a union church; and, at the end of an hour's sail, we enter the mouth of the Songo—a name of Indian origin, signifying the "outlet"—and are threading our tortuous way through a pleasant, many-phased woodland, up what is aptly termed the "crookedest of all rivers."

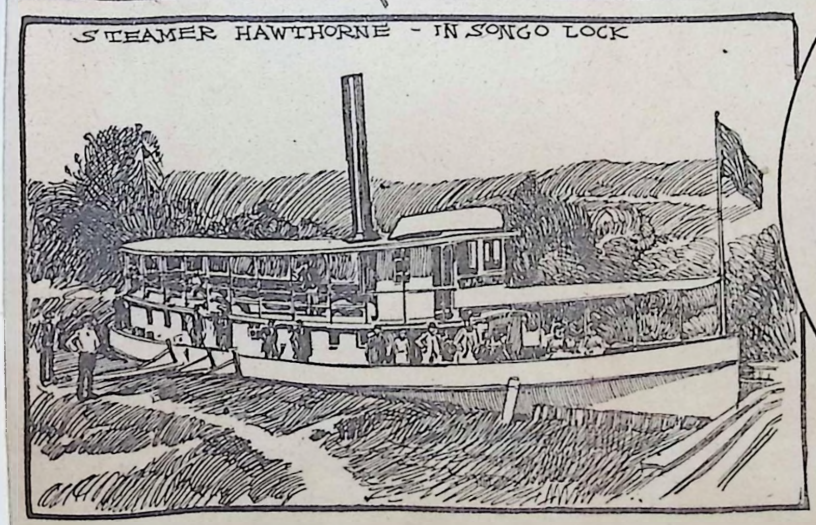
We find the river an entertaining study. So does Mr. Longfellow, else he would not raise it from obscurity to fame.

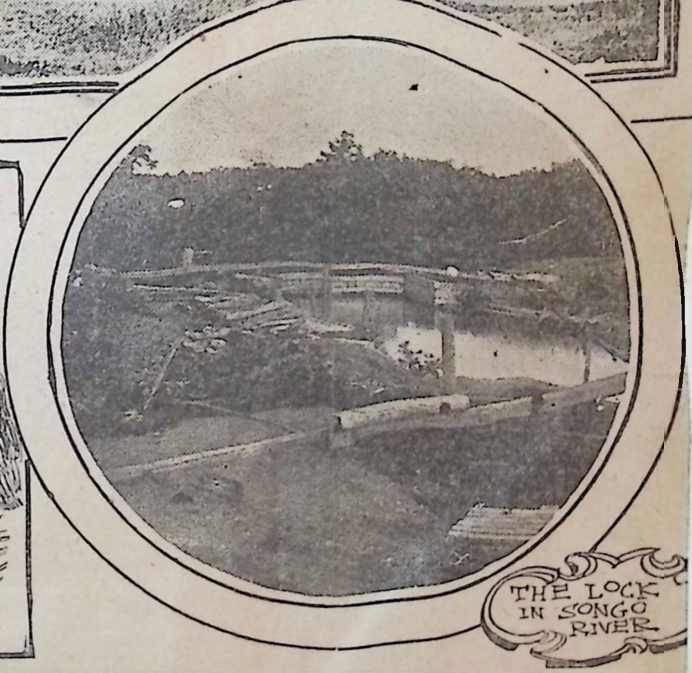
The distance to the head of the river is but 2½ miles as the crow flies, and yet we must sail six miles and make 27 turns to get there! To all the passengers the trip is one of constant interest and pleasure. We are often within leaping distance of its banks. We see mirrored in the calm waters the

HAWTHORNE HOUSE, RAYMOND, MAINE
BOYHOOD HOME OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



STEAMER HAWTHORNE - IN SONGO LOCK





THE LOCK IN SONGO RIVER

low trees and shrubs, the wild flowers and plants of its ever-winding shores. Here and there a tall elm or group of elms towers above the bushes; occasionally we see an opening, with tillage lands and farmhouses in the near distance, while at some parts of the stream, where the shore is abruptly high and free of turf, bank swallows have made themselves homes, and dart to and fro in countless numbers.

Capt. Abram Shaw, the veteran, gray-haired pilot, tells us that the Songo is replete with nicknames, being apt appellations given certain sections of it in years agone by river drivers and boatmen, among which he cites "Sugar Turn," "Buck's Folly" and "Horse Race," the latter so called from its being the longest straight portion of the stream.

But the especial scenic charm is the perfect reflection of the woods and heaven in the sluggish, placid stream—the richest colors and most delicate foliage being duplicated with marvelous fidelity in the dark mirror of its waters. After five miles' sailing and turning, we reach the picturesque Songo lock, at the confluence of Songo and another narrow devious stream.

Here is an historic spot, for near to the upper sluice-gate was buried, many years ago, Worrambus, a famous Indian chief. While leading a body of several hundred warriors, gathered from various Maine tribes, against the Eng-

lish at Gorham, in a long and terrible assault upon the blockhouse, in which contest the Indians were finally repulsed. Worrambus received a mortal wound. The Indians retreated in their canoes up the lake and river to where is now the lock, when the chief expired. They there buried him at the foot of a tree close beside the water.

A sail of one mile above the lock, and we find the stream passes from the head of the river into another lake; then we steam 13 miles to the head of navigation, at Bridgton.

And this is the poem Longfellow composed soon after his return home:

SONGO RIVER.

Nowhere such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake,
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself,
Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never schoolboy in his quest
After hazel nut or rest,
Through the forest in and out
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted and between
Floating cloud and sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou hidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turn'st no busy mill,
And are ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way:

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest awhile, no longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!

"Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

At the time Mr. Longfellow took passage in the Hawthorne there was a large excursion party on board, who, with the regular passengers, made up a very numerous company. In this throng was a Bridgton neighbor of mine, Horace B. Libby. Speaking of that incident, Mr. Libby remarked:

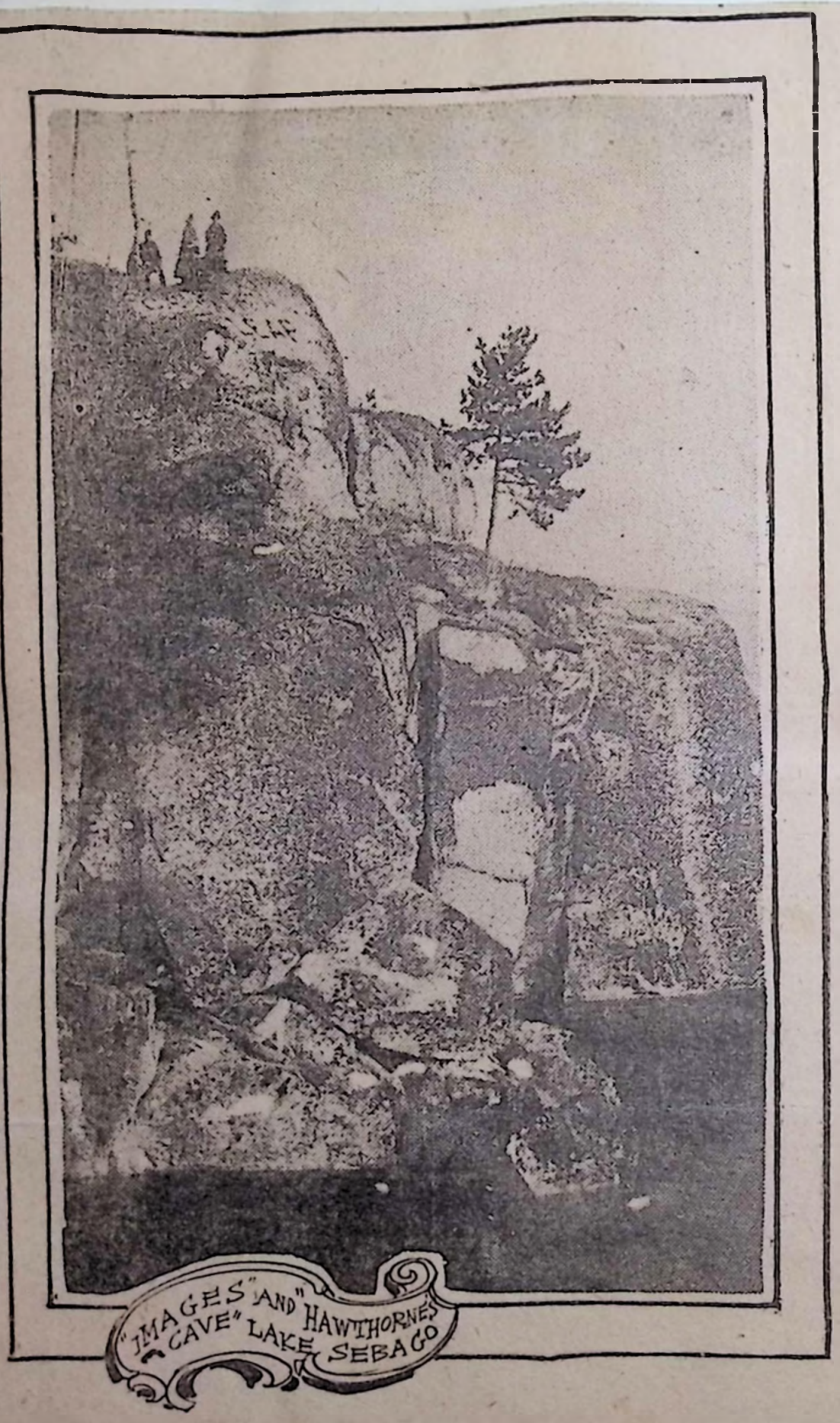
"There was no little curiosity manifested as to who was that distinguished-looking old gentleman, with handsome, intellectual face and patriarchial mien, who, as we sailed up by the 'Images' and 'Hawthorne's Cave,' showed intense interest in them, and we wondered who he could be. But soon the word passed round that it was the great Cambridge poet, whereupon there ensued an interest amounting almost to excitement, and people crowded and jostled one another to get a good look at him. It was, indeed, a great treat to us all to have as a fellow-passenger a man of world-wide fame."

Longfellow's advent to Bridgton was in the nature of a sensation. On the morning of his departure I was one of a company of citizens and summer guests gathered at the hotel to see him off, that lovely August day. When the big Concord coach drove up to the hotel to take passengers to the steamboat wharf, the aged and gray poet came out, got into the coach and sat down on the back seat. He wore a black silk hat, which contrasted harmoniously with his silver locks and long white beard, and a thin summer overcoat of pepper-and-salt color, over a suit of black.

His brother and daughter took seats outside; and it was noticed with what thoughtful solicitude he put his head out of the coach window to ask and see if they were comfortably, safely seated. And I, for one, was amused to note the evident delight, not unmixed with awe, of a young and just-married couple—a local minister and his bride, the Rev. O. A. and Mrs. Rounds (the latter, by the way, Florence Brown, a cousin of Artemus Ward and the winner of the library left by his will to the best scholar in the Waterford school), who occupied the rest of the seat with the poet, and who cast furtive side glances at their illustrious fellow-traveller.

Soon the driver gathered up the reins, the poet waved a courtly adieu to the landlord and throng, the coach rolled away, and Longfellow passed from my sight forever.

CHARLES O. STICKNEY.



HON. SAMUEL L. LORD, Democratic Nominee for Governor. 1892

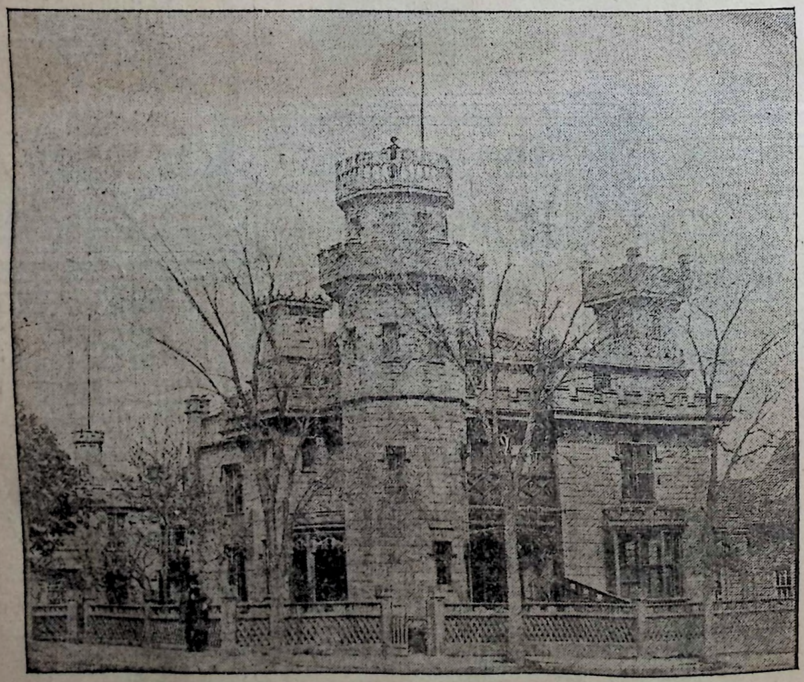
NEW SCHOOL BUILDING, ERECTED 1888.

CASTLE HOUSE, LONG OBJECT OF INTEREST

May 16, 1903

Not Another Structure in the World Similiar To That on Congress Street Near St. Lawrence.

Unique Architectural Effort, Constructed in 1848, Occupied by S. L. Carleton, a Temperence Worker of World Wide Reputation.



THE CASTLE HOUSE OF S. L. CARLETON.

Upon the corner where Congress street meets St. Lawrence, and in that striking castle-house whose turrets are familiar to many of our citizens, there dwells a notable man. S. L. Carleton held for a period of several years an office of magnitude, the honor of holding which has never been accorded to any other man of this state. But more than this, Mr. Carleton's rank in the order was, from the years 1862 to 1864 that of most worthy patriarch, that is to say, he was the head of the Sons of Temperance in all the world. Members of the society of which he was at that time the chief executive, were to be found in almost all of the countries which make up the face of Europe, as well as thousands in Canada, Mexico, and all the other portions of the North American continent. Seated at his desk in his quaintly builded mansion, Mr. Carleton determined the phrase which should serve as the word of passage throughout the civilized globe.

In the earlier days of the half century of active work which this gentleman has given to temperance, he has been directly associated with veterans now gone, Dr. Lyman Beecher, of New York, Henry Wilson, vice president of the United States, Gen. Appleton, Gen. Neal Dow, Judge Davis, Gen. Samuel Fessenden, John Walton of Portland, Gov. Anson P. Morrill, Gov. Dingley, Gov. Perham and other men of note.

S. L. Carleton was initiated into the order of which he afterward became the world's foremost officer, in the year 1857. Two years later he received the office of grand worthy patriarch of the state of Maine. Five years later, in 1862, he was elected to the office of most worthy patriarch of the Sons of Temperance of North America, and wore the rich collar of that office, foremost in place, and leader of a powerful organization which counted its members in all portions of the globe. During the serving of this term he was sent to the convention of the Great Britain and Ireland national division of the order, as the single representative from North America.

His work during the years that he stood in this high place was notable indeed. During his administration of the order in Maine, the number of divisions was increased from forty to nearly 200, a gain of over 350 per cent. And collectively, these divisions comprised a membership of over 20,000. Through his influence, weekly and public temperance meetings were held on every Monday evening at the winter season, nearly all the churches of the city being opened for this purpose at this man's request, the pastor's moreover, taking an active part in the order of the exercises.

When S. L. Carleton came to Portland from his Lincoln county home, a matter of fifty-three years ago, every grocery store in Maine sold liquor in greater or less amount and more or less openly. There were seven distilleries and breweries in the state, and large numbers of wholesale liquor stores in Portland and throughout the various counties. Mr. Carleton was chairman of the board of aldermen at the time of the mayorality of Neal Dow, when the liquor traffic was literally cleaned out of Portland. The efforts of this man did much in the bringing about of the improved conditions which we enjoy at the present day.

The house in which the man dwells is not less notable than the man himself. There is perhaps no residence upon our streets which has attracted and which continues to attract more attention and at the time of its erection and immediately after, people flocked from far and near to gaze upon this uniquely shaped residence.

It is unlike any other home on the civilized globe. Mr. Carleton, who has traveled much, says that never in any portion of mother earth in which he has stood has he seen a structire which in any wise followed out the lines of his turreted home.

Built in 1848.

The house was built in 1848. Henry Rowe, born and educated in Ireland, and subsequently a student in England, reared this unique pile of boards. His profession was that of an architect, likewise his hobby, and he found his greatest pleasure in the following out of the original and altogether refined ideas of construction which were his. He came to this country with the view of carrying out and rendering concrete some of the opinions concerning architectural beauty which he had for long entertained.

Selecting Munjoy hill as a commanding site for his principal conception, he proceeded to the building of what is now known as the Carleton Castle-house. At that time there were but few houses upon this slope, and the

S. L. CARLETON.

structure was much more noticeable than at the present time, also the view from the higher tower was much greater in its extent.

The style of architecture in which the bulуilding was raised, is what is known in the world of art and building as the Plantagenet, Edward III. Thus it is in the maine, adding that a modern and a layman's interpretation of the term would be comprised in the expression, a modern castellated villa. The structure has been greatly admired by art cr'tics, and pronounced a gem of the beautiful in architecture. It has had great praise from those most fitted to judge, on account of the depth and beauty of its lights and shades, its originality, charm and boldness of conception. Its builder was unhampered by adherence to convention, and gave his fancy the most free play, still keeping to what was fully correct as regards the style of the period, a typical castle of which he was reconstructing in miniature. The exterior calls up visions of the days of knighthood, of brave cavaliers and fair ladies. It gives the very atmosphere of the Middle Ages, and to the person of cultivated imagination is a source of rare pleasure. A stable, in the building of which the same architectural ideas have beeen carried out, stands a little further down the street, but it is no longer, as in the earlier days of the mansion, used as a receptacle for horses, being at the present time devoted to shops of various kinds. It faces on Congress street, and possesses the same fortress-like appendages as the mansion beside it.

The architectural ideas have been, in the building of the house itself, purely carried out. That is to say, the style with its requirements, once begun, was adhered to in the strictest sense, and as the work was a labor of love with the builder, the smallest of the details which go to make up the harmonious and well-nigh perfect whole, have received the most careful attention. After the passing of considerably over half a century, the structure, although built in wood is in excellent condition, and few indeed have been the repairs which its dwellers have beeen obliged to see made upon it.

The interior is finished in strict accordance with the style of the exterior. There is nothing of incongruity, but a perfect harmony of agreement betwixt the two. The paneling, and the carving of the doors, also the window frames, is exquisite, and represents a great amount of the nicest wood working. Each door is in itself a work of art, and the Gothic atmosphere is still carried out in the walls and hangings, together with most of the furnishings of the rooms. The wood which composes the doors and the paneling is entirely hand grained, as was the style at the day in which the house was built and finished, and the work is well nigh a perfect example of this difficult but thoroughly artistic process. Of very dark wood, and having grown the richer in its color during the half century in which it has stood, and paneled in wood of a lighter shade, the rooms present as rich an appearance as it is possible to picture.

Interior Arrangements.

The interior arrangements combine all the comforts of the cottage with the remembrance of old-time romance. It contains many treasures which Mr. Carleton has collected and here brought together during the course of a long, traveled, and well spent lifetime. Relics and rich paintings and crayons from Italy comprise some of the art beauties to be here viewed, and there is a pair of brass and crystal-pendent candlesticks which are very ancient and of extreme value. Not the least striking thing is a large plate mirror which is located in the front parlor. This is a relic of the great Portland fire of 1866, and was rescued from a hotel at the time of that conflagration. It is of French plate glass, and set in a heavy, elaborately carven frame. Its value represents something in excess of $500.

It is here that Mr. Carleton keeps the richly jeweled collar which he wore at the time when he occupied the office of most worthy patriarch of the world in the Sons of Temperance. It is a beautiful affair of velvet and much gold lace, the emblems of which are large and of solid silver, with genuine stones which are typical in their meaning. It was presented to him by the order, and it is needless to say that it is his most highly valued possession, not only on account of its intrinsic value and the circumstances under which it was received, but also for its representing the world's highest office in the order in which Mr. S. L. Carleton has been so active and so esteemed a worker during many years of his life.

At Castle Carleton in the year 1860

many hundreds of people were entertained. The occasion was that of a national convention of the Sons of Temperance, held in this city, the meetings being conducted partly at Mechanics hall, and in part at the City hall, this being before the burning of that structure. Upon this occasion the homes of the members of the Portland divisions, likewise the hotels of Portland, were thrown open to the visitors, and the freedom of the place was given them one and all. At Castle Carleton they passed an enjoyable time, and later, during the progress of the convention, Mr. Carleton took some eighty of the guests upon a trip to Mount Washington. The party rode on horseback up the bridle path, for at that time there was no even and wide road, neither a railroad, as at the present day.

Since the year 1848, three years after the house was erected, S. L. Carleton has lived within its turreted walls, and the associations which the place bears for him are many. He has become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place, for the old house has an atmosphere, and an individuality all its own.

There are several lesser examples of the architectural ideas of the builder of Castle Carleton within the limits of Portland, but none of these equal this structure in grace of beauty or in striking appearance. A unique series of Gothic residences, seven in number, compose what is known as Carleton place, between Merrill and Lafayette streets. None of these houses are more than a story and a half in height, and they are artistic little structures indeed. On Forest avenue, near Woodfords, in the house which was built for Warren Sparrow, we have another example of the work of this builder. Mr. Sparrow formerly lived in the other half of the Munjoy hill house with Mr. Carleton, but subsequently acquired land at Woodfords and had erected a structure for himself along the lines of the other. The Carleton house is now arranged for but one family, and Mr. Carleton occupies the entire building.

There was another house, built for J J. Brown on Spring street. Mr. Brown was a broker at the time, and following his decease, the house was torn down to give room for a larger structure. Yet none of these buildings, unique as they are, approach in beauty or in strikingness of originality Castle Carleton. It still remains one of Portland's most artistic structures, and an object of interest to all who pass it by. Many a glance is case for a second and a third time it its castellated turrets, many a remark is to be heard as to how delightfully cozy a place it is, and how attractive is its situation. A more unique residence it is indeed difficult to find, a more delightful one, not at all.

June				
July				
August	29.97	30.04	29.90	79.3
September	29.93	30.00	29.43	77.8
October	29.93	30.01	29.84	78.0
November	29 90	29.99	29.80	77.3
December	29.98	30.00	29.94	74.9
Year				

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

The Greatest Battle Ever Fought on the Soil of Maine.

The fight at Pequawket or Pegwacket, now Fryeburg, perhaps more generally known as Lovewell's fight, took place on May 8, 1725. Following the fight at Old Point, in which Capt. Moulton had destroyed the Indian village, the fight which had resulted in the death of Father Rasles, by just about one year, it was one of the last of those bloody engagements in which the Indians were constantly menacing the pioneer English settlements of this state.

Capt. John Lovewell of Dunstable, Mass., with a company of Massachusetts rangers, numbering 34 men, set out April 15, 1725, for his third expedition against the eastern Indians. Arriving at Pegwacket they encamped on the shore of the beautiful pond or lake.

Early in the morning of Sunday, May 8, while Lovewell's men were at their devotions, they heard the report of a gun and saw a single Indian standing on a point of land extending into the pond about a mile distant. Lovewell suspected he was acting the part of a decoy and a consultation was at once held between Captain Lovewell and his men.

Going in the direction in which the Indian had been seen. Captain Lovewell's men soon met a force of Indians variously estimated by the historians of the time at from 41 to 80. The actual number as given by Williamson was probably 63. The Indians rushed upon the English with horrid yells, Lovewell and his men meeting the Indians with entire calmness, and facing them, rushed upon them at once.

When the foes were within a few rods of each other both sides fired. At the first volley the greater part of the English escaped, many Indians being killed. Lovewell's men drove them several rods. Again they returned and faced the English, at one time the contending forces being within but twice the length of their guns from each other. Whoops from the Indians and cheers from the English continually rent the air.

After three rounds had been fired on each side, Capt. Lovewell and eight of his men had been killed and Lieut. Farwell and two men wounded. The fight was continued for the entire day, often with great fierceness, generally at close range. The Indians were fully double the English, but both sides fought with tremendous spirit. The Indians were headed by the chiefs Paugus and Waha, the English commanders being Capt. John Lovewell, Lieuts. Josiah Farwell and Jonathan Robbins.

Towards the last part of the afternoon, Ensign Wyman, by a courageous act which jeopardized his own life, shot the chief Waha, which for a short time dispersed the enemy into the thicket near what is now known as Bloody brook. Soon after this the Indian approached our men and holding up cords or ropes called out to them: "Will you have quarter?" "Yes;" was the quick reply, "at the muzzles of our guns." Such was the stuff our Indian fighters were made of. They were ready to meet a speedy and honorable death, rather than to expire in torture or in a lingering captivity.

A pathetic incident of this terrible battle is that connected with the death of Mr. Jonathan Frye, the chaplain of the company, who was a young man of great learning and greatly beloved for his piety and excellence. He fought with undaunted courage till the middle of the afternoon, when he received a wound which proved to be mortal, and fell. He was afterwards heard in audible prayer several times, for the success and preservation of his surviving companions.

An incident which ended the bloody battle on the shore of the beautiful Lovewell lake, which now bears the name of the brave Dunstable warrior is well recorded in history. John Chamberlain, a member of the English company and a brave soldier, had a personal encounter with Paugus, the Indian chief, which closed their memorable fight. They both stepped down to the shore of the brook on opposite sides, to wash their guns which had become foul from the long day's fight. History records that between 20 and 30 rounds had been fired.

Standing not far apart, and engaged in the same task at the same moment they exchanged a few defying words as they washed their guns. They began to load at the same instant and as they did so, forcing down the bullet with his ram-rod, Paugus called out to his foe: "Quick me kill you now." "Maybe not," replied the defiant Chamberlain.

While the chief was priming the pan of his gun from his powder horn, Chamberlain struck the ground with the breach of his gun and it primed itself. It gave him an instant's advantage and raising it quickly, breast high, he sent the old chief to his long home.

This is the battle and these are the names of the heroic men who fell honored by the New England Society of Colonial Wars when they will assemble at Fryeburg on June 17, to erect a bronze tablet commemorating Lovewell's fight and perpetuating the names of the heroic men wso fell on that day. Their names shall not perish from the earth, their deeds of valor will be forever perpetuated by a grateful state.—Bangor Commercial.

ANNUAL METEOROLOGICAL SUMMARY FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1898—Continued.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

[H = 27 ft.; h_t = 11 ft.; h_r = 3 ft.; h_a = 48 ft.]

Month.	Wind.														Number of days.													
	By self-registers.					Number of winds, 8 a. m and 8 p. m.												Precipitation.						Maximum temp.		Minimum temperature below 32°.	Electricity.	
	Average hourly velocity.	Prevailing direction. a	Maximum velocity.	Direction at time of maximum velocity.	Number of days with gales.	North.	Northeast.	East.	Southeast.	South.	Southwest.	West.	Northwest.	Calm.	Clear.	Partly cloudy.	Cloudy.	0.01 inch and over.	0.04 inch and over.	Snow.	Hail.	Fog.	Below 32°.	Above 90°.		Thunderstorms.	Auroras.
	Miles.		*Mi.*																								
January	10.8	NW.	60	NE.	6	4	10	4	4	3	5	7	24	1	7	18	6	11	9	4	0	2	8	0	19	1	0
February	14.9	NW.	60	E.	5	2	7	4	1	6	12	7	16	1	12	10	6	12	11	3	0	3	6	0	14	1	0
March	12.7	SE.	64	NE.	3	1	7	9	12	4	12	6	11	0	8	17	6	11	11	3	0	5	0	0	7	0	2
April	19.3	NE.	72	NE.	5	4	21	2	1	2	9	7	14	0	8	13	9	17	16	3	0	0	0	0	5	0	0
May	14.0	SW.	72	NE.	3	2	10	10	6	8	13	7	6	0	5	14	12	18	15	0	0	6	0	0	0	1	0
June	13.4	SW.	50	NE.	4	1	13	5	5	6	17	8	5	0	11	14	5	11	4	0	0	6	0	0	0	4	0
July	11.5	SW.	60	NE.	1	5	10	8	3	6	21	7	2	0	15	6	10	10	8	0	0	10	0	0	0	4	0
August	12.1	SW.	37	NE.	0	0	5	4	5	4	28	9	7	0	10	14	7	14	12	0	0	6	0	0	0	6	0
September	13.5	SW.	55	NE.	1	0	9	2	6	0	22	12	8	1	18	6	6	6	5	0	0	5	0	0	0	3	1
October	16.2	SW.	46	SE.	4	5	7	7	7	4	14	7	11	0	14	6	11	12	10	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	0
November	18.2	NW.	60	NE.	4	7	9	4	1	2	8	10	19	0	13	6	11	13	12	2	0	1	0	0	6	0	0
December	18.4	NW.	69	E.	4	5	2	8	2	2	9	14	20	0	10	11	10	9	7	2	0	3	4	0	17	0	0
Year	15.1	SW.	90	NE.	40	36	110	67	53	47	170	101	143	3	131	135	99	144	120	17	0	52	18	0	68	20	3

BOISE, IDAHO.

[H = 2,736 ft.; h_t = 61 ft.; h_r = 51 ft.; h_a = 68 ft.]

January	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
February	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
March	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
April	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
May	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
June	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
July	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
August	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
September	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
October	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
November	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
December	3.5	SE.	22	NW.	0	3	2	4	14	4	7	10	18	0	9	8	14	11	6	7	0	0	14	0	30	0	0
Year	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

BOSTON, MASS.

[H = 125 ft.; h_t = 115 ft.; h_r = 154 ft.; h_a = 181 ft.]

January	11.4	NW.	39	NE.	0	6	3	2	5	4	7	14	21	0	13	5	13	10	8	6	0	1	8	0	26	0	0
February	11.5	W.	50	NE.	2	4	5	3	3	9	11	9	12	0	9	5	14	10	8	4	0	0	3	0	17	1	0
March	9.9	SW.	39	W.	0	5	4	5	6	13	13	10	6	0	11	6	14	11	9	4	0	0	0	0	9	0	0
April	12.9	NE.	42	NE.	1	10	15	3	3	1	5	9	14	0	7	10	13	17	15	4	0	0	0	0	6	0	0
May	10.7	NE.	36	NE.	0	8	13	8	4	13	6	5	5	0	6	11	14	10	9	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
June	10.8	SW.	30	NE.	0	6	11	8	1	4	12	10	8	0	10	9	11	10	7	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
July	9.2	SW.	36	N.	0	8	7	7	4	9	10	12	5	0	9	13	9	12	9	0	1	2	0	4	0	5	0
August	9.5	W.	29	NW.	0	4	6	1	1	8	15	21	6	0	11	10	10	12	11	0	1	0	0	3	0	6	0
September	9.6	W.	36	NW.	0	4	3	4	2	9	10	18	10	0	16	7	7	6	4	0	0	3	0	1	0	3	1
October	11.3	W.	36	S.	0	10	4	8	3	9	10	9	9	0	12	7	12	12	10	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0
November	12.5	NW.	60	N.	2	6	6	3	0	5	9	16	15	0	12	4	14	13	13	3	0	1	0	0	7	0	0
December	11.9	SW.	50	E.	2	3	5	4	1	1	18	20	9	1	14	4	13	7	6	3	0	3	5	0	22	0	0
Year	10.9	W.	60	N.	7	74	82	56	33	85	126	153	120	1	130	91	144	130	109	24	2	12	16	0	87	16	1

BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS, WEST INDIES.

[H = 30 ft.; h_t = 57 ft.; h_r = 49 ft.; h_a = 65 ft.]

[Observations at Bridgetown were taken at 6 a. m. and 6 p. m.]

January	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
February	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
March	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
April	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
May	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
June	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
July	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
August	.....	NE.	26	SE.	0	0	14	15	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
September	6.7	NE.	62	NE.	1	4	27	19	6	4	0	0	0	0	5	9	16	21	19	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
October	6.6	NE.	33	SW.	0	1	33	24	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	22	9	14	12	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
November	7.4	E.	26	NW.	0	0	19	34	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	13	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0
December	8.2	E.	25	E.	0	0	11	50	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	22	8	22	15	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
Year	.....	.....	...	.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

a By eye observations at 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. when there is no self-register at station.

C. = Calm.

TIMES. SUNDAY MORNING. MAY 3, 1903.

HE DIRECTS OUR STREET CAR SYSTEM.

"NO CITY IN THE COUNTRY HAS AN EQUIPMENT THAT IS SUPERIOR."

To the untiring efforts of Mr. E. A. Newman is largely due the great success which the Portland Railroad company has achieved. He has been connected with this corporation for nearly all of the last thirty years and his only business interests have been in the enterprise, devoting his whole time and energies to its upbuilding. The city of Portland knows that the able general manager of the street railroad company is Mr. Newman and his abilities have long been recognized far and wide. He has turned down a number of flattering offers to take charge of great railroad systems in other parts of the country, preferring to remain in Portland.

Mr. Newman is a native of Westbrook and is the only son o fthe late Edward Newman, who was a well known and much respected citizen of Deering and who died nine years ago. Mr.Newman attended the public schools at Westbrok and Westbrook Seminary and 27 years ago entered the office of the Portland Railroad company as a clerk. He had general charge of affairs, looking after the men, attending to the calls and disposing of many other details. Soon proving his efficiency in 1876 he was elected treasurer of the company. At that time George W. Soule was the superintendent and the duties of Mr. Newman extended to assisting Mr. Harrison J. Libby, who was then the president, in the general supervision of the road. In 1886 Mr. Soule resigned to enter into partnership with his brother in his former business as railroad contractor in Boston. Mr.Newman then succeeded to his present position and has ever since been the general manager of the road,growing more and more valuable each successive year.

"When I first assumed my present position," said Manager Newman at the office of the company Saturday afternoon," our lines extended from Atlantic street to Grove street, now Deering avenue, from the Grand Trunk depot to Thomas street and from Preble street to Morrill's corner. You know how we have branched out since then. The company began business in October, 1863, by putting on horse cars which remained in service for many years. Our electrics were first put on in 1891 when the Deering line was equipped.With the opening of the Westbrook line the following year electric cars were also put on that branch.Then the electrics were put on the city line in 1895. The Deering line was equipped with fifteen horse power motors which were found to be very weak so that it was difficult for the cars to haul heavy loads or to go up steep grades. The next year a twenty-five horse power was installed with the opening of the Westbrook division and by the time of 1895 when we installed the city lines the art had developed so rapidly that the entire electric equipment of the Deering and Westbrook lines was disposed of at ridiculously low prices. We sold motors which we had bought for $2750 for $250. Then the lines were equipped with the modern electric power. The power station built in 1891 near the site of the present car barn in Deering was equipped with high speed engines and small generators.Progress in the art also compelled the abandonment of this and we disposed of its contents at great sacrifices. Then the present power house in Deering on Forest avenue was built. It is one of the best power houses in the country and supplies the current for all of our lines except the Saco line. The Cape Elizabeth house, which is smaller than the one in Deering, supplies the power for the Saco line from Pleasantdale to the boundary line between Saco and Scarboro where it is merged with the power from current from the Saco power house.

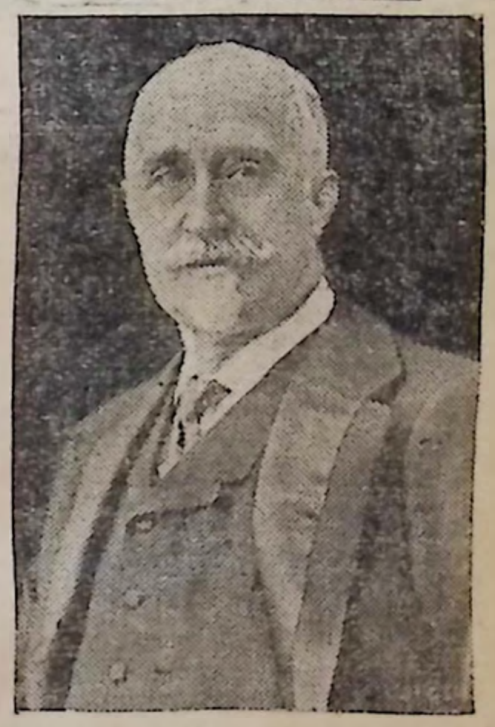
"It is no exaggeration to say," continued Mr. Newman, "that, taken as a whole, no city in the country has an equipment in street car service that is superior to the one here in Portland. Our cars are as good as can be had and the same can be said of the rails. We used to make some of our own cars but this was discontinued with the insalment of electricity on the city lines. A few of the old horse cars are still used as working cars but the most of them have been broken up. We have over 200 cars and 125 of them are open cars. We have 459 men which does not include the force that is employed at Riverton casino. In the summer time, including the casinos at Riverton, Cape Cottage and Underwood we have about 150 more. We took possession of the Cape line in 1898 and of the Yarmouth line in 1900 and extended to Gorham and South Windham two years ago. Last year we extended to Saco and by the last of this month we will be running to Old Orchard to which we will make about 34 trips a day, which will be about the same number as we will run to Saco. We run one an hour to Gorham, South Windham and Saco, every thirty minutes to Yarmouth and Pleasantdale, and every fifteen minutes to Riverton, the Cape and Underwood Springs Trips to all of these places begin early in the morning and contlue until after the theatres are let out at night. The cars on the Congress street line run practically all day and night as there are always cars at Union station to connect with trains that arrive at two and four o'clock in the morning. Outside of the night trips, the first regular car on the Middle street line begins running at five minutes of six in the morning, leaving the Union station, while the first car for Munjoy Hill leaves at ten minutes past six.The Spring street service begins at half past six by leaving at Vaughan street and the last car on this line leaves the Grand Trunk at twenty-three minutes to eleven. The Spring street line starts in by running every fifteen minutes and then reduces to twelve minutes and later in the day back to fifteen minutes. The service on the Congress and Middle street lines is very frequent and people do not have to wait very long to reach any destination as for on a good part of the route in the central part of the city after the Congress street car goes along there is a Middle street car, a Spring street car and the belt line cars. There are no less than 18 different routes: Congress street, Union station, Stroudwater, Spring street, North Deering, Riverton, Highland belt, Ocean avenue, Westbrook, Gorham, South Windham, Yarmouth, Saco, South Portland, Meeting House Hill, Broadway and Pleasantdale. We have nine car barns which are located at Dunstan's Corner, Spring street, St. John street, Washington avenue, Beckett street and Deering, Westbrook, Yarmouth and South Portland.

"Times have wrought wonderful changes in this system," remarked Mr. Newman as he looked out of the window at a line of cars standing on Preble street. "The first office was up stairs in the old car barn on Spring street. Then we went to old Lancaster hall and then for several years shared space with Fessenden's news depot on the site of the present Oren Hooper building. In 1890 we came to our present quarters which answer our purpose very well. At first and for a number of years afterwards ,the extent of our double track was from the City building to High street. Since then we have increased by piecemeals, successively extending to Washington street, from High street to Park street and to the Union station the same year, and then down Middle street and finally to Atlantic street and to the Eastern Promenade. The double track from the city to Morrill's Corner was built in 1897 and in Westbrok we have a double track from the old White House lot to a place very near the Universalist church, a distance of about two miles. There is also a double track on Washington avenue from Congress street to Veranda street and on Portland street from Deering avenue to Brighton avenue. Prior to 1885 when conductors were put on, the old 'bob tail' cars were in service. Those were the primitive days when passengers would put their six cents into the fare boxes although there were a great many people who used to get their rides free. In a crowded car it would be impossible for all of the passengers to get to the farebox.The drivers used to wear strapped to their waists belts that contained $11 in change and which were put up at the office. Then, also, up to the time when electricity was installed, rye straw was placed in all of the cars on the city lines in order to keep passengers from freezing to death. For three or four winters stoves also were used in the Deering cars. In 1888 the fares were reduced from six cents to a nickel.

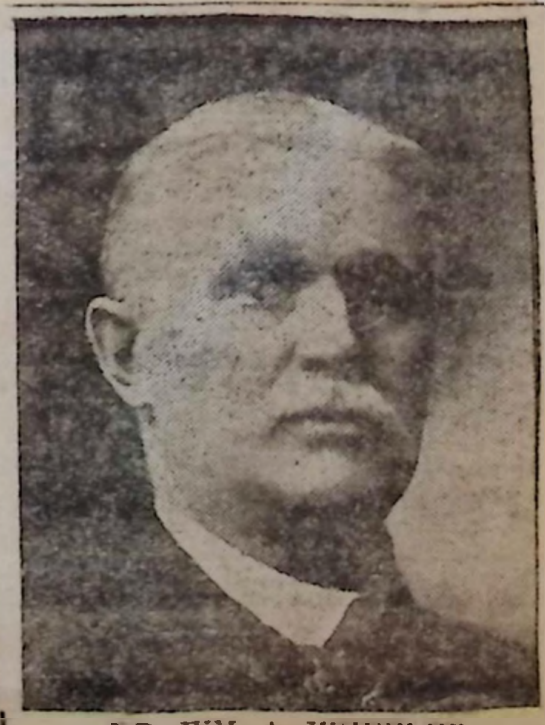
"Up to 1886 our cars rode on hardly nothing more than streaks of rust and in the next three years the whole Congress street line was rebuilt and a new equipment put in. Mr. Harrison J. Libby, who was the president, with Mr. William R. Wood, who is now the president, took hold of the matter and by drawing on their own capital and by large personal endorsements in its behalf, aided materially by Hon. Charles F. Libby, who had just been elected counsellor and advisor, put the road on its present firm financial basis. The question at that time simply resolved itself as to whether the road would continue at a standstill or would progress. Too much credit cannot be given for the activities of Mr. Wood and Mr. Libby at that critical time. The road was for the third time rebuilt and it required the three years of 1896, 1897 and 1898, new rails being laid over the whole system.

"It is the constant aim of this company," concluded Mr.Newman,"to give the public the very best of service and we believe that our efforts along this line meet with appreciation. We expect a big business this summer."

Mr. Newman is a 32nd degree Mason, being a member of Deering lodge,Portland Commandery and the Scottish Rites orders. He is also a member of the Deering lodge of Odd Fellows and belongs to the Bramhall League. His residence is at 20 Highland street where he with his wife and daughter have lived for the last five years.



HON. CHAS. F. LIBBY.



DR. WM. A. WHEELER,
President Board of Trade.

LAND DAILY PR

PORTLAND. MAINE. MONDAY MORNING. APRIL 20, 1903.

WILLIAM G. DAVIS.

Death of Prominent Portland Business Man.

PASSED AWAY SUNDAY EVENING.

A Career Notable in History of Local Enterprise.

Hon. William G. Davis, for sixty-four years a resident of Portland, and long one of the leading business men of Maine, died Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at his home, No. 92 West street, this city. Mr. Davis had been ill several weeks, although he had been confined to his house for only a few days. Mrs. Davis's health has been precarious for several months, and anxiety on her account together with the weight of years, caused a physical collapse from which he could not rally.

The death of Mr. Davis removes a notable figure in the business life of Portland and the commercial development of Maine. An enumeration of the enterprises with which he was connected is an indication of the great activities of his successful career. He was one of the founders of the Portland Packing company, one of the earliest developers of the industry of canning Maine products for distant markets. Forty years this company has sent Maine corn and Maine and Provincial lobsters all over the world. Mr. Davis was one of the leaders in introducing the business into the Maritime Provinces after it became successful in Maine. For about thirty years he has been connected with the railroad interests of Maine, being in 1875 elected as director of the Maine Central. He was for many years director and president of the Traders' National bank, retiring from the presidency during the present year. He was also a director in the First National bank, a director and officer in the Portland Trust company, a trustee of the Maine Savings bank and also president of that institution.

For a dozen years or more Mr. Davis has been interested in the street railroad system of Portland and at the time of his death was a director of the Portland Railroad company.

Many buildings in Portland were also owned by Mr. Davis, the Davis and Cahoon blocks on Congress street, the Tolman House, and several other business blocks. Mr. Davis also owned the West End hotel, until quite recently, and this is still held in the family.

Mr. Davis was of old New England stock.

His grandfather, Nicholas, came to Limington, York county, from Salem, Mass., prior to the Revolution. He was a pioneer and reached his new home in the wilderness with his wife and children by following "spotted" trees on horseback. His grandson, William G., was born in Limington, June 16, 1825, and consequently was at the time of his death within two months of 78 years of age. He was the son of William and Mary (Waterhouse) Davis. His was the usual life of a boy on his father's farm until at the age of 14 years he came to Portland with nothing but his hands wherewith to earn his fortune. He was a clerk in Alpheus Libby's grocery store in "Huckster's Row," for the first two years, and then went to work for Charles Blake, a baker. After two years of service there, he began business for himself as a baker, with a partner, the firm name being Davis & Waterhouse. But too close attention to the work and the confinement of it so impaired his health that after two years he sold out to his partner and went home to recuperate upon the farm. But he was restless there, and in a very short time, by the advice of a physician, he decided to adopt a vocation that would keep him in the open air. Therefore at 20 years of age he became the proprietor of a peddler's cart, and entered upon a successful career as a dealer in "Yankee notions," travelling over the state and supplying the stores in the smaller cities. His route lay mostly along the coast. It was a pleasant occupation and restored his health. The country roads then were much beeter than now, because those were the days of stage-coaches, and good roads were a necessity for intercourse with the rest of the world.

Young Davis's genius for trade soon developed. He had the faculty for perceiving what people would buy, as well as the personality that generally prepossesses and seldom offends. Mr. Davis was in those days a stalwart and strikingly handsome young man, with red cheeks, a jovial manner, and a generous disposition. Many of the older people in Western Maine became greatly attached to the youthful travelling merchant and never tire of telling of him and his ways. His business grew until he began to import some goods from England, principally knives, scissors and other articles of cutlery. He used to go to New York and buy goods and bring them to Maine, where they sold rapidly at a good profit. He was the pioneer in this business in the state. He continued in it from 1845 to 1858 and during the latter years had two or three two horse teams on the road.

In 1859 he established himself in this city as a wholesale dealer in general merchandise and took in James P. Baxter, later famous as a great business man and mayor, as a partner. They imported many of their articles from

William G. Davis.

England, and in this way it came about that during the Rebellion the inception of the great Portland Packing company occurred. Mr. Davis perceived that gold would be at a premium and wrote to a friend in England, a former Bath boy, who had established himself in business there, asking what he should send in payment for the goods that they were importing. The friend replied, "Send canned lobsters." In a few years the Portland Packing company, the well-known history of which need not be repeated here, was sending its preserved food products all over the civilized world and its promoters were reaping a bountiful harvest of profits. To have been one of the originators of this great business movement that has spread the name of Portland among commercial centres of the world more extensively perhaps than any other one thing, is in itself a title to a place among the pillars of the city.

Mr. Davis has had no connection with the Portland Packing Co., for twenty-three years. He retired in 1880, and several years later Mr. Baxter also retired. The business passed into the hands of the sons of the founders, Walter G and William N. Davis and Hartley C and Clinton L. Baxter. William N. Davis died five years ago.

Since retiring from the packing company he has devoted himself almost entirely to his railroad and banking interests. All his ventures have been successful, and his fortune is understood to be very large

Mr. Davis's prominence as a citizen and man-of affairs were justly recognized by his appointment by President Harrison, at the recommendation of Gov. Burleigh, to be one of the State Commissioners to the World's Fair. In 1875-6 he represented the city in the State House of Representatives and in the Senate in 1877. Like his father before him he was always a staunch Democrat and of no slight influence in his party.

Mr. Davis's business was his life. It was his chief enjoyment as well as occupation. He cared little for travel, or the popular amusements and recreations of successful and wealthy men. He was devotedly attached to his home, and the interests and welfare of his family were his first thought and concern. For many years he lived in a house which he built on Pearl street. The many happy years of his domestic life were passed in that home, and he clung to it until a few years ago, when he moved to a residence on West street adjoining that of his son.

A notable characteristic of Mr. Davis, and one that had much to do with his success, was his mental capacity of making a quick, sure grasp of the situation. His opinion was formed on the instant and rarely altered. It was almost always correct. He would have made a great general if he had combined with this faculty, the other requisites of military supremacy. He would look the great general also, for a more commanding face and physique were seldom seen in this or any other city. His broad, towering stature and his massive head, with its luxuriant white hair, its ruddy complexion and regular features constituted one of the most imposing of the familiar figures upon our business streets.

Mr. Davis was a member of the New Jerusalem society, and he contributed largely to its support for many years, as long as he lived.

He was a constant attendant at the services until his last illness.

Mr. Davis married on March 4, 1849, Rhoda M. Neal of Gardiner, Me., who survives him. Of several children, two are now living, Walter G. Davis, of this city, and Mrs. Edith Davis Files, wife of Professor Files of Bowdoin college. A pathetic feature of his death is the serious illness of the wife with whom he has lived for so many years, and to whom he was so largely devoted.

The funeral will take place at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon from the residence of his son, Mr. Walter G. Davis, 82 West street.

WILLIAM R. WOOD,

Prominent Portland Business Man Who Died Friday.

Nov 15 1904.

WILLIAM R. WOOD.

President of Portland Railroad Co. Died Very Early Today.

William R. Wood, president of the Portland Railroad company and one of the most prominent financiers in Portland, died at his home, No. 133 Pleasant street, at midnight after a long illness from Brights disease.

Mr. Wood was 60 years of age, a native of Portland, and was the son of the late Dr. William Wood, for many years a leading physician. Mr. Wood was educated in Portland and entered business life at an early age. He started in life as a clerk for Rufus E. Wood on Central wharf and he has been there ever since for that was his main office and his principal seat of business activity. No. 10 Central wharf was the answer he always gave when asked where he was located.

As Mr. Wood grew in capacity to handle business affairs he was advanced to the position of wharfinger and agent and he has always held this position, also the ownership of the wharf having of late years reverted wholly to him by devise and purchase. Mr. Wood was for many years selling agent for the Westbrook Manufacturing Co. and for other mills manufacturing cotton duck for sails and awnings. He did a large business in this line of cloth goods until the changes in the Westbrook Manufacturing Co. which in the end resulted so disastrously to the company and all concerned with it. With this disaster Mr. Wood did not share, however, as the changes were made against his judgment and he parted company with the Westbrook Manufacturing Co. at just the right hour.

He became interested in the Portlond Railroad company many years ago and for a long time has been president of the company. Mr. Wood saw the road grow from the old crude methods of the horse car with only a single line in the city to one of the finest equipped electric car lines in the country, not only adding branches in the city proper but extending its lines to all of the outlying towns.

Mr. Wood also became interested in the affairs of the electrical business some years ago, when it was in its infancy in fact, and he has maintained this interest to the last. He went into the Consolidated Electric Light company at the time of its consolidation and has been treasurer from the time since that event occurred. Mr. Wood was a firm believer in the future of electricity and while he was in on sense of the word a scheming politician and used no tricks or artifices to obtain business, he felt sure that he had the right thing and he pushed it at all possible points.

Mr. Wood never aspired to any political honors, his time being occupied with business and social interests. He was a member of the Cumberland club and had long been prominent in its affairs. He was a Mason, having joined that order in 1865.

Mrs. Wood died a few years ago, since which time Mr. Wood has been making his home with his siser, Miss Alice Wood. A son, William Wood, of Boston, also survives, as does another sister, Mrs. Horace Anderson.

Mr. Wood was known to Biddeford and Saco people as a director of the Biddeford & Saco electric road.

Biddeford & Saco electric road.

1	12	8	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	0
4	7	7	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0
6	11	6	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0
8	6	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0
9	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0
4	7	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0
0	6	5	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	4	0
4	9	6	0	0	0	0	2	0	4	0
0	5	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
3	11	11	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0
1	9	4	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0
93	86	60	0	0	13	0	8	2	28	0

]

15	8	8	7	0	1	10	0	28	0	0
17	13	10	9	0	2	13	0	24	0	0
13	12	10	3	1	1	1	0	15	6	1
4	9	8	0	0	0	0	0	5	2	0
15	17	14	0	1	0	0	0	0	9	0
13	10	9	0	0	0	0	3	0	9	0
3	7	7	0	1	0	0	6	0	5	0
10	12	8	0	0	0	0	3	0	8	0
6	7	6	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	0
21	10	8	1	0	1	0	0	3	0	0
11	12	7	6	0	2	7	0	17	1	0
9	6	3	4	0	0	14	0	30	0	0
17	123	98	30	3	8	45	13	122	43	1

4	2	2	2	0	0	5	0	30	0	0
4	4	1	4	0	1	1	0	25	0	0
5	7	3	6	0	1	1	0	27	0	0
6	10	7	3	0	1	0	0	9	2	0
3	16	12	5	4	1	0	0	6	10	0
4	8	5	0	1	0	0	6	0	14	0
2	10	6	0	0	0	0	9	0	10	0
2	6	4	0	0	0	0	13	0	10	0
3	6	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
4	6	3	4	0	0	0	0	12	0	0
3	7	5	7	0	0	4	0	26	0	0
3	4	4	4	0	0	7	0	30	0	0
3	86	55	37	5	4	18	29	165	46	0

C.=Calm.

BOSTON SPENT FIVE MILLIONS WIDENING STREETS.

The Great Fire Made This Possible, and a New and Better Boston Arose from the Ashes—Now Baltimore Hopes to Profit by This Experience in Rebuilding After Her Big Conflagration—Mayor Collins Has Directed That All Possible Aid and Information Be Extended

Baltimore, just recovering from the disastrous fire that destroyed the greater part of her business section, turns to Boston and other municipalities that have passed through similar ordeals. Its mayor has asked the chief executive of Boston to furnish him with information as to the plan adopted by this city for the rebuilding of the burnt district of Boston after the great fire of 1872.

Mayor Collins has given orders to his executive staff to furnish the mayor of Baltimore all the information obtainable at city hall regarding the plans adopted after Boston's great fire for the improvement and rebuilding of the burnt district in 1872-73.

Boston's great conflagration was hardly extinguished ere her officials and public spirited citizens and business men were working harmoniously together in an effort to devise a plan that would improve the burnt district, widen and straighten its crooked streets and make business Boston more attractive and better than ever.

Baltimore is working along the same lines, and is benefiting by the experience gained by her sister cities that have been through the ordeal of a devastating fire.

The great fire in Boston Nov 9, 1872, proved to be a great calamity. It destroyed nearly all of the wholesale dry goods and commission houses, together with the boot and shoe and wool houses, banks, insurance offices and newspaper establishments. Starting in the building at the corner of Summer and Kingston sts, the flames spread rapidly, and they were not checked until they had burned over 65 acres, and destroyed property valued at $75,000,000.

In all, 776 buildings were destroyed, of which 67 were of wood.

The burnt district included the territory bounded by Summer st, easterly side of Washington st, Milk st, all but the northerly side between Washington and the new postoffice building, Devonshire st, Water st, both sides, between Devonshire st and Liberty sq except the Post building, Congress st to Lincoln, Lindall st, Kilby st, Oliver st, southerly side of Oliver st to the water front.

The accompanying map is the plan adopted by the city government after the fire, showing the contemplated street improvements and the old street lines. The graded part shows the widenings. More than $5,000,000 were spent in street improvements in the burnt district.

A few days after the fire, the governor called a special session of the legislature for the purpose of giving the city authority to loan the owners of land in the burned district money with which to build, taking a first mortgage on the property for the same. The legislature empowered the city to loan $20,000,000 in this way.

A commission of distinguished citizens was appointed to carry out the scheme. It was made up of Judge Abbott, Otis Norcross and William Gray. They immediately organized and began to formulate plans to carry out the provisions of the law. The city backed up the new law by authorizing a loan of $5,000,000, but the commission had not got very far in their work when they were abruptly interrupted by a temporary injunction by the supreme court.

Ten taxpayers had petitioned the supreme court for the injunction. After a hearing before the full bench, the injunction was made permanent on the ground that the act was unconstitutional. The scheme had to be abandoned and the city was called upon to pay the bills incurred by the commission, amounting to about $5000. The commissioners received no salaries; $3000 of this sum was paid the lawyers in the case who appeared before the court to argue the constitutionality of the act, Benjamin R. Curtis and Judge Abbott.

It was estimated that the cost of widening, straightening and extending the street in the burned district would amount to nearly $5,000 000.

The old streets were so irregular that there was a general expression of opinion at first in favor of laying out the territory upon an entirely new plan, but this would have involved an enormous expxense and it was abandoned.

The street commissioners in their report of 1872 said: "The pressure has been great upon the board to widen and straighten streets in the burned district, some persons contending that the streets should be made much wider than formerly, while others contended equally strong that these streets were sufficiently wide for all purposes for which they were likely to be used."

The board pursued a conservative course, widening and straightening where it was thought necessary.

Washington st was widened in the burned district to a width of 60 feet. Summer st was widened to the same width from Washington to Broad st. High st was made 50 feet between Congress and Pearl sts. The widening of Purchase st, commenced prior to the fire at its southerly end, was continued northerly to Oliver st.

Mayor Pierce devoted considerable space to the fire in his inaugural address to the city government in 1873, in which he said:

"The best form in which we can commemprate the great disaster which has overtaken us is by establishing wider streets in the district covered by the fire, and improved methods in the construction of buildings throughout the city."

By the beginning of the new year, 1873, the street commissioners had begun the widening of the most important streets in the burnt district. From the beginning of the new year the street commissioners hastened the work and prosecuted it to the exclusion of all other matters in hand.

The conflict of opinion among the land owners was in its extent, something unique even in the wide experience the commissioners had had in previous dealings with citizens in such matters, and the board saw that they were engaged in a most difficult undertaking, but they prosecuted the work, having in mind the greatest public good with the least private injury.

The story of the widenings and improvements of the streets in the burnt district is well told in the street commissioner's report for 1873 to the city government, an extract of which follows:

"But by the last of February the subject had been so digested as to enable the commission to submit their plans for Federal st, Congress st from Broad to Water st, for the extension of Pearl st to Water st, Milk st, the extension of Franklin st to Pearl st, and that of the extension of Oliver st to Kilby st.

"In a little more than a fortnight afterward Hawley st widened, and Arch st widened and extended to Milk st. The order opening the square upon the easterly side of the proposed postoffice site, and that widening Water st to 60 feet, opposite the same, went to you in April, the widening of Congress st was continued to State st in May, and the last important improvement in this district, the widening of Broad st to 100 feet, passed this board in June. Some smaller changes were made on other streets. Lincoln st was widened just out of Summer st.

A line adopted for Chauncy st was begun by a widening on the estate upon the easterly corner of Summer st, passed Feb 27. Slight alterations were made upon Pearl st and Matthews st early in the year, and in December certain restricted portions of estates in the former street were laid out as part of the highway. An order to extend Quincy pl to Pearl pl, sent March 24 for concurrence, received it in December.

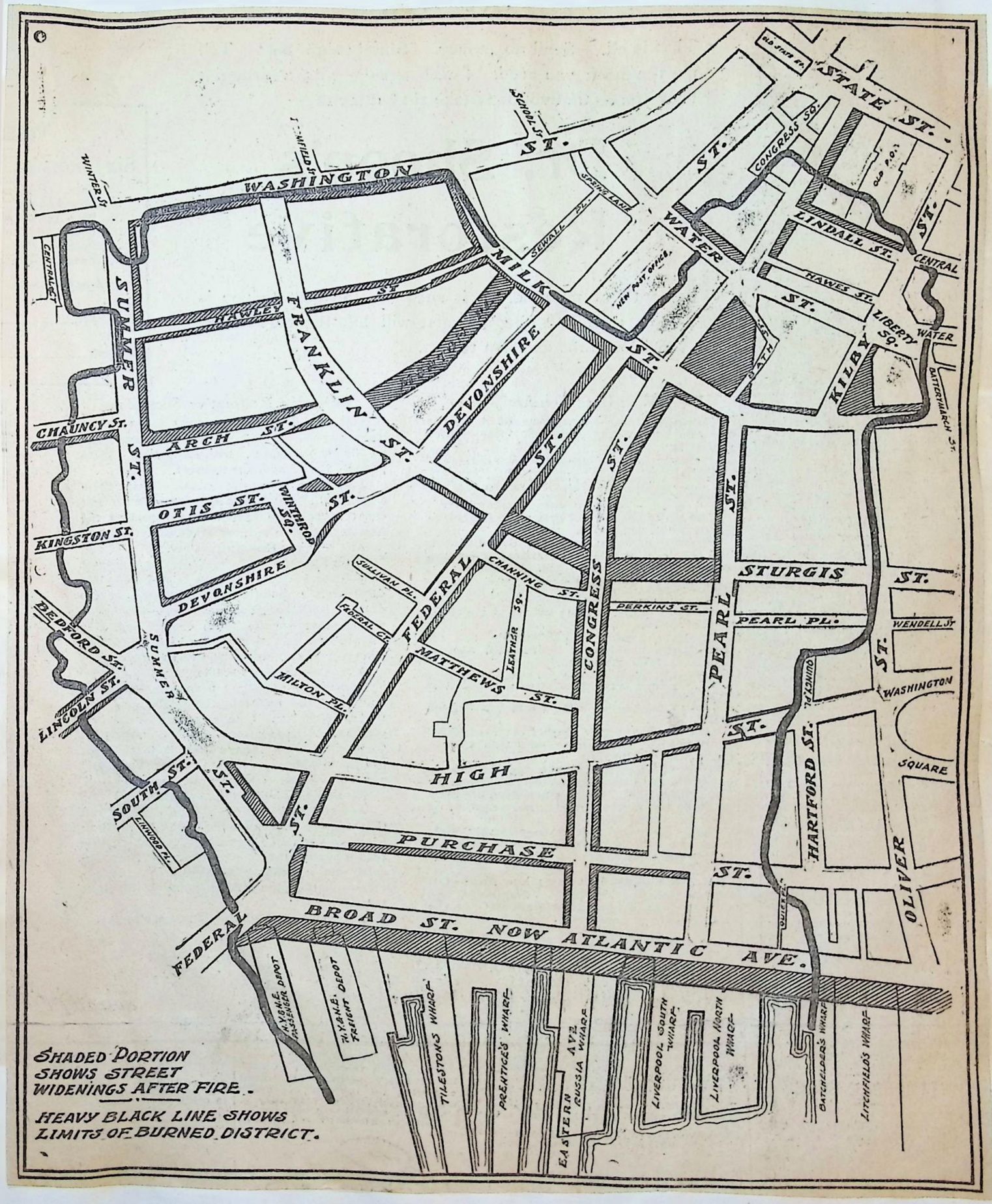
The different streets are tabulated here in the order of their widening:

Otis widened, 45 ft	$55,19[illegible]
Devonshire widened, Summer to Franklin, 45 ft	98,[illegible]
Lincoln widened, near Summer, 50 ft	22[illegible]
Chauncy widened, corner Summer, 50 ft	42[illegible]
Devonshire widened, on a part of Theatre alley	15,[illegible]
Congress widened, Broad to Water, 60 and 70 ft	514,[illegible]
Federal widened, Summer to Milk, 60 ft	341,[illegible]
Pearl extended to Water, 50 ft	170,[illegible]
Milk widened, Washington to Batterymarch, 50 and 60 ft	297,[illegible]
Franklin widened and extended to Pearl, 50 ft	314,[illegible]
Oliver extended to Kilby	181,[illegible]
Hawley widened, 40 ft	277,[illegible]
Arch widened and extended to Milk, 50 and 40 ft	334,[illegible]
Quincy pl laid out and extended to Pearl pl, 30 ft	12,[illegible]
Postoffice sq laid out	112,[illegible]
Water widened, Devonshire to Congress, 60 ft	211,[illegible]
Matthews widened, corner Congress, 30 ft	1,[illegible]
Lincoln widened, near Summer, 50 ft	1,[illegible]
Congress widened, Water to State, 54 ft	484,[illegible]
Broad widened, Atlantic av to Summer st, 100 ft	780,[illegible]
Pearl widened, near Milk, 50 ft	1,[illegible]
Pearl, areas put into the highway, 50 ft	66,[illegible]
Total	$4,289,[illegible]

"Adding to this $4,289,427.75 the [illegible] of the latter part of 1872, $861,175, gives a total of $5,150,602 as the amount expended in these improvements."

In May came a big fire on Washington and Essex sts, destroying an additional $1,000,000 of property. Of the firms burned out 10 of them had gone through a similar experience in the November fire. This latter fire gave the street commissioners an opportunity of widening Washington st to a width of 60 feet from Boylston st to Avery st. Essex st was made 50 feet wide from Washington st to Harrison av, at an expense of $226,612.

Within a year the burnt district was laid out and rebuilt with handsome commodious buildings, and Boston arose again herself. The new buildings were constructed fireproof, the water supply were enlarged and the fire department improved, all of which recalls the old saying that "It's an ill wind that does not blow somebody some good."


STATE ST.
OLD STATE PL.
CONGRESS SQ.
OLD P.O.
LINDALL ST.
CENTRAL
HAWES ST.
LIBERTY SQ.
WATER
BATTERYMARCH ST.
KILBY
WASHINGTON ST.
SCHOOL ST.
WINTER ST.
WINTHROP ST.
SEWALL PL.
SPRING LANE
NEW POST OFFICE
MILK ST.
DEVONSHIRE ST.
FRANKLIN ST.
SUMMER ST.
HAWLEY ST.
CENTRAL CT.
CHAUNCY ST.
ARCH ST.
OTIS ST.
WINTHROP SQ.
KINGSTON ST.
DEVONSHIRE
SULLIVAN PL.
FEDERAL CT.
FEDERAL ST.
CHANNING ST.
LEATHER SQ.
MATHEWS ST.
MILTON PL.
BEDFORD ST.
LINCOLN ST.
SUMMER ST.
SOUTH ST.
LINWOOD PL.
HIGH ST.
CONGRESS ST.
PEARL ST.
PERKINS ST.
PEARL PL.
STURGIS ST.
WENDELL ST.
QUINCY PL.
WASHINGTON SQUARE
HARTFORD ST.
OLIVER ST.
PURCHASE ST.
BROAD ST. NOW ATLANTIC AVE.
FEDERAL
N.Y. & N.E. PASSENGER DEPOT
N.Y. & N.E. FREIGHT DEPOT
TILESTONS WHARF
PRENTICES WHARF
EASTERN AVE.
RUSSIA WHARF
LIVERPOOL SOUTH WHARF
LIVERPOOL NORTH WHARF
BATCHELDER'S WHARF
LITCHFIELD'S WHARF
SHADED PORTION SHOWS STREET WIDENINGS AFTER FIRE.
HEAVY BLACK LINE SHOWS LIMITS OF BURNED DISTRICT.

Talk of the Day.

"Timid phantom in the Spider's web, pray, who are you?"

The phantom must have made a signal to some adventurous breeze, for I read on the nape of lucernes: "I am the Refuge of bodies bruised by the toil of Life.

"Prudent phantom in the Spider's web, pray, who are you?"

The phantom must have made a signal to some moon-beam, for I read on the lake of water-maidens: "I am the Consolation of souls disappointed with the wages of Life.

"Strange phantom in the Spider's web, pray, who are you?"

The phantom must have made a signal to some bat, for I read on the sublime slate of sleep: "I am the excuse of Death: my name is Silence."

SAINT-POL-ROUX.

Some time ago the New York Times Saturday Review handed down the opinion that Mr. Julian Ralph was a newspaper man and not a "literary feller." Mr. Ralph, who was inclined to dispute this opinion, is now at Saratoga and sends daily to the Times a letter in which he describes horse-racing, gambling, dress, food, at the celebrated health resort. The other day he discussed shoes, and we infer from his statements that he buys new shoes at least five times a year, and so the leather does not rot, for it is allowed time to dry after each using. Mr. Ralph waxes eloquent as he surveys his "footwear." "Better yet," he adds just before his signature, "if he buys six pairs and five pairs of trees to keep them in shape." "Six pairs?" "Five pairs of trees?" Then Mr. Ralph is surely not a newspaper man; and since the Times says he is not a "literary feller," he is indeed in parlous state. But perhaps some of the "racing gentlemen" give him tips. He certainly gives them widespread advertisement.

Mr. Arbois de Subainville informs us that the stone from Scone above which King Edward was crowned went to Scotland from Tara, "the chief town of Ireland in the sixth century," but it is really the stone that served Jacob for a pillow, and it was carried by a daughter of the King of Egypt into Spain. It is a pity that the ingenious clergyman who proved in a sermon at Weymouth that Edward is descended from King David as well as from the cousin of the Virgin did not introduce this stone as foundation for some equally valuable conclusion, but possibly he had not heard from Mr. de Subainville.

They are tearing down Newgate jail, but the Newgate Calendar is imperishable; it will serve for centuries to come as a stimulus to nobly ambitious youth and a solace of querulous old age.

Mr. Frederick Bilhoefer of New York told the judge that he had not given his wife any cause for separation, but that he could not stand the constant singing of the chambermaid or the powerful headcheese which his father-in-law insisted on keeping in the refrigerator. There was a time when all handicraftsmen sang at their task; when milkmaids, carriers, and even beggars indulged themselves in light-hearted song. The world was younger then; it was less nervous, and irritable. Would Mr. Bilhoefer prefer a sour and sullen chambermaid?

Let us not argue that he is himself of a morose or vindictive nature because he does not enjoy song. Let no one quote the famous passage of Shakespeare. For Richard III. was extremely partial to music, and he interested most arbitrarily singing men and children, even from cathedrals, colleges, chapels, houses of religion, to furnish him amusement. Saul, a ruler who was often in doleful dumps, was notoriously fond of music. We like to think of this chambermaid, blithe, fresh, going about the rooms, singing some ballad of her native land. "The lass that made the bed for me," or, perhaps, some rag-time ditty. The headcheese is a more serious matter, more serious than a head-voice, especially as the nose had no escape from it in the farthest nook and corner.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, the dramatic poet, was witness against a burglar, who cross-examined him on the question of identity. Mr. Phillips stated in the course of examination that he "always wrote by a dim light." This is strengthening news to admirers of the dramatist. Your true poet always writes by a guttering candle, a candle that swales, a tallow-dip, a wretched rush-light, a fish-tail and flaring burner. If it should appear that Mr. Phillips seeks a cold garret and exchanges his coat and waistcoat for a ragged blanket or a greasy bedquilt, there could be no dispute concerning his proud poetical pre-eminence.

The Era (London) mentions the proposal to place a tablet on the house, No. 6 Frith Street, Soho, in which Hazlitt died. The house is now a French boarding house. "At Winterslow Hut, where he lived for so long, the essayist, it seems, is without honor. We learn that the Hut, which is really the Pheasant Inn, standing on the old coaching road across Salisbury Plain, is in a somewhat ruinous condition. Hazlitt's room, however, can be readily surmised. As late as 1895 the old signboard was in an outhouse, and not a soul at Winterslow had heard of the man to whom the village owes its fame."

This reminds us that some one contributed to the New York Times Saturday Review of *July 19* a critical notice of *Augustin* Birrell's "William Hazlitt." The reviewer considers Mr. Birrell's writing better than that of Hazlitt, "better for our day and generation; it is more simple and sincere." But has the reviewer read essays by Hazlitt except in quotations made by Mr. Birrell? "More simple and sincere"! If ever there was a man sincere to his own injury, fearlessly and imprudently honest, that man was William Hazlitt. Or what essayist is more simple and direct in statement and conclusion or in digression? It is a pity that Robert L. Stevenson did not live to write the life of Hazlitt, a task that he looked forward to with longing; but that charming essayist recorded more than once his enthusiastic admiration of his great predecessor. Stevenson appreciated even the dark corners of Hazlitt's fantastical genius; and he would have treated the intensely human episode which inspired the "Liber Amoris" with loving care as well as physiological and psychological interest. Fortunately Mr. W. E. Henley, by his preface to the new complete edition, has done for Hazlitt what he did for Burns and what, in spite of the yelping of fetishists, he did for Stevenson himself. Well did Hazlitt exclaim in his article on the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery: "Oh, thou then, whoever thou art, that dost seek happiness in thyself, independent of others, not subject to caprice, not mocked by insult, not snatched away by ruthless hands, over which Time has no power, and that Death alone cancels, seek it (if thou art wise) in books, in pictures, and the face of nature, for these alone we may count upon as friends for life! While we are true to ourselves, they will not be faithless to us. While we remember anything, we cannot forget them. As long as we have a wish for pleasure, we may find it here; for it depends only on our love for them, and not on theirs for us." A man thus fortified can look forward intrepidly to reviewers and even biographers.

Talk of the Day.

NOCTURNES.

He will never sleep any more as he did in the cot in his mother's bedroom.

The court would be quiet were it not for the rain. It is late, and even the cougher in the opposite flat has at last found rest. There is a splash, splash of rain drops, and now and then half-melted ice crackles and falls. The insomnious one listens uneasily. There was a time when the sound of rain on shingles lulled him, drugged him to refreshing, dreamless sleep. Now the rain drops excite him. They drop so far. The apartment house has four stories, but there are two basements, and the bottom of the court is level with the furnace floor. The man reckons the time of the ice falling from gutter to ground. He would fall quicker. The splash would be louder and it might leave a brilliant color effect on the scanty and dirty snow. Would he fall gracefully, as one devitalized? Or would there be time for him to make curious motions in the air? There would be no one to see him, to remember the sight, to describe it at breakfast, and then at the office, and later at the club. Would he repent him of his courage, when it was too late? Would he suddenly see long-forgotten faces?

The drops coax him from bed. Why should he leave it? He is warm and he would be at peace if he could only sleep. It seems as though arms were about him to bear him to the window. Some one at the bottom of the court is working a spell. Why should anyone wish him evil? He has wronged no one. Yet he knows that something strange is tempting his sudden exit from the chamber. He stiffens himself in the bed. He will not be dragged from it. The rain drops are still calling gently. "See how easy it is. See how quietly we go to our friends. You hear no shriek. If you were down below you would see nothing unpleasant. You cannot sleep in bed." He stops his ears. And then he is on the roof of a sky-piercing building; he is again high up in the spire of the Antwerp Cathedral; he sits with Quasimodo on a tower of Notre-Dame. But he is in his own room, he is in no danger of falling. The rain drops still murmur temptation; and now they are as the caressing voice of a woman whom he has not seen for years. Is it possible that she still longs for him?

* * *

He sits at a table in a cheap eating-house where pie is served and cakes flapped far into the night. His coat is spotted with grease and covered with cigarette ashes. His eyes are without light, his cheeks are pasty, there are strings of flesh below and on each side of his chin. He is talking to the new-comer at the newspaper office, the young countryman whose dream is to be associated with literary men.

"My best work was done nine years ago. Then I had ambition, illusions, delusions. I was anxious about style. I shuddered at a split infinitive. I tried to catch the subtle charm of Walter Pater even when I penned the lightest paragraph. I read greedily in street-car, at public meetings, wherever and whenever I had opportunity. Some of my articles excited attention. When a local cynic accused me of being a decadent, I was highly complimented; when he said that I was unintelligible, I knew that I was on the right road. I would in those days write a column for the sake of introducing a strange or obsolete word, for I regarded that word as the only one, the inevitable one. I should like to show you some of the pieces I wrote nine years ago: 'The Paradox of Pisander,' a study of the abnormally cruel; 'The Ending of Lucy

Jones,' a grim and realistic sketch without an adjective. I once wrote a Prose-Poem without a verb, and I was a month in writing 250 words. A publisher told me that he would be glad to collect these sketches; but I knew that they were not for the public, and there they are in my scrap-book, the receiving-tomb of my hopes and aspirations. Ah, I wrote well eight or nine years ago!

"Now I write simply to keep my chair in the office. To support myself, I do outside work. I am willing to dash off a sermon, a biographical sketch of a prominent merchant, the eulogy of a patent-medicine with affidavits of joy and gratitude. The more money I make, the more slovenly is my style. I have abused my memory; I loathe the sight of a book; I laugh when I hear about the successes of literary men. But don't let me discourage you from writing a masterpiece. Write it, and then look at it nine years from now."

And he drained the stale beer in the glass, nor did he notice the cigarette ashes that floated on the top.

* * *

The doctor told him that his wife could not live long. She might last a month, perhaps till summer. She would not suffer much, nor would her last days be unpleasant to the household, for her disease was not disagreeable to eye or nose.

In the night watches he tried to accustom himself to the thought of the funeral. He was emotional and he was fond of his wife. At the same time he was shy and he did not wish to be spectacular on a solemn occasion. Perhaps it would be better for him to stay in the dining-room or the kitchen during the service. Then he would not be seen in tears; he would not be tempted to hysterical laughter by some slip of the clergyman.

What should he do after she had left him? The flat was comfortable and he did not wish to move. Perhaps he might persuade a bachelor friend to keep house with him. They might be robbed by the housekeeper or the combined tradesmen, and did he know anyone who could bear the test of intimacy? Ferguson was a good fellow, but he was distinctly gregarious, and would insist on troops of friends. Tupperman was fussy about his eating. Switcher was a lusher.

He might marry again, for he was not over forty years, and he had reason to believe that women were not indifferent to him, especially when he exerted himself to be agreeable. Whom should he marry? Bessie was growing fat; Jenny was careless about her dress; Louise was dictatorial; Kate was given to gush; Helen was eaten up with social ambition—he went through the list.

He might visit the town of his youth. May had never married, and she used to be pretty, sweet; desirable. She was about his age. Perhaps her hair was now thin, her face blotched; perhaps her curves were now lines of a stuffed bag.

He left his bed and crept to the door of his wife's chamber. She was breathing quietly and regularly. Perhaps the doctor was mistaken. Only a fortnight ago one of the patients at the hospital died. The doctor had treated him for typhoid fever; but at the autopsy they found the cause was abscess of the liver.

But such is our Folly, that we accustom ourselves rather to live for other Mens rather than our own; and our Dispositions are so prone to Upbraidings, and be tainted with Envy that the Grief we conceive at others Prosperity lessens the Joy we ought to take in our own. But to cure thee of this extravagant Emulation, look not upon the Outside of these applauded Men, which is so guy and brilliant, but draw the gawdy Curtain, and carry thy Eyes inward, and thou shalt find most gnawing Disquiets to be dissembled under these false Appearances. The renounced Pittacus, who got him so great a Name for his Fortitude, Wisdom and Justice, when he was entertaining his Friends at a noble Banquet, his Spouse in an angry Humor came and overturned the Table; his Guest being extreamly disordered at it, he told them, Every one of you hath his particular Plague, and my Wife is mine, and he is very happy who hath this only.

One of the easiest positions ever held by a man in the history of the race was that of tooth drawer to King Pyrrhus, who had only two teeth in his head.

The widow Cosima Wagner does not intend to produce opera at Bayreuth in 1903. Because Ernst von Possart proposes to hold a Wagner festival at Munich in the summer of 1903, she has brought suit against him. Cosima reminds us of the man who, after he had eaten a large piece, spat on the rest of the pie that he might be sure of it for his next meal.

"Mr. Lee Shubert has bought for the Casino, New York, the American rights in a comic-opera by Audran, 'L'Enlèvement de la Toledad.'" Let not the stranger in New York be deceived. The operetta is no sparkling novelty; it was produced in Paris in 1894; and there is one good tune in it.

The newspapers are flooded just now with reports of plays, actors, singers and performers on all manner of musical instruments to be imported for an American holiday. A Parisian says that the small output of celebrated playwrights during the past two or three years is due to the fact that they are tired of "this conversion of the Paris stage into an Anglo-American mart; and they declare that however successful their play before a Parisian audience, they are put aside if no bid is made by an Englishman or an American."

Why does not some American manager of truly artistic enterprise bring over La Goulue and, incidentally, her husband? We gave an account some months ago of the marriage ceremony and scenes in which the once famous and athletic dancer took the leading part. The life of the couple since the law smiled upon them has been checkered but never dull. Only the other day there was animated conversation over money matters. The husband's final argument was a chair thrown deftly at the joy of his life and liver. She did not accept it as conclusive; she drew a syllogistic revolver and put three bullets into him. Mr. La Goulue does not mind one bullet; he has accustomed himself to it; three seemed to him an excess of spousal attention; nevertheless, he showed a fine, chivalric spirit and refused to prosecute. That night the business—as Herr Stengel-Sembrich says whenever Marcella is on the stage—was "enorm." For while La Goulue thumped frantically the drum and barked the attractions, Mr. La Goulue sat, with his bandages and a resigned expression, in the sight of the people.

The lawyer for the defendant in a divorce suit says that both plaintiff and defendant are "fine people and it is unfortunate that anything of the sort should occur." A purist might reasonably object to this use of the word "people," and it might also be said that any divorce suit is unfortunate. In the present instance the defendant is reckoned by some as one of America's most prominent citizens; for, not content with the introduction of "squash tennis" at Newport, he boldly started the "hatless fad" at the same watering-place, where he was "almost never seen with any description of head covering," plug, Panama, Derby, Alpine, Tyrol, dinky, Scotch, automobile, or any other brand of cap or hat. It does not seem possible that a woman would be willing to separate herself from such a dauntless pioneer, whose statue will ultimately be one of the most striking features in the Newport Walhalla.

But does this lawyer really think that divorces are rare among "fine people"? For centuries divorce was a prerogative of the "best" and the "smartest." There is a passage in Strype's "Ecclesiastical Memorials" that refers to the reign of Edward VI., and it is singularly appropriate to the time in which we live:

"The nation now became scandalous also for the frequency of divorces, especially among the richer sort. Men would be divorced from their wives with whom they had lived many years, and by whom they had children, that they might satisfy their lusts with other women, whom they began to like better than their own present wives. That which gave occasion also to these divorces was the covetousness of the nobility and gentry, who used often to marry their children when they were young boys and girls, that they might join land to land, possession to possession; neither learning, nor virtuous education, nor suitableness of tempers and dispositions regarded."

In France we find Saint-Evremont writing of fashionable life in Paris: "Marriages, which were formerly for life, are now only for a season, and voluntary divorce is easily found in the finest families. After the divorce, the husband lives quietly in the country and the wife enjoys herself at Paris."

Not long ago in London, some woman who writes for newspapers, some "lady journalist," quoted the case of "a bachelor with sufficient income to prevent him from being selfish." "I asked him why he did not get married, and he replied that it is almost impossible for a young man in America to marry, if he is desirous of marrying into the set to which he belongs, unless he be a millionaire. Quite young girls have dress allowances which run into four figures of English money—that is to say, pounds. And they have no conception of the value of money. Consequently a young man who has about £3000 a year feels out of it." Then the "lady journalist" makes these dismal remarks: "Some day a new form of Socialism is bound to arise in America, and then there may be a very unpleasant awakening for the Trust multi-millionaire and their daintily-dressed wives and daughters. And perhaps this is why those who are far-seeing are gradually buying up the stately homes of England."

A young man with an independent fortune of only $15,000 a year is indeed to be pitied for his enforced celibacy. Mr. Carnegie should forget his library buildings and provide these unfortunates with an irresistible dot.

Professor Marshall states that the degradation of the working classes varies almost uniformly with the amount of rough work done by women.

My comparison between the manners of boys on the Worcester and of boys at public schools has brought me the following anecdote from an esteemed correspondent. A lady staying at Oxford for "commemoration" arrived late at a college concert, and failing to obtain a seat, besought the aid of the stewards, one of whom had been educated at Eton, one at Winchester, and one at Rugby. The Etonian made a thousand apologies, was immensely distressed by the contretemps, had never dreamed that the room would be so full, was sure that if only the lady would wait a minute a vacant place would be found, and so on and so forth. The Wykehamist said never a word, but went out and got a chair, and the Rugbeian sat down on the chair when the Wykehamist brought it.—Manchester Guardian.

Talk of the Day.

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wind's song, and the wheel's kick, and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied.
And all I ask is a high wind and white clouds flying
And green seas and blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the spindrift and the whale's spout and wind like a whetted knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream, when the long trick's over.

The "bar privilege" in Chicago, in anticipation of Prince Henry's visit, has been sold for $1000. It is to be hoped that the privilege will be extended free of charge to the Prince, who appears to be a descendant of old King Cole, and never so happy as when he is busied in the social operation known as hitting the bowl.

The box-holders of the Metropolitan Opera House had good cause to feel that the Prince was one of them last Tuesday night, for we are told that he spoke frequently to his neighbors during the performance of the third act of "Tannhaeuser."

The New York Evening Post thinks that Mr. Grau should give the profit of $10,000 made on Tuesday night to some charitable society. He might, at least, go halves with the Prince, who, after all, was the chief attraction.

Boston, Feb. 27, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Whatever else we do, Boston will not confer upon Prince Henry the freedom of the city, as did New York. The reason is obvious. Our Mayor knows law, and Mayor Low of New York excels in everything but jurisprudence. What is the freedom of a city? In our American language we call it suffrage. Plainly, the city of Boston cannot confer the rights of a voter upon Prince Henry, much less can it enable him to be elected Mayor or Alderman. In old times, every English city conferred its freedom upon anybody it thought fit to be a voter or to be voted for. Under crown-made law this right was gradually reduced, although English cities may still confer honorary freedom. Boston admitted to freedom from 1630 to 1776, and might have conferred honorary freedom. A trace of this right remained until we became a city in 1822, when the General Court undertook to regulate us in all these things. The result is that we cannot confer municipal suffrage, much less honorary freedom. In law, we cannot do anything whatever until the General Court enables us. The General Court has not enabled us to bestow freedom, and never will, unless human nature in Middlesex and Nantucket should change. In London honorary freedom means something; in New York it means nothing; in Boston it would be a violation of law to confer it, and the Mayor is too good a lawyer to be caught in that trap. Boston is not given to flapdoodle.

* * *

Some lawyers are past redemption. Persons wishing to inform themselves upon this topic, had better find out in the New English Dictionary what freedom means; then let them take up Merewether & Stephens, and let them beware of Dillon.

* * *

When a person was given the freedom of the town of Alnwick he was obliged by a clause in the charter of that place "to jump into an adjacent bog, in which sometimes he must sink to the chin." They say that this custom was imposed by King John, who traveled once that way. His horse sank in the hole, and the King thus punished the inhabitants for not keeping the road in better order. Kings have their uses. If some should insist, in spite of our correspondent's summons to alarm, on giving the freedom of Boston to a distinguished visitor—this freedom does not include any privileges on the Elevated Railway—might it not be well to duck the d. v. in the Frog Pond, to saturate him with true Bostonian principles?

We were more moved by the death and burial of Billy Emerson than we were by the arrival of the Prince. What was more characteristic than the old minstrel show before the days of "mastodons" or double end-men? Woods, Christys, Bryants, Buckleys, Morris, Pell and Trowbridge, Kelly and Leon, Carncross and Dixey, the San Francisco—these and others were pure and simple negro minstrels.

Where is now the unctuous humor of Unsworth; the dry wit of Nelse Seymour; Wambold's singing, so full of pathos; the spirit of Charley Backus?

Gone is the dancing of that day. Where can be seen the frenzy of "Nicodemus Johnson," or the grotesque steps of "Hildebrand Montrose"? Gone are the orators with umbrellas and carpet bags who gave the latest information concerning the crisis. Gone is the Watermelon Man of McAndrews. Even the banjo has fallen from its high estate and is now picked at by girls who play transcriptions of pieces by Wagner. Who knows today the song with the melancholy refrain, "She fell in love with a ham-fat man," or the once favorite ditty:

Sally come up,
Sally come down,
Sally come twist your heels around?

But where are the Venetian women of gold hair, and where are the snows of yester-year? We feel chilly and grown old."

Gabrielle d'Annunzio surely has his press agent. Englishwomen have caused the poet, novelist, playwright much annoyance, for "he has been compelled to affix to the door of his residence"—only poor or vulgar persons now live in houses—"at Boulogne the following notice: 'Gabrielle d'Annunzio, suffering from paralysis in his right hand, finds it utterly impossible to sign postcards and albums.' But even this has not seemed to damp the ardor of his admirers, for we are told that an English lady"—all English women are ladies—"on reading the notice petulantly exclaimed, 'Well, has he not got his left hand?'"

Mr. G. R. Sims says: "The fashionable inquiry in the States is: 'Are you going to London to coronate?'" By the States, we suppose Mr. Sims means the United States, with accent on the "U." We have never heard the verb thus used, which proves that we do not move in the first circles. But there is such a verb and it is at least 270 years old. It means "to crown."

A man went to the Théâtre de Belleville to see "La Fille du Garde-Chasse." He sat behind a man who insisted in keeping his hat on. The playgoer who had been prevented from full enjoyment waited on the doorsteps and shot the man with the hat, shot him dead. Perhaps the offender was buried with his hat. This story, young ladies and gentlemen, shows true devotion to art on the part of one playgoer, and fidelity to conviction on the part of the other.

Talk of the Day.

Within a while the Earth shall cover us all, and then shee her selfe shall have her change. And then the course will be, from one period of eternitie unto another, and so a perpetuall eternitie. Now can any man that shall consider with himselfe in his mind the severall rollings, or successions, of so many changes and alterations, and the swiftness of all these rollings; can he otherwise but contemne in his heart and despise all worldly things?

Mr. Richard Mansfield was never in finer form. He and Dr. C. M. Depew landed about the same time and each talked with his customary volubility and authority, but Mr. Mansfield was by far the more amusing. The eminent play-actor rubbed shoulders if not noses with the aristocracy; he has decided views on government and seems to prefer a King to the hydra-headed mob, although the latter is welcome at the box office.

Aug. 22, 1902, should be a memorable date in the history of the theatre, for on that day Mr. Mansfield said in a clear, bell-like voice: "Do you know that I almost dislike to talk about the stage just now?"

Yet the reporter succeeded in wringing from his shaggy breast the fact that he will play both Julius Caesar and Brutus in Shakespeare's drama this coming season. "It has generally been conceded that Brutus is the leading part of the play. If I played that part alone, however, the audience might say that Mr. Mansfield had very little to do in the play. So I am playing Julius Caesar as well." We remember an actor named E. L. Davenport who played Brutus in such admirable fashion that no one complained of the smallness of the part; the impersonation on account of its beauty, strength, dignity, philosophic calmness still haunts the memory; but Mr. Davenport was an actor of the old school who was not given to chatter. Would it not be anvantageous to Mr. Mansfield if he should deliver the speech of Mark Antony? To add the parts of Portia and the Ghost, even with the aid of ventriloquism, might be a too arduous task.

At the great University of Sociology there should be a course of lectures with practical illustrations on the Art of Introduction. You meet Hubberston whom you barely know and warmly dislike. He is with an unprepossessing person, but he stops you. "Johnson, shake hands with my friend Mr. McGue." Your impulse is to swat Hubberston and kick McGue; but you are a coward and you press McGue's clammy hand and make some feeble remark about the weather or the price of coal. And for the rest of your natural life you feel obliged to bow to Mr. McGue, although your wife asks you, "where did you meet that extraordinary person? I suppose he is one of your bar-room or club acquaintances." Or Hubberston, who has the mania of introducing strangers to each other, uses the disgusting formula: "Two good fellows like you ought to know each other"; or he may be guilty of saying: "This is Mr. Sniper; he's one of God's own," and you are tempted to say: "He doesn't look it," or "What a rotten makeup!" Hubberston is still more objectionable when he is descriptively verbose, when he runs on in this manner: "Mr. Sneckendorf, I want you to know Mr. Johnson; you know him by reputation, and you have seen his name in the magazine. He had an article in the last Atlantic, on 'The Poetry of Advertising,' and it's a corker, worthy of Thomas Bailey Aldrich at his best. Mr. Sneckendorf, Johnson, owns the largest milk farm in New York, and

he's your kind. Well, what shall we have? This is a large day."

Boston, Aug. 23, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

Washery? What is a washery? How we Americans like words such as hatchery, creamery, bindery, tannery! How about printery, bookery, dinery? A washery, in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, seems to be a place where they wash small sizes of coal from the culm, or from what remains after the better sizes of coal are separated from the mine output. What the mine produces goes into the breaker, it seems, and the refuse from the breaker is culm, consisting of earth, stone and particles of coal. The larger of these are saved in the washery.

The washeries are O. K., even though they are involved in the big strike. They remind one of the briquette, the fuel that keeps Paris and Berlin clean. These briquettes are coal-brick, made of culm, coal dust, peat, etc., are clean to handle, burn well, make no smoke, and are cheap. Why cannot we have briquettes? They have been in use for a hundred years and used to be known in London as patent coal. Under the Chabannes patent, coal dust was mixed with sweepings from the London streets. The French, always ingenious and averse to waste, did better, and called their fuel briquettes. We need briquettes instead of bituminous coal dust for fuel. They will keep Boston clean, will save waste, will delight everybody, and will make a fortune for the manufacturer.

Those washeries we hear of in the coal strike are near Wilkesbarre, in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. Everybody knows that Wilkesbarre was named in 1769 from Wilkes and Barre, and that it is pronounced in three syllables. They quarrel out there about the spelling. The great world writes Wilkesbarre, but the know-it-alls insist upon Wilkes-Barre. These amusing folk could consistently write Luzern County, unless they wish to remind us that the Swiss town had its name from lucerna, meaning lighthouse.

A. REES.

They know Pierpont Morgan, though, all over the Alps. His fame has penetrated the remotest valleys and ascended the highest mountains. The other day, in an inn on a mountain pass, I fell into conversation with a local farmer.

He took me for a Yankee for presently he said, "From what part of America do you come, sir?" To which I replied "From that part of America which is known as England." Then he smiled, and drawing a card from his pocket presented it to me. On the card was printed, "Permit the bearer to walk about the Earth.—By order, Pierpont Morgan."—G. R. Simms in the Referee.

Here is a pleasant glimpse at the condition of the drama in London. "'Liza Johnson wears such loud dresses you can't hear the 'busses go by,' is spoken by the seedy masher so finely portrayed by Fred Fyne in the popular song-play."

A Frenchman asserts that golf is the oldest of French games—le jeu de mall—which was popular before the Norman conquest, and that the Scotch have no just claim to the invention of it. He admits that the game has been somewhat changed, but asks any Englishman or Scot when he is in the Mall to witness a village contest and then with hand on heart still stand up for Scotland. Football and shooting arrows at butts were the chief diversion of Scottish gentlemen in the open air before golf supplanted football; and one brave Scot derives the name of the game from golf, Isl. pavimentum—"because it is played in the level fields, or orginally played in paved areas." We shall soon be told that haggis was invented at Tours, oatmeal at Marseilles, and glenlivit at Rheims.

Talk of the Day.

This, likewise, greatly obstructs the Tranquility of the Mind, that our Desires are immoderate, and not suited to our Abilities of Attainment, which, like sails beyond the proportion of the Vessel, help only to overset it; so that being blown up with extravagant expectations, if ill success frustrates our Attempts, we presently curse our Stars, and accuse Fortune, when we ought rather to lay the blame upon our enterprising Folly. For we do not reckon him unfortunate who will shoot with a Plowshare and let slip an Ox at a Hare; nor is he born under an lucky influence, who cann't catch a Buck with a Sling or Drag-Net; for it was the weakness and perverseness of his Mind which enflam'd him on to impossible Things.

The ink microbe has been discovered in Germany, and it is said to be most dangerous. Rats and guinea pigs die immediately after the microbic ink is injected into them. This will encourage the practice of cleaning pens by wiping them on a trouser-leg instead of on the tongue. We do not believe that the news of the discovery will lessen the output of historical, "By Gosh," and other strictly commercial novels, but perhaps we are unduly sceptical.

Mr. Bulger, at the Porphyry, found fault with a dinner which Johnson gave to a few friends at his summer cottage. Mr. Bulger said: "You'll never catch me spending Sunday in the wilds again. Johnson apologized for the dinner, but what is an apology to an empty or tantalized stomach? The clams were good, and why not? There they were in East Bay just in front of his house; the soup would do; but the fish was off, and the only substantial thing that would pass was the broiled chicken. The corn was small; there was an attempt at a salad, tomato skins were stuffed with chopped green apples; the ice cream was watery—no wonder Johnson apologized." They all agreed with Mr. Bulger and they told in turn amusing stories of privations endured at the cottages of friends, and as soon as Bulger had left the room they looked at each other and were unanimous in the opinion that Bulger was a cad.

The Earnest Student of Sociology was not of the group; but he could not help hearing the cocktail underlined talk, and he was moved to tell of a club formed late in the 18th century at Paris and named the "Jury dégustateur." The members were bound by certain by-laws, and one of them, formulated by Mr. Aze, was this: It was forbidden to curse the man who gave the dinner, and this time of truce was in proportion to the importance of the feast. If the meal was only ordinary, the bitterest tongue was compelled to silence for a week. The most sumptuous repast brought with it immunity for six months. "It was always in the power of the host to extend the truce by another invitation; and all will admit that this is no. the least agreeable method of keeping oneself clear from malignant tongues."

The self-expatriated Mr. W. W. Astor will soon have congenial company. Major Alexander Henry Davis, late of Syracuse, N. Y., is now a sworn subject of Edward VII., and Mr. J. J. Van Alen is said to be taking steps for the renunciation of his American citizenship. Major Davis is a pompous person who made his money in American street railways. Nevertheless, the smell of it has always been to him as a sweet savor. He had political hopes, and he so far unbent himself as to run for public office; but for some reason or other he was not appreciated by the necessary majority or plurality of his fellow-citizens. He has worn a monocle for many years, and therefore he carries it today with comparative grace and ease. Furthermore, he has practised the speech of an Englishman until he gives a pretty imitation of it. Syracuse on the whole can spare him. But what will Newport do without Mr. J. J. Van Alen? This melo-dramatically stern par-i-cnt declares that England is "the only fit place for a gentleman to live in." But this only endears him to Newport. There is Mr. Harry Lehr, with his friend Jocko; but he is only an ordinary jester. Mr. Van Alen is alone, far removed, of heroic proportions, wildly amusing when most stately and tragic. We like to think of another chamber at Madame Tussaud's, the chamber of expatriated Americans. It should contain a bust, at least, if not a full length statue of Mr. Henry James.

How dim the prophetic vision of the ancients! Sixty years ago one Thomas De Quincey wrote: "But our secret opinion is that in all countries alike the only absolute safeguard against highway robbery is—a railway; for then the tables are turned; not he who is stopped incurs the risk, but he who stops; we question whether Samson himself could have pulled up his namesake on the Liverpool Railway." How faintly he foresaw the splendor of American civilization, with its glorious incidents of a hold-up, engine disconnected, express messenger bound and gagged, or shot, passengers pressing watches, purses, jewelry upon masked and attentive intruders.

There is dispute concerning the origin and the meaning of "shank of the evening." One asserts that it marks the high-tide of enjoyment; another that it refers to the early part of the night. There is an old story that may be used in illustration. A stranger was going by a tavern long after midnight when he heard yells and sounds as of stamping horses and shrieks of a drunken fiddle. He opened the door, the scene was one of indescribable revelry. The landlord came forward and invited him to join in. "But isn't it a little late?" "Stranger, it's a little late for night before last, but for tonight it's just the shank of the evening."

And see how doctors disagree. J. Ellett Brogden, the compiler of "Provincial Words and Expressions Current in Lincolnshire," defines the phrase as "the latter part of the evening, approaching the 'wee small hours'"; while in Northamptonshire "shank of the day" means toward evening, and in more than one English county "shank" means dusk or twilight.

The correspondent at Oporto of the London Times says that the Portuguese have just discovered that they have been living on bread adulterated with ground rice husks, china clay, sawdust, etc.; and that the public is "rather amused than indignant." This reminds us of the old sea captain's description of the Portuguese: "A frivolous people, easily amused." Yet they are frivolous only in their own country. On Cape Cod they are most frugal and industrious.

A man has passed out for the present who, if he had only tempered force with reason, might have solved the matinee hat question and died President of a Playgoers' Reform Club. His name is Henri Coupry, and his domicile was up till recently in Belleville. The local theatre announced "Les Etrangleurs de Paris," and he paid five sous for a place in the amphitheatre. For three long hours he feasted in one procession of crime on crime.

He took a technical interest in every detail, which experience with the police entitled him to do. His heart was set on the final act in the Assize Courts, where the most gory scene was laid, but at the psychological moment the man in front of him stood up, and all was a blank. They settled the difference outside, and the other was taken away to the Morgue. Coupry, when he found himself in possession of an entire Assize Court, argued that his action was justified. He emphasized the five sous, which were utterly lost. He wanted to draw the Judges into a discussion as to what action they would take if their evening was ruined by obstacles between themselves and the stage. He did not deny that he might have used a shorter-bladed knife; but he was an enthusiastic playgoer, and his blood was hot in his veins. He startled the robes rouges by winsomely suggesting that in his place they would have acted as he had done. For twenty long years theatres will not come in his way.—The Referee.

Talk of the Day.

Strange things greet the eye as you walk through the streets. There is a sign that reads "Fifty-cent police and firemen's braces." Rating policemen and firemen on a monetary basis is certainly new. Submitting doubtless to the criticisms of the rhetoricians, one eating-house keeper has had his "Ladies' and Gents'" sign taken in. It is a question whether his new sign, "Women's and Gents'," will be approved.

Today the workman has our streets. "Labor omnia vincit." Sometimes labor conquers the laborer. Unquestionably it is the perennial Jacob's ladder, leading, if not to heaven, at least to the skies. But is this material success of ours always truly profitable? We have in mind a very rich man. Less than 25 years ago he was next-door to the poor-house. Now he has both fame and money, but little else. He has sacrificed home-life. His wife lives with her books, her servants, her dog. He has a few friends, a hundred parasites. He must know that success enslaves and mocks him. It's a twice-told tale.

I.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

Awake! awake!
The spring is for your sake.
The little leaves are pale and frail,
The cowslips scattered through the vale,
The primroses in coverts green.
The twisted hornbeams lank and lean,
The hyacinths' broad clouds of blue
For you, for you.
This is Love's season. Lovers, wake!
The Spring night calls: "Wake, for Love's sake!"

You may be interested in a description of the city in which the allies are doing stunts. "The city of Pekin is divided into two parts—namely, Neitching, the Northern, or Tartar City, and Wai-tching, the Southern, or Chinese City. Each of these cities is surrounded by a wall. That encompassing the Tartar City—which contains an area of 14 square miles—is a splendid wall, 50 feet high, 48 feet broad at the base and 37 feet at the top, and is kept in good repair. The corners of the walls are flanked with towers of massive masonry. The wall of the city is pierced by nine gates. These walls are said to have been built by Hungwu and his son Yungloh in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The Tartar City within the walls is intersected by rectangular streets, which were laid out by the Great Khan. The principal streets which are nearly 200 feet wide, consist of lines of shops painted red, blue and green, and are incessantly thronged with wayfarers. The most important public offices, including the six supreme tribunals, the European Ministers' residences, etc., are in this part of the city. In the centre of the Tartar City is the Imperial City, which is also surrounded by a wall about six miles in circumference. This wall is 20 feet high and is pierced with gates. The residences of the Princes, barracks for troops, Government offices and temples are situated within this precinct. Here the Pekin Gazette is published. The innermost inclosure of all, called the 'Canaction Forbidden City,' contains the Emperor's palace, the Imperial library, the Hall of Portraits of the Chinese Emperors and Empresses, temples, parks etc. It is encircled by a yellow wall some two miles in length, which is surrounded by a moat. The Chinese City is some four miles long by about two broad. The wall surrounding it is pierced by seven gates. Here is situated the Temple of Heaven, the principal hall of which is adorned with sky-blue columns covered with gold, and is one of the finest in the Empire. Here the Emperor proceeds once a year, at the winter solstice, to offer sacrifice. This part of Pekin was originally a suburb, and was encircled with a wall in the sixteenth century. The moat round the city is fed from the Tunghusu River. Naking was once the seat of government of the Ming dynasty. The Emperor Yungloh, however, made Pekin the capital in 1411, and it has retained that position ever since. The population is estimated at two millions of persons. The northeast gate of Pekin commands the city, and it was by this gate that the allied troops entered Pekin in 1860."

II.—THE OWL.

Sleep, sleep, oh sleep!
For sleep is dear and deep.
There is no sorrow in the night,
No shadow of foregone delight.
There are no restless, longing dreams,
No vain regrets, no vainer schemes.
But white sleep calls, through dusk and dew,
For you, for you.
This is Death's season. Lovers, sleep!
The Spring night sighs, "Why wake to weep?"

A theatre in Pekin is a curiosity. This is what one critic writes: "The stage is but a raised platform without curtains, wings or any attempt at scenery. The audience is decidedly a popular one: it is engaged in smoking, tea-drinking and cracking nuts. There is not a woman to be seen, the Chinese impresario having thought fit to advise the public that the piece set down for presentation was of a nature more than usually realistic. But women are seldom seen in any theatre in China. The female characters are always played by men, and with a vigor hard to beat. The piece set down on this occasion was an historical drama, preceded by a short farce. The heroine of the play was a personality celebrated in the Pekin annals of gallantry—the courtesan, Yen-Possi; the plot was that of the good but poor young lover, the giddy girl, and the rich old villain. The good but poor young lover was a soldier, of course, ruined by the rich old villain; he came on with his sword and did some wonderful passes with it. The rich old villain was got up as a mandarin, and his confederate in his plots and machinations was a disreputable-looking old bonze (priest). Chinese playwrights and theatrical managers are rather given to holding up to ridicule the members of the mandarin and bonze brotherhoods. The good but poor lover surprises the villain, he slits the throat of the faithless girl, kicks the bonze off the platform, and cuts off the head of the corpulent mandarin. The scenery is a mixture of conventionalism pushed to its extreme and that of atrocious realism. An actor jumps on a footstool; we are to infer that he is on his way through the mountains; another comes in with a flag on which is painted a wheel; he is in a carriage. When the soldier has passed his sabre across the throat of the corpulent mandarin, the victim gets up, bows, and slides off, murmuring that he is dead. But when he stabs the faithless girl, one sees, as it were, a horrible open wound in her breast, and as she turns over to expire blood gushes out of her mouth. The performance concluded with a short piece, to which decency would forbid publication even in Latin, and compared with which the most lively inventions of Aristophanes are pure as the driven snow."

The Shah of Persia attracted others besides Anarchists when he was in Paris lately—others quite as dangerous. For instance, the Omar Khayyam Club of London invited him to dinner. "Omar Khayyam? Omar Khayyam?" remarked the old rake. "Who is he?" Which reminds us of the suggestion that the historian of the Omar cult should have a sardonic turn.

Talk of the Day.

Now that we are a power as a nation in the isles of the South and the far East we should welcome Southern and Eastern customs, or there should be at least a certain reciprocity in manners. One of the choicest blessings of the East is the practice known as running amuck, and although it was introduced by a steamship fireman here in Richmond Street Wednesday night, who is necessarily an amateur, for he is not a Malay, the effort must be considered by all fair-minded persons as praiseworthy. If the fastidious might object to a certain absence of true local color, yet they must grant the spirit of the deed, the consequent sensation, and a splash of scarlet in the prevailing drab of daily life in Boston.

Some may spell the Malayan word "amock" or "amok," but we prefer "amuck," the form that is familiar and at the same time forcible. Mr. Charles Payson Gurley Scott informs us that the corresponding word in Malagasi, "hamu," means "drunk"; "a recognition of the fact which it took to Solomon to discover: 'Luxuriosa res, vinum, et tumultuosa ebrietas'; 'wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging'; or, as in the revised version, 'strong drink is a brawler.' One who runs amuck is all these. The Malay version is mild. Amok is reserved for stronger occasions." As old Purchas has it: "There are also certain people called 'Amouchi,' otherwise 'Chiavi,' which, going forth, kill every man they meete with, till some body by killing them make an end of their killing." Macassar is famous for these exhibitions of passion.

The practice is useful in many ways. It sobers the runner, the "amuco," and provokes perspiration: it keeps the street clear and loungers a-moving; it engenders alertness and is a check to over-population. Furthermore, this desperate spirit of amuck may be utilized as "a social hint." Mr. Forbes suggests in "A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago"—he is speaking of the master of ceremonies at a dance in Sumatra: "His office is both a delicate and a difficult one. He must himself be of good position in the community, and be more or less a general favorite, for the parents or the relatives of the higher ranked of the dancers, feeling themselves insulted, have suddenly revenged themselves by amuck—that mode of retribution which is to them the swiftest and most gratifying."

And who has not felt this spirit come over him at some solemn meeting, at a lecture, at a symphony concert devoted to the works of Johannes Brahms? The desire to awaken the smugly respectable from well-bred lethargy, from omphalic contemplation, is almost irresistible. It is not necessary to fire the mind with rum or opium, the thought of upsetting the conventional, of making certain persons sit up and think, of exciting the pompous to grotesque fear and flight is a sufficient stimulant. If we were younger we should like to burst from the apartment clad in a bath robe or a night shirt, belted tightly about the waist, barefooted, with a stove-pipe hat of an old vintage—to add horror to the scene, and then, armed with a carving-knife and shrieking terribly, we should like to run the length of some approved street, say Marlborough, here and there sticking a victim, but not wholly at random. Alas, such deeds are for the young. We now must suffer in silence or dream of the impossible.

"The Flight of the Duchess" for lyric sweep and swing does not approach the dithyrambic charm of "The Return of the Duchess" as sung by New York reporters. "The joy of the nurse was touching." Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she threw kisses and flowers at the steamer. Mr. Barnum's celebrated nurse of General Washington

did not show such emotion when the General died. On the steamer the conduct of the Duchess was irreproachable. To this Mrs. C. D. Gibson bears testimony. The Duchess is "charming and perfectly unchanged. She is as simple and unaffected as a child, mingling freely with all those on board that she knew." And yet the Duchess drew the line, although she wore "white kid gloves and no jewelry." Although she played bridge whist, she refused to meet two young men who held four aces four times in five rubbers, and she was distinctly distant toward a breezy and emancipated young woman in league with them, who "whistled when she dressed, smoked cigarettes in bed, and kept her pocketbook in her stocking." If her stateroom companion, a surprised young lady from Pittsburg, be worthy of confidence. How the Duchess kissed and was kissed by her old friends in the sight of the public; how young Harold Vanderbilt, "a precocious youth," pertly addressed his sister; the precise nature of her clothing; all this is chanted in Pindaric strains.

Lady Raglan wore her coronation robes and coronet on August 20 and was shown for six cents a head for the benefit of a hospital. Why should not the Duchess of Marlborough sit on exhibition for some New York charity, price of admission one dollar or gold bone? Women would go from Cohoes, N. Y., Berlin, N. H., from the South and from the West, from Dallas and from Los Angeles to see a living American Duchess. Nor would the exposure be more public and trying than it has been already to a shy and sensitive person who is in constant dread of photographers.

Tell me, pretty maiden,
Are there any more at home like you?
There are a few, kind sir,
But simple girls, and proper, too.
Then tell me pretty maiden,
What these very simple girlies do.
Kind, sir, their manners are perfection.

These lines rushed into the memory when we read that a man of Providence, R. I., got out a warrant for Dessa Gibson, or Stevens, of the Florodora Sextet, "on the charge of larceny of three diamond rings."

We have received the following letter:

Lawrence, Mass., Aug. 19, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Can you give me any information in regard to the Parmelee Library? About seven weeks ago one of its messengers informed the people who were subscribers in this city that the Library would not send out any books for one or two weeks, while some changes would be made in the management. Since that time nothing has been heard from them, and letters of inquiry addressed to the headquarters of the Library in Boston (14 Beacon Street) are of no avail. Any information which you can furnish in regard to the matter will be gratefully received by a number of subscribers in Lawrence, among whom is

A JOURNAL READER.

Far back beyond Aden there was once an Arab ruler who had a Vizier known to the world at large as Rabd-al-Houssi. A British envoy once bore credentials to this Vizier, and among them was a bottle of whisky. The interview was long and pleasant, and toward the shank of the evening Rabd-al-Houssi became Rab Dalhousie.

I am come lately through the dripping woods
All my hair is wet with falling rain.
But I am glad of rain: I was born in the West--
Would I might know the salt sea mists again.

I am come lately through the darkling woods
And scarce could see the boughs before my face.
I am glad of darkness: I was born in the night,
And in the dark the bravest dreams have place.

I am come lately through the desolate woods:
There was no voice gave answer to my call.
I am glad of silence: when that I was born
My mother, dying, spoke no word at all.

I will go back into the silent woods,
They are quick with dreams and wet with falling rain.
My heart is glad of rain: I was born in the West--
Would I might know the salt sea mists again.

Mr. Thomas Walters, a delivery clerk in a furniture store, married and the father of two children, has been getting $9 a week in Findlay, Ohio. He now learns that he is heir to the greater part of $6,000,000, left by a great-uncle in San Francisco.

Suppose that he comes into possession of a large part of the estate. Will he be any better off? Will he be happier? He is now a man of routine; his days are planned for him; he is not compelled to say "What shall I do next Wednesday?" he has no anxious thoughts concerning investments; he is not besieged by beggars of all kinds and degree, from college Presidents to the men that want the price of a railway fare to Columbus or Cincinnati. His sleep is sound; his digestion is unimpaired; his children are to him more than books or plays or yachts. He delivers furniture with care, accuracy, and with a certain grace.

Suppose that he comes into possession of $2,500,000. Will he not miss the routine life at Findlay? There was once a tallow chandler who made a fortune and retired to the country. After a few months of holiday life he asked his successor if he would not let him come into town and help him on melting days. And did not the rich butcher soon after he had left off business send word to his old customers that he proposed to kill a lamb once a week, "just for amusement"? Mr. Walters, if he should leave the shop, would soon hurt his jaws with yawning, nor would his wife like it if he should divert himself by moving the house furniture from one room to another and back again. Let Mr. Walters take the estate and invest it so that his wife and children will surely be provided for; but let him not commit the fatal error of leaving the shop or of buying it.

The Revue Bleue publishes an article entitled "L'Antigaffe" by Emile Faguet. The article is in effect a short treatise on etiquette, concerning which we are all eagerly interested. He tells us that we should never say "M. le Comte" or "M. le Baron" in conversation, but the terms should be used in addressing envelopes, "which, as they are intended for the information of intermediaries, should give the addressee all the rank he is entitled to." "M. le Duc" is a sort of "Monseigneur" and should be always used. It is a quasi-royal title on the European Continent and ranks above that of Prince.

Few of us are in correspondence with Jukes or even Princes, but Mr. Faguet has information of every day use. Should you bow to a lady whom you meet in the street? No, not unless she gives you some sort of indication that she is willing to be recognized. Nor should you jog her attention by a lively "Ah, there!" or by humming "Just tell them that you saw me." What should you take into the room with you at an afternoon call? "Formerly," he says, "you were supposed to take both hat and stick, but now callers leave those things in the hall and march upstairs as if they were the master of the house—or a servant." Should we carry hats without sticks? Or sticks without hats? He prefers the hat without the stick. Yet it seems to us that in Paris the stick might be an admirable weapon against an unexpected husband.

Mr. Faguet says the worst "gaffe" (solecism) you can commit is to talk about yourself. He admits that we all do; nevertheless the solecism is unpardonable. Hazlitt, who noted that the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as it is lively in conversation, put it down as a maxim: "We talk little, if we do not talk about ourselves." You are rude when you talk about yourself, what you have done and are going to do, your dreams, opinions, prophecies, because you prevent the hostess from talking about herself.

When Dr. Leslie D. Ward learned that his son Herbert had married with extreme suddenness Miss Nancy Currier of Newark he did not clench his fists and hiss curses through his teeth, nor did he even leap into the air and cry "Crikey!" "The only thing I can say is that the young couple missed a fine wedding and lots of presents."

No doubt the young couple wished to miss them. "A fine wedding"! This means an ostentatious display of the bride, the presentation of a deed or certified check by the father, who is careful to show his gift to the reporters; the exposure under the lime-light of all that should be held sacred. Wedding presents are a polite form of blackmail levied on friends and acquaintances who are afraid that, unless they contribute, they will not be privileged to know the wife with whom as maiden they were familiar. So Mrs. Johnson sends a pair of sugar tongs and a dozen other friends choose the like token of affection.

Then there is the conventional and prescribed wedding journey, in which the bride and groom remind the judicious observer of criminals running from the police. No wonder that young Mr. Ward wished to be married quietly.

Not that we approve of any display of eccentricity during the ceremony or after it. We never could understand the mental processes of lovers who choose diving-bell, lions' cage, balloon or celebrated cave for the public confession of their love, nor do we approve the conduct of Robert Southey, who, on his wedding day and from the very portico of the church, left his bride to embark for Lisbon.

Happy is the man who, having his whole time thrown upon his hands, makes no worse use of it than to practise eight hours a day upon a bad fiddle.

To young men invited for a week to a country house we commend the example of Prince Puckler-Muskau, indefatigable in his pursuit of maidens with money. He declared that he needed every week twenty shirts, twenty-four pocket handkerchiefs, nine or ten pairs of trousers, thirty neckerchiefs, a dozen waistcoats and "stockings à discrétion." We have known Germans who were discreet with one pair a week. A hardy, frugal race! Did not Mr. Eugen d'Albert, a German by adoption, an eminent pianist, and an indefatigable composer, proudly declare that he had brought two suits of underclothes for an extended tournée of the United States? And the suits were of the Jäger brand. No wonder that Teresa Carreno left him, her third husband—after she had learned much from him about piano playing. Jägers were his long suit.

Mr. F. E. Beddard in his "Mammalia" speaks of the great throat pouches which enable the gorilla to produce his appalling howls, and he gives a figure of the human larynx in order to show the traces which "remain to testify to a former howling apparatus in the ancestors of man." Has any naturalist examined thoroughly the throat pouches of Wagnerian singers?

The word "bulletin" was long ago in evil odor. Mr. Horace Walpole recorded in 1765 that the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI., was seriously indisposed. "Every morning the physicians frame an account of him, and happy those who can produce a copy of this lie, called a bulletin."

We mentioned the other day the old saw: "From Hell, Hull and Halifax, Good Lord deliver us." Mr. B. H. Thwaite writes that the correct version is as follows: "From Hull, Elland, Halifax, Good Lord deliver us." "The prayer originated from the severity of the laws relating principally to the stealing of cloth."

Talk of the Day.

The following poem is now published, we are assured, for the first time. It will be appreciated by all that are demented with the mania of collecting.

THE BOOK HUNTER.

I've spent all my money in chasing
For books that are costly and rare;
I've made myself bankrupt in tracing
Each prize to its ultimate lair.
And now I'm a ruined collector,
Impoverished, ragged and thin,
Reduced to a vanishing spectre,
Because of my prodigal sin.

How often I've called upon Peter,
The man who's a friend of the cranks;
Knows books that are witty or holy,
And whether they're prizes or blanks.
For volumes on paper or vellum
He has a most accurate eye,
And always is willing to sell 'em
To dreamers like me who will buy.

My purse requires fences and hedges;
Alas! it will never stay shut.
My coat-sleeves now have deckle edges,
My hair is unkempt and "uncut."
My coat is a true first edition,
And rusty from shoulder to waist;
My trousers are out of condition,
Their "colophon" worn and defaced.

My shoes have been long out of fashion;
"Crushed leather" they both seem to be;
My hat is a thing for compassion,
The kind that is labeled "n. d."
My vest from its binding is broken,
It's what the French call a relique;
What I think of it cannot be spoken;
Its catalogue mark is "unique."

I'm a book that is thumbed and untidy,
The only one left of the set;
I'm sure I was issued on Friday,
For fate is unkind to me yet.
My text has been cruelly garbled
By a destiny harder than flint;
But I wait for my grave to be "marbled,"
And then I shall be out of print.

X. writes: "I have lived in Boston 75 years and have always heard the 'chest of drawers and table' called 'High-daddy' and 'Low-daddy,' both by my Boston ancestors and those from the Connecticut Valley."

W. asks: "What is the origin of the phrase 'to boot,' as in 'I'll give you $5 to boot'?"

The word "boot" in the phrase has nothing to do with "footwear," whether the pair of boots cost $15 or $2 67. The old English "bot" corresponds to the Old Frisian "bote" and this word "boot" is compound Teutonic and it means "good, advantage, profit, use;" therefore, the phrase "to boot," which appeared about year 1000 in literature, means "to advantage, into the bargain, in addition; besides, moreover." Then there is the verb "to boot"—not in the meaning "to assist one's departure," "to express indignation," "to criticise severely"—but "to do good, to be of use or value; to profit, avail, help," also "it matters"—and this verb is used only in the third person.

Here is a pathetic story of school life. A mother sent a first class Peruvian mummy, sun-cured, to a European school, where her son had been educated. The gift was for the museum. As soon as the mummy was exposed to European air it turned quickly to a plain, cemetery corpse, and as such was buried. The master of the school regretted the occurrence, and in his letter to the mother wrote: "I shall never think on the mummy without thinking on you, dear lady." And now she is wondering as to his precise meaning.

Miss Loftus talked affably to a London reporter the other day. She is now Miss Cecilia Loftus. "I have been Cecilia in America for ages, and it seemed too silly to be Cecilia over there and Cissie here." It appears that it was good, kind Mr. Frohman who opened her eyes to the fact that "Cissie in America is never considered seriously as a name at all; it is simply a sort of slang term that amounts almost to a reproach." "I scarcely think," said Miss Loftus, "that there is an equivalent for it in England."

Dear Miss Loftus, there is such a slang word as "Sissy" which is applied to extremely ladylike young gentlemen; but put your left hand on your heart and raise your right hand; will you solemnly swear that you were not known in this country as "Cissie" from San Francisco to Eastport, from President Roosevelt to Mr. Sam Bernard?

The third and fourth volume of Mr. De Mattos's translation of Chateaubriand's Memoirs have appeared. They abound in good lines. Thus Chateaubriand describes Lord Liverpool as "one" hearing his years fall like the drops of a winter's rain on the pavement;" Lord Londonderry was so impassive that "he would not have budged if you had caught him in the ear with a sausage;" Mrs. Siddons was "dressed in crape, wore a black veil like a diadem on her white hair, and resembled a Queen who had abdicated her throne."

Mr. T. B. Aldrich's "Mercedes" was performed in London at the Royalty Theatre about a fortnight ago. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "If Mr. Aldrich was bent on a climax similar to that of 'Romeo and Juliet' he should not have let it down by the preliminary destruction of a score of supers. * * * The piece is unsatisfactory. It contains one fine scene—that between Mercedes and the soldiers, which scene is, moreover, powerfully written. But the rest is not very good, while much of it, including the whole of the first scene, rather bores. A first-class idea is queered by a confused and stagey elaboration."

A candidate for the position of keeper in a city menagerie was asked the other day when undergoing the civil service examination: "If the prize lion sprained his ankle, what would you do to give him relief?"

"I'd get some liniment," was the answer, "and put my hand in between the iron bars and put the liniment gently on the lion's ankle." "I suppose you know," was added in parenthesis, "that I've got a wooden arm."

Another applicant, aiming at appointment as police matron, was asked what were her special qualifications for the place. "I've been a widow off and on for 20 years," she answered.—N. Y. Evening Post.

What is it that makes certain old ladies so savage upon certain subjects? Miss Clapperclaw is a good woman; pays her rent and her tradesmen; gives plenty to the poor; is brisk with her tongue—kind-hearted in the main; but if Mrs. Stafford Molyneux and her children were plunged into a caldron of boiling vinegar, I think my revered friend would not take them out.

The landlord was fussy about the character of his tenants, and the agent was an amateur detective. The right-hand flat on the third story had been vacant for three or four months. "We cannot be too careful," said the agent to Mr. Tennant, who was complaining about mice; "Mr. Boland is a very particular man, and so am I; one doubtful person in an apartment house is enough to ruin the name of the whole block." The agent's face blazed—probably with virtuous indignation, although his breath smelled strangely of fireworks. "Why, we could have filled that flat 20 times, but the people were not our kind or your kind. There was an elderly lady in deep mourning; she must have been about 50 years old; but I found there was talk about her some 20 years ago, and I was obliged to make an excuse. You are fortunate, sir, to be in such a house. I'll write to Mr. Boland about those mice holes. Just at present he's in Japan, but I'll write by the next mail, and he is unusually prompt in answering letters."

Mr. Tennant told his wife at dinner that Mr. Boland would attend to the mice holes. "The landlord might not stop them up himself but he would send a man as soon as he heard about it in Japan." "Whom did you see at the club?" she asked. "Why?" "O, nothing, but I understood you to say that Mr. Boland is going to send a man from Japan to stop a few holes that you might stop in five minutes if you were practical and could do anything with your hands. It's a wonder to me that you can fill a pipe and then light a match."

Later in the evening he said in a soft voice that they ought to be happy, for they were in a respectable as well as a comfortable house. "You cannot be too careful, in these days; and you may have queer neighbors even on Beacon Street. We are lucky." His wife answered: "I don't know about that; the man on the first floor is often beastly drunk; the people opposite have late supper parties; there's a lot of poker playing on the next floor, and the widow has a good many men callers." Her husband looked at her: "Do you keep watch on them?" "No; but Ingrid told me." "If I were you I shouldn't listen to servant's gossip, kitchen talk." "But I must talk with somebody. I'm alone all day, and at night you want to read."

Three or four days after a woman and her little daughter and a dog moved into the flat that had so long been vacant, and a card appeared over the speaking-tube: "Mrs. Reginald Hawkinson Hanly." The new comers were directly under Mr. Tennant, his wife and Ingrid, who were apprehensive. "I suppose we shall hear the child squalling and yelling and running up and down—and then there's that dog!" Apprehension was soon stilled. Mrs. Hanly and her family were singularly quiet. A piano was heard in their flat one Sunday night; but the tunes were of a sacred nature and they were played with more devotion than art. There was seldom a sound during the day.

But Mr. Tennant began to notice as he went up the stairs that an alluring odor came from the Hanlys' flat, an odor that suggested the East, thick rugs, luxurious divans, enticing attitudes. And little by little he became conscious of the fact that the neighbors were talking. "Who is Mr. Hanly? What does he do? Why doesn't he show up? His name isn't in the directory. Where is he? She's young, and if she is a widow she's a grass one." Later the talk became still sourer. Mrs. Hanly's bell was rung late at night, and visitors were admitted after 11 o'clock. Someone had heard distinctly a cork pop after midnight. Someone had seen her with a man at the Aboukir restaurant, and she laughed a great deal and carried on.

Mrs. Tennant finally rebelled: "George, don't you think you ought to speak to the agent about that woman downstairs?" "What's the matter with her?" "Where's her husband? Who are those men that call at 11 o'clock? Does any decent woman dine late at the Aboukir? Her door is always locked in the daytime, and if the servant goes out on an errand she gives a peculiar knock when she comes back. I don't think we can afford to live in the house with such a person." "What nonsense," answered Mr. Tennant; "didn't you tell me she had a children's party for her little girl the other day? Shady women can't have children's parties. She must know decent people." "Pooh; she may have ordered them in from an orphanage." "Don't be silly," said Mr. Tennant; "live and let live. They are quiet at any rate; and I'd rather have such neighbors than a highly respectable couple with five children in rude health. Besides, she is a mighty fine looking woman; I like to rest my eyes occasionally."

The days went by, and Mrs. Hanly became a more and more suspicious character. Mothers in the block told their children not to have anything to do with the little girl. Mrs. Johnson nearly stepped into the gutter when she passed her. Mr. Johnson was seen across the street one night breaking his neck in his anxiety to see what was going on in that heavily scented parlor. Mrs. Champney said she could not understand why her husband refused to complain to the agent. Mrs. Hanly alone was undisturbed. She did not court acquaintanceship; she was neither shy nor bold. Champney swore to Tennant and Johnson at the corner drug-store that she was a corker, and then they all betrayed analytical and anatomical enthusiasm.

Last Sunday, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a voice was heard roaring in the hall: "Come along, Molly; get a gait on you." It was an unknown voice, a voice of authority as well as pride. Again the voice roared the command. There was a rush to the front windows. There was Mrs. Hanly, a dream of delight; never was she so fascinating, so irresistible. Jowler and the little child were leaping about a thick-necked, broad-shouldered man dressed after the manner of a New York broker. Jowler was barking, and the child cried: "O papa." And there at last was Mr. Reginald Hawkinson Hanly.

The statement was recently made that "Dixie" was first sung in John Brougham's "Pocahontas," played at New Orleans in the spring of 1861; that the manager wished to introduce a song that would fire the southern heart; that Susan Denin, "a sprightly young woman," came on the stage at the head of a zouave company, singing: "I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!"

This is a pretty story, and it has often been told, but it is not true as far as the origin of "Dixie" is concerned.

In September, 1859, one of the Bryants of Bryant's minstrels in New York told his fellow member, Daniel D. Emmett, that they wanted a new walk-round. Emmett had once travelled in the South as a drummer with a circus. The expression "I wish I was in Dixie" was common among circus folk who gave a show north in winter, when the southern circuit was popular. It was on a rainy, dismal day that Emmett, remembering the gag, worked out the famous tune. It was first sung on the stage of Bryant's minstrels at 472 Broadway, New York, on the night of Sept. 19, 1859.

Dixie is said to have owned a great plantation on Manhattan island. When he was compelled to abandon slavery he went to Maryland, and thereafter when a slave owner was compelled to leave the North, it was remarked that he was going to Dixie's land. We do not vouch for the truth of this story about Dixie the man.

It is a fact that "Pocahontas" was given at the New Orleans Varieties Theatre in the spring of 1861. Mrs. John Wood was playing in the piece. A tune was wanted for a Zouave March, and Carlo Patti, the conductor, decided on "Dixie," which Susan Denin sang.

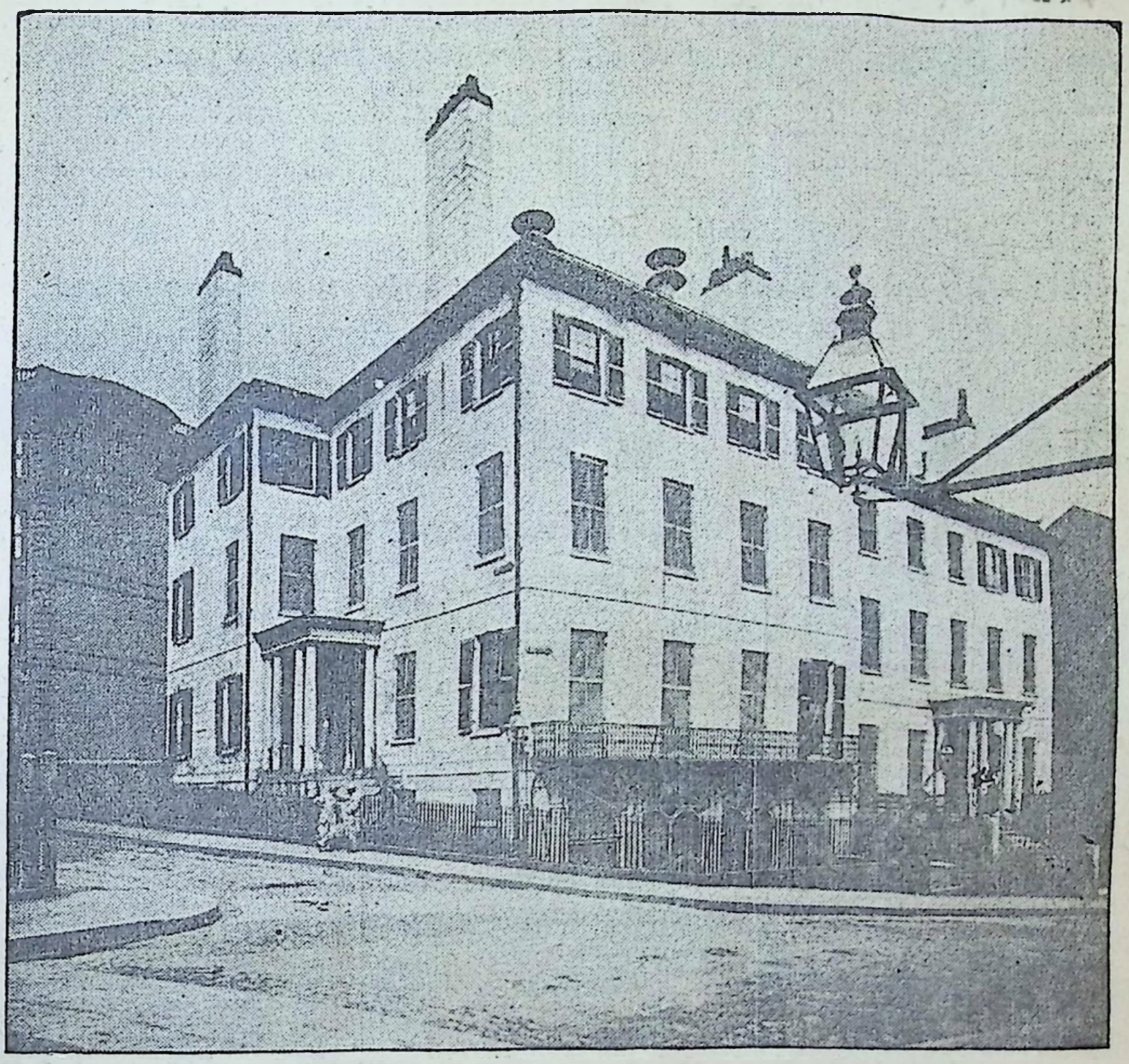
Furthermore "Dixie" was published at New York in 1860 by Firth, Pond & Co., and we have a copy before us.

By PHILIP HALE.

ONCE HOMES OF FASHION.

Two Fine Old Beacon Hill Mansions, the Scenes of Tragedy and Festivity, One of Them Later the Home of the Somerset Club, Now Giving Way to a Skyscraper.

1904



The demolition of the large stone edifice on the east corner of Somerset and Beacon sts, now under way, to make room for a sky scraper annex to a big department store, will remove what were two of the largest and finest mansions Boston had ever seen at the time of their erection, nearly 100 years ago.

Though best known to the present generation as the former headquarters of the Congregational society, they had previously been occupied by the ultra swell Somerset club, and earlier still, by families that socially were at the top notch.

Moreover, it is probable that they were the very earliest buildings in Boston in which dressed granite was utilized, stone buildings prior to their time having been built of rough blocks like those seen in King's chapel.

In 1686 an Indian of an antiquarian turn of mind said that he remembered when the first house in Boston was built in 1630, and he described it as a stone house on the slope of Beacon hill, overlooking the Common. The Common originally extended easterly along Beacon st. to the present Tremont st, and included the site of the Tremont building.

There is good reason for assuming that an old stone house that was demolished in 1810 to make room for the present two stone buildings at the corner of Somerset st was the first house in Boston, referred to by the old Indian, and what is more, it is probable that the same early stone house was the one occupied as a studio about 175 years ago by the earliest Boston artist, John Smibert, and later by John Trumbull, while he was studying under Copley, before the revolution.

These adjoining mansions that must go in the interest of business expansion, caused their builder, David Hinckley, a rich merchant, a heap of trouble and proved a costly luxury, for the progress of their erection was interrupted by the war of 1812 and its attendant financial troubles, and they appear not to have been occupied till about 10 or 11 years later. The glass, some of which is seen in the upper windows, and the carved cornices are said to have been imported.

Mr Hinckley moved into the corner house as soon as it was completed, occupying it about six years, probably as long as he lived. During that period it was connected with a tragedy that caused a tremendous sensation in high society. Mr Hinckley had a handsome daughter, and she had an Italian music teacher who fell so desperately in love with her that he shot himself and fell dead at her feet in the drawing room when he learned that his devotion was not duly appreciated by her.

Mr Hinckley is said to have hurried home, upon hearing the news, to have given the corpse a good shaking, while exclaiming: "Are you dead, you d—— rascal?" and, when convinced of the fact, to have sent to the almshouse for a pauper's pine box, in which the remains of the young Romeo were hustled off to the potters' field with scant ceremony.

Benjamin W. Crowninshield, a member of a family famous among the ranks of early rich shipping merchants in Salem, followed Mr Hinckley as occupant of the corner house, and his family, in turn, gave way in 1852 to the Somerset club, which remained there until 1872, when it removed to the David Sears mansion, its present home.

The easterly house was first the home of Benjamin Wiggin, but in 1829 it was sold to a Mr Peabody of Salem, who gave it as a wedding present to his daughter, the bride of John L. Gardner, then a rising young merchant in the East India trade. That house became the birthplace of a second John L. Gardner, whose widow now lives in her Italian palace in the Back Bay fens.

The Gardners lived there for 40 years, and in 1872 both houses were sold to the Congregational society, which built shops on the ground floor and devoted the entire estate to business purposes. Since the erection of the new Congregational building, the two old houses have formed a part of the store of Houghton & Dutton.

The houses cost Mr Hinckley $75,000 each, yet after the lapse of but six years, Mr Peabody bought the easterly one for $29,000. The two were sold in 1872 for $292,000. Their assessed valuation today, for land and buildings, is $595,000.

SOME OLD RECORDS

Very Valuable Transcripts in City Clerk's Office.

COVER HAPPENINGS SINCE 1653.

Many Land Grants and Town Meetings Recorded.

INQUESTS ON MYSTERIOUS DEATHS

And Seats in Church Assigned to Townspeople.

There are some very ancient and valuable records in the office of the city clerk which date back to the year 1653 and are full of the early history of what are now the two cities of Biddeford and Saco, but which were then nothing but very small hamlets on the banks of the Saco river. The original records are not to be had, but an accurate transcript of them was made and from this many brief extracts will without doubt be of interest to Journal readers.

After the mayor, board of aldermen and common council came into existence it was ordered by them that the records dating back to 1653, "down to as late a date as they thought proper be transcribed and report the cost at the next meeting."

The committee from the aldermen was made up of Harrison Lowell, Joshua Moore and Jacob H. Cole. The city clerk was Frederick D. Edgerly. The city clerk was authorized to transcribe the records of the town and that a sum of money not exceeding $200 be paid for the expense of transcribing Vols. 1 and 2 of the old records. This was done and some of these records are of intense interest.

Among the many interesting records is one of a jury's verdict in 1653. It reads as follows:

"The 27th of the 10th month 1653. A jury being sumonde of the death of Mary Haile; brought in this verdicte viz:

We of the jury about Mary Haile have agreed that according to the evidence given to us, she was accessory to her owne death with over eating and drinking: We not having any witnesse. She was forced thereunto."

The jury was Capt. Roger Spencer, Thomas Williams, Mordecai Cranitt, Ralph Trustrum, Peter Hill John Hellesome, Watt. Moore Jeremie Pealy, Roger Hill and John Bowden."

There are a large number of land grants recorded on both sides of the river. A large amount of unclaimed land was given to various parties and careful records made of the boundaries, etc. Often in the records a full page of very finely written matter is devoted to locating the boundary line between two farms.

In 1660 the town of Saco granted permission for fishermen to cut wood. It is under the date of May 21, as follows: "The Townsmen of Saco doth give their free consente that the fishermen of the Town shall have liberty to cut wood for thayr use about the fishing afares uppon the tract of land lying between John Wests lot and Mr. Watte on the southwest side of the river and also on the noreast side right over against that place on the upper side of Mr. Payens kreeke to the quantitie of fifty poles in breadth by the water on each side of the river and so straight through to the utmost against our township." The permit is signed by seven witnesses.

The jury which was impanelled to inquire into the death of Richard Raser returned the verdict that "he did not willingly cast away himselfe nor was there any other accessarie ther too: but he was accidentally drowned."

The jury decided in regard to the death of Thomas Latimer in April, 1661, that "he was accidentally drowned through his owne defailt."

In 1662 an order to collect county taxes reads as follows: "It is ordered likewise that John Booden who was the constable last yeare shall with all expedience as may be gather up the countey rate which shoold have been done, and was due the last yeare; the same being eight pounds fourteen shillings; and he be accountable unto Rishworth Hichcoke; allways provided that the sayd Hichcoke shall deduct what the sayd Town have already payd towards it and John Davis." The John Davis referred to at the end was probably the regular tax collector.

At a town meeting in October, 1663, it was "agreed and consented unto by all then and there present: that for the present time Francis Hooke shall be the recorder of the Town for this present year: always provided that the same Hooke shall continue to accept thereof, as witness to our hands."

One of the most interesting pages in the records of 1666 is in regard to the seats in the meeting house which contains the following: "At a general Town Meeting it is ordered at the meeting every one to be placed in thayr seats in the Meeting House in the following manner: in the first seate by a full voate they are thus placed." The number of the "seate" with the names of the citizens and a diagram is given below the order. It was then voted that a broken bench should be speedily set up.

The selectmen on Feb. 25, 1667, acted as follows: "Lieut. Richard Hichkox is to procure 25 pounds of gunpowder and keep in his custody for the Towns use and every familie is to pay him for one pound either money or that which is equivalent to money."

The selectmen in August of the same year acted as follows in regard a case where a father had abused his daughter: "James Harmon is delt with about misusing his Daughter Jane, he proposeth not to strike her any more and his wife Sarah promiseth the Townsmen that she will take charge of his daughter Jane for the time to come whereupon the Townsmen are willing to leave her to them and their keeping for present upon further tryall."

For maintaining highways it was agreed in September, 1667, that "all the men on both sides of this river, if they live on the North side of the river be at the charge to maintain ther owne hy ways, and they who live on the South of this river are to maintain the hy ways of the same side." Attested by Rob Booth, Town Clark.

Among other business at the April town meeting in 1669, it was voted that "John Sharp and James Gibbins,Jr., is apoynted to sitt in the seats with Simon Booth in the foremost seats: and theyr wives are to sitt in the third seats with Simon Booths wife and John Lightons wife."

Second, "The major part of this meeting doe consent to this last yeare stipend for the Ministers wages shall be payd after the same value to every man payd the yeare before according to the sum rased."

Third, "Mr. Francis Williams, Richard Hichkox and Robert Booth, are chosen to treat with Mr. Thatcher for this next yeare to teach to us; and also to acquaint the people with it; and after to see that it is payd to him according to the Town agreement formerly by the Town."

In the old transcripts in the city clerk's office, which were referred to last week in the Saturday Journal, and an announcement made that extracts from these records would be a special feature of the Journal for several weeks are some interesting accounts of the settling of some boundary lines between four of the towns in this locality. The descriptions are very carefully given, but to the present generation they are a little indefinite. The transcript also shows the first illegal sale of liquor and also gives the action at town meetings about clergymen, land grants, taxes and many other interesting matters which came up at that time.

There is a very interesting page in regard to the dividing line between Cape Porpoise and Saco which was decided in 1659. The document was worded as follows:

"We whose names are hare under writen being appointed by the gen-

erall court of the Massachusetts are impowed to lay out the dividing line bounds between the towne Cape Porpis, Sacoe, Scarborough, and Falmouth and upon due consideration thereof do detarmin as follows:

"That dividing bounds between Cape Porpis and Sacoe shall be the unto Mr. William Seadlock's now dewlin hous unto the furst fals of sayd river and from thenes upon a due northwest line unto the countery eyght miles bee expired."

"The dividing bounds between Sacoe and Scarborough shall bee that river comanly called the littell river next unto Scarborough and from the mouth of the sayd River shall runn upon a due northwest lyne into the countrey to the extent of eyght miles."

"The return to the generall court was acecpted and compared and by the Court allowed." It was signed by Nicho. Shaply, Edw. Rishworth and Abra Preble, commisioners.

The lease of a lot of land and meadows to various individuals comes next in the transcript.

On October 17, 1663, it was "agreed and concludede that Mr. Phillips and Francis Hooke is impowered to use theire indeavor to procure a minister for the Towne."

On March 15, 1665, at a meeting of the town the first action taken was in admitting Thomas Haines into this town to be an "inhabytant."

The matter of a minister was again brought up and the following action was taken: "At this meeting the inhabitants have agreed to send for a minister namely: Mr. Paine. to pay all such charges as he shall neccesarilly have coming and going and whilst with us."

"The select men being mett in August 24, 1671, do act as followeth:"

"Occassioned by a warrant from the Maior Generall they do agree to send to the Maior Generall for a barill of powder and a hundred weight of stone shott and pistle bulits for the Towne stock and doe ingage themselves iontly to paye for it this fall in wheat, fish or hyds; and also do order Maior Bryon Pendleton to send a letter to the Maior Generall to procure it for us with all convenient speed." Signed by a committee of four.

In 1671 the citizens wished to retain their present minister and they worded their desire, which was an act of the town, in the following interesting way: "We the inhabitants of the Towne generally desire that Mr. Flecher would be pleased to continue with us to be our Minister as long as he may with comfort and convenience and we are frely willing to continue our contribution as formerly we have done, and if ther be any impediment in the way not so do; on our part we shall endeavor to remove it if we be made acquainted with it and so we hope he will give us his answer. For the purpose we have appointed Robert Booth and Thomas Rogers to go to him and acquaint him with our desire."

The next year at the June meeting, the town voted to keep Mr. Flecher continually without giving him an annual call. The action reads as follows: "First, that Mr. Flecher is left unto his liberty to continue (amongst us without any annual calls) giving the town three months time of warning to provide for themselves unlesse through necessity he be uncapable so to do upon his removal."

"Second, that annually as his dues it is agreed that he shall have fifty pounds paid him in, within each yeare in the same manner that hitherto it hath been paid in respect of specie that he receiveth and also the place unless he order some other place in the town."

"Third, that the selectmen from time to time and from year to year is impowered by the Town to collect the aforesaid sum of fifty pounds."

In act 1672 it was voted to keep a "house of entertainment for strangers for their money until the next county court."

The tax rates caused much discussion and many different actions regarding them are given.

The town ordered in 1673 that "at every publicke Town meeting be lawfully warned (referring to what is now termed the warrant) and every house keeper that shall bee absent and make noe acquaintance, shall forfeit for his absence five shillings and shall bee levied by the constable under authority of the town."

It was next ordered that "George Peage and James Gibbins are enjoyned to lay out the uper way to Donston as the county court did direct."

Another important matter before the standing committee on streets, which was called by some other name, was to lay out the way to Sewards Mill.

At the same meeting Ralph Tristrum and Roger Hill were appointed by the town "to view all the fences in the town to see if the fences are suefieshent against swine."

The Liquor problem and all that goes with it seems to have first come into prominence here in 1676 when the first recorded sale of liquor contrary to law took place. It is inferred that previous to this time it had been very "dry" in the town. The following interesting action was taken: "William Avise of Boston was arranged for selling rum and liker contrary to law and thereby some of the fishermen were so drunk that they could not go to sea on their implements. The said Avise is required to pay 5 pounds fine and the constables charges."

On the same day Thomas Fox was found drunk and fined 10 shillings. The record doesn't state whether there were any other cases in "the police court" on that beautiful July morning nearly 250 years ago or not.

There does not appear by the old records to be any town business transacted from the year 1676 until the year 1680. Several pages are devoted to registering the births of children and judging by the length of the list the population must have been on the increase at a very fair rate of speed. Marriages are next recorded, followed by a list of burials.

In 1684, several of the inhabitants did not attend the town meeting. They were fined and the list of names made public.

In 1685, the town had a new minister named Millbourne. The town voted to pay him the same salary as was paid the former pastor. He was asked to be their "preaching minister" and the town settled upon the dimensions of his house. The building of this house caused lots of trouble but it was finally completed.

No records of the town of Biddeford from 1688 to 1717 can be found among the old records in possession of the town, a period of 29 years. For some time previous to 1717 for some unknown reason, no town officers were elected. Somewhere in the records it is inferred that the officers defrauded the public.

In next Saturday's Journal the records will be continued, beginning with the year 1717. It will be possible under later dates to give much more connected accounts of the town's actions at town meetings as well as its history, because in the very early records many things which otherwise would be of much interest are not fully recorded and the most important part is often omitted.

There are many interesting things recorded in the records of the town of Biddeford from 1717 to 1730. Many important land grants are to be found, births, marriages, boundary lines surveyed, representatives sent to Boston, etc. They changed ministers once or twice and one pastor wrote a letter of acceptance almost as long as the president's message, but fortunately all his sermons are not recorded in full and no attempt will be made to give them to readers of the Journal. The records next week will begin with the selecting of a schoolmaster in 1730.

In 1720 the town voted to have a new meeting house and a very swell structure was in due time constructed. During that year an unusually large number of land grants were also given.

At a lawfull meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Biddeford on November 19, 1722 it was "Voted in the affirmative that the selectmen offer a petition to the great and general court praying their favor to grant to us out of the public treasury forty pounds which they have granted us for sum years past which we acknowledge with gratefullness towards the mayntayneance of a Minister to preach the word of God among us."

In 1727 a special legal town meeting was held "to choose one lawful good man to represent us in a great and general cort at Boston."

The first financial accounts of the town of Biddeford are recorded in 1725 and money paid the minister, for various lots of land, to the constable and for several other purposes

is very carefully recorded.

"A stray" was recorded by the town clerk in which he says. "Then John Stackpole and William Dier informed me that they have taken a stray mar and colt. The mar having an artificial mark, and the mar of a briet bay and black maen and tael and of the age of five year old, and the coelt of one year old and advancing of a liter bay with five white spots on his back."

In 1729 on June 16, the inhabitants gathered at the meeting house, "in order to call the Reverand John Moody to a setlement with this congregation of the said town."

A committee was appointed and chosen "to waiet on the Reverand John Moody to know his mind on the affair."

The committee reported that Moody was too young and wanted further studey and of learning at collidg; or himself have the knowledge of a Latin school.

It was then voted "to imediately treat with sum other minister or preacher to com and preach the word of God among this assembly of said town."

Samuel Willard was the next pastor. In his letter of acceptance he said "that the house you build be a convenient commodious house, such as is suitable to a minister to live in, and the same diminsions that most parsonages are."

"That you will always repair the house whenever it stands in need of repairation at your own charge."

"That you will always maintain at your own charge the fence that may be necessary to inclose the parsonage grounds, both which are always done by the respective parishes where such house and lands are."

"That you will grant me some tract of land or money to purchase it for myself and assigns to be wholly mine and theirs; and I think also this is very reasonable, for every minister is doubtless as desirous as any other man to have something of his own in case he sees meet to change his scingle state for the other to be possest by his heirs or assigns."

In 1717 the town of Biddeford did little which is of interest to the present generation or which the town officers at that time considered as worth recording. They elected town officers for the first time for several years and started at once to determine the minister's salary for the next year.

At the first town meeting held in 1718, Benj. Halley was chosen moderator. The selectmen were Ebenezer Hill, Benj. Halley and Humphrey Scamman and the last named gentleman was also elected clerk. William Dyer was chosen constable. Capt. John Sharpe and John Stagpole surveyors of highways, the first also to act as surveyor of land, while Samuel Smith was elected to be "a grand juryman and surveyor of fences."

The next year the town voted that "Humphrey Scamman be sent and represent this town of Biddeford before the great and general cort at Boston."

"Voted that His excellency and Their excellency be desired to send for this Representative no oftener than there is occasion for the service of this town in their behalf."

Later in the year the citizens met to lay out a convenient road from Cape Nedick to Saco falls. A number of the citizens met as a jury called by the Sheriff and "qualified as a jury to view and lay out the road."

They said in thir report, "We have begun at Cape Nedick River and goen the way to Wells as the road now goes till it comes near to Jacob Perkins; and from thence to turn out upon the left hand as the trees are marked till it comes to Saslaes river above the falls thence throughout the town of Wells * * * to the corner of Nathaniel Church's field, between Church's and Cousins' land along by Cole's till we come to the Mousam river, and from the Mousam river as the road now goes to Kennebunk river to the usual wading place below the old Fort which way we have divided and laid out to the best of our judgment."

The twelve men who used their best judgment signed their names to this report and the Journal readers will be very glad to know just exactly where this road runs.

"That you will not contract or lesson five pounds of my salary. This I conceive to be reasonable, for you gave five pounds to me hitherto and did also to other candidates I suppose, and my house will eat as much as anyone's else commonly speaking.

"That if God in his holy Providence should be good to exercise me with a continued sickness or pain or loss of the free use of my reason and understanding so as to disable me from carrying, preaching and prayer in the house of God, I may notwithstanding have my support continued to me by you during my continuance in this town in the pastorall office: This to me seems very reasonable, for if I spend myself and am spent amongst you, ought I not to be considered in all circumstances?

"Thus gentlemen you see the conditions of my acceptance of your invitation, thus you see how affirmative my answer is as I have told you.

"I defer nothing but what I or any impartial person would think reasonable, asking for neither poverty or riches but food and raiment convenient for me hereunon.

"I hope God Almighty will succeed my labors amongst you, that both you and I may have joy and comfort here and hereafter; together I pray God that you may all be happy in this world, but especially in the world to come.

"I am gentlemen your sincere friend and humble servant.

(Signed) "Samuel Willard".

The review of the transcripts of the very old records of the town of Biddeford which is given in this issue brings them up to 1775 which is nearly 125 years after the first records were made. The account gives the first mention of any interest in educational work and the hiring of a schoolmaster; also an intersting communication from a clergyman in which among other things, he makes the statement that a minister loves his wife as much as any other man loves his, and is just as desirous of providing for her as any other man is for his wife.

But the most important part of the records are those first recorded about the strenuous times leading up to the Revolution. The first document about those stirring days was read and resolutions adopted at a regular town meeting held in 1774.

In 1730, it was voted to "hier a Seulmaster who should be paid sixty pounds per annum which charges should be bourne by the town of Biddeford." They evidently found just the man they wanted as it is recorded that the vote was passed by a great majority, 36 in the affirmative, and four in the negative.

The next important matter to be settled was the marking of the sheep. The records show just what mark each farmer was to have on his sheep. Most of these marks were upon the ear of the sheep and it is wonderful to think how the various marks could be distinguished when they were so nearly alike.

Rev. Samuel Willard next favored the inhabitants of Biddeford with a personal letter, parts of which are interesting for its originality. In part he wrote:

"You may remember that you past a vote to build a parsonage house according to the dimensions of and as well furnished as that wherein the Rev. Mr. Gefferds of Wells lives and also as much fence as it should be rationally thought would maintain and repair them at your own charge whenever they may stand in need of reparation.

"I have understood that some persons have intimated if not said in express terms that the doing of all these things would bring too heavy a charge upon you.

"Now gentlemen if you are willing to come into my proposal, you will find it likely to ease you in a great measure of the sum you may think too great a burden.

"My proposal is this, that if you will give me two hundred pounds wholly and solely for myself I will quit the town forever from building and repairing what has been passed in town meeting by vote here."

"This will be a great ease to you and a comfort and satisfaction to me especially since I have seen meet to change the single for a married state; for no doubt a minister has as great a love for his wife as any other man; and is as willing and desirous to make some provision for her as any other man for his wife, and this I may say in respect to myself, else with what

the Apostle says may be applied to me. 'If any man provides not for his own especially for those of his own house he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.'

"Gentlemen, I wish all things may be done decently and in order by you this day as well as at all times and that you may avoid all heat and railery and indecent expressions, and study and peace according to the character of true Christians. I am gentlemen, your affectionate pastor and humble servant, Samuel Willard."

It is not recorded whether the inhabitants did or did not "avoid all heat and indecent expressions," but a long list of land grants of great importance to the people at that time follows. Next to them is a long list of marriages, births, intentions of marriage and deaths.

John Davis was chosen moderator at the town meeting held in June, 1743, and the business of the meeting is recorded as follows:

"Was drawn out of the Box, Robt. Brooks, to serve on the Jury of tryals at the next Superior court of Judicature."

"Robt. Patterson chosen grand juryman for the court."

"Voted to make an addition of two seats in the vestry of the meeting house."

"Voted to make an addition of three seats in the gallery."

"Voted to choose a committee to lay out streets in the town."

"Voted to pay Benj. Haley six pounds for his journey to Exeter last fall to gitt a minister."

"In 1752 "the inhabitants of the Eastern side of the Saco river voted to sett themselves off as a distinct and separate parish from the Western side of the river agreeable to their own petition."

A long list of names who offered their dissent against the petition follows.

It was also voted and a committee appointed to "take care and examine all vessells that come into the Saco river, and to make report from where they came and what they have on board."

The laying out of a large number of roads is extensively recorded and each grant fills page after page.

In 1774 on the 30th of July one of the most interesting and important town meetings ever held in Biddeford was called to order. It is the first time in the records where matters connected with the Revolution were brought up. It begins

"First. Whereas the Parliment of Great Brittan, has for the express purpose of raising a revenue and an unconstitutional tax, on the English-American Colonies, made several acts highly distressing to the Colonies in general, and this Province in particular; by which act the metropolis of this Province is blocked and distressed; the Civil government of the Province altered (as far as by said act it can be) in the most material and priviledged points thereof; and particularly the invaluable right of a trial by an uncorrupt Jury entirely destroyed.

"Therefore resolved, that the inhabitants of this town, now assembled will in a resolute, manly and determined manner pursue all such legal and constitutional methods as shall by the towns in the Province be thought conducive to the restoration of our natural rights as men and our political rights as Englishmen and that no inconvenience however injurious to the private interest of any of us, shall be a sufficient cause to break his resolutions.

"And whereas the committee of correspondents for the town of Boston has transmitted to us papers to be signed by the inhabitants of the town, which papers contain covenent oaths and agreements, that the subscribers thereto, shall break off all commercial intercourse with the island of Great Brittan, until the oppressive acts aforesaid are totally repealed; and the inhabitants of this town being very sensible that there is no method yet pointed out which tends so much to advancing the oppulance of this Country and happy extrication of it from its present difficulties and distress as the universal coming into and the religious observation of those covenants and agreements or others somewhat similar thereonto."

"It is therefore resolved, that if the committee appointed by the late Honorable House of Representatives of this Province to meet delegates from the other Colonies in general congress at Philadelphia or elsewhere."

"And the members of the congress shall advise to a universal withdrawment of our commerce with the Island of Great Brittan until the aforesaid oppression act of Parliament shall be repealed we will strictly adhere thereto; and as or dependence under God is chiefly placed in the steady pursuance of such wise measures as shall be recommended by the congress.

"Resolved, that whatever measures shall be by said congress advised to, and complied with by the majority of towns in this province shall be literally and strictly adhered to by us."

"And we further resolve that if any person among us shall demean himself contrary to any plan that shall be laid, for our deliverance and agreed to by this and the majority of other towns in the Province at the Congress, we will have no society, trade or commerce with such person: but will esteem and treat him as an an enemy to this country."

These resolutions were adopted and the Journal next Saturday will give the following actions and plans of defence which are of unusual interest.

From 1774 to 1780 the old records have considerable of deep interest pertaining to the Revolutionary war. The Declaration of Independence is recorded in full exactly as written. Action in regard to hiring soldiers of the war, buying beef for the army and the first election of a governor is recorded. The voting population seems to have been very small but they voted unanimously for John Hancock. Many interesting town meetings are recorded when important action was taken. The transcript ends in 1779 and from 1870 the original records are still in existance in the city clerk's office.

Following the adoption of the resolutions in 1774 a town meeting was held in December and James Sullivan was elected a delegate to the Provincial congress and ordered to correspond with the neighboring towns. It was also voted that "their delegate at the Provincial Congress inform the Congress that his constituents think best to keep their own money to form a magazine of their own for their own defence."

"Resolved, that Rish. Jordan, Benj. Hooper, Thomas Gilpatrick, Allison Smith, Jeremiah Hill, Jr., Samuel Staples, Jeremiah Cole, James Sullivan, Esq., James Carlile, Benj. Staples, Isaiah Stimson, Simon Wingate and Aaron Porter, be appointed a committee to provide a town stock of six half barrels of powder, five hundred weight of lead and a sufficiency of flints according to the number of persons in the trained band and alarm List in said town, four barrels of which powder and the whole of the lead flints aforesaid are to be kept intire until the town shall otherwise order or it shall become necessary to deliver the same to the said persons in the train band or alarm list, and which committee is hereby impowered to make the town chargable to themselves or other persons for the ammunition, and which ammunition shall be the property of the town."

"Also Resolved, that the committee dispose of the other two half barrels of powder at a reasonable price to such of the inhabitants of the town as have a mind to purchase the same with ready cash to use it in the defense of their Country."

These last resolutions were unanimously adopted and nothing more is recorded in the transcripts about the year 1774. The first town meeting in 1775 was held March 20 and a long list of officers was elected. Some of these officers were elected to be selectmen while others were surveyors of land, surveyors of highways, fence viewers and field drivers, pound keeper, sealer of wood and of leather, lot layers, harbor masters, wardens, sealer of weights and measures, committee to let out the common thatch beds and town treasurer. Two men were also chosen to take care of winter harbor beach agreeable to an act of the general court.

The list of officers was the longest and most complete ever elected by the town of Biddeford up to that time.

It was voted "that the town be, and hereby is, directed to prosiecute John Stackpole for his fine for refusing to

serve said town as constable for the present year." The meeting was then adjourned to the 24th of June at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Declaration of Independence is recorded in full and some of the spelling and the old fashioned writing makes it very interesting to look at, but the famous document is too familiar to the general public to be printed again here.

It voted that the document be printed " and sent to the ministers of each parish of every denomination within this state and that they severally be required to read the same to their respective congregations as soon as Divine service is ended, on the afternoon on the first Lord's Day after they shall have received it; and after such publication thereof to deliver the said publication to the clerks of their several towns and districts."

This is just about all there is recorded about the stirring days of the Revolution. Nothing is said of the time when the citizens went to fight for their country, how long they were gone, who was killed or when they returned home.

The next important event in the town's history was the calling of a pastor. Nathaniel Webster was invited and he wrote the following letter of acceptance:

"To the church and congregation in meeting assembled,—Gentlemen. I received your invitation to settle with you in the work of the Gospel ministry by your committee; and considering the harmony that subsisted between your late worthy Pastor and you, so long as it pleased God to continue him with you, and your unanimity in your choice of me, I declare my acceptance of your invitation."

"May the Great Head of the church make me a blessing among you, and help us to remember that I must hereafter give an account of my stewardship and you how you have profited."

" I am yours,

"Nathaniel Webster.

"Biddeford, March 1st, 1779."

In the same year a meeting was called to see if the citizens chose to have a new constitution or form of government and they voted unanimously in the negative; there being 25 present at the meeting.

The transcripts end in 1779 and the original copies of the records are in the office of the city clerk. Free land holders had their land apportioned and for a long period these land grants along with marriages, births and deaths are recorded.

Another reference to the Revolution is to be found in 1880 when it was voted to raise 163 pounds in order to purchase 4,808 weight of beef for the use of the army.

William Benjamin Nason, Lieut. John Staple and William Joseph Tarbox were appointed a committee to buy the beef.

It was also voted "to raise by tax forty pounds to hire eight men to join the army for three months agreeable to a requisition of the general Court." "Lieut. Noah Hooper was chosen to hire said men."

"At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Biddeford qualified as the constitution directs, to vote for the choise of governor for the commonwealth of Massachusetts at the meeting house in said town on Monday, April 21, 1782, the number of written votes returned are fourteen. Upon counting and sorting of which, in open town meeting all appear in favor of John Hancock, Esq."

Jere Hill, Town Clerk.

Thomas Cushing, Esq., also received a unanimous vote for Governor.

Rishworth Jordan was chosen senator for the district of York county. This completed the important voting for the year and nothing more is recorded until the next year.

Much of interest to local people is recorded in the old records from the years directly following the Revolution up to 1860. A large amount of business was transacted by the town, legal disputes of boundaries settled, elections held and resolutions passed.

In 1784 and the two years following, the regular town officers were elected and amounts of money voted for the improvement of the highways and for schools, etc. The plan to build a bridge over the Saco river was the cause of many heated discussions, but after reconsidering the matter several times, it was voted to build it.

At the town meeting in 1778 all the inhabitants voted for Thomas Cushing as governor of the commonwealth and Ichabod Goodwin and Tristram Jordan were chosen counsellors and senators for the District of York.

The next year the inhabitants voted for the Honorable Benjamin Lincoln for governor of the commonwealth. In May of the same year Abraham Storer took the oath of office to see that the act for regulating the fishing in Saco river was kept in force. It was voted that this act regulating the fishing in the river should be duly observed and Abraham Storer "would act faithfully and impartially in that office without favor or affection."

John Hancock, Esq., got eight and James Bowdoin three votes for governor.

In 1790 Hon. George Thatcher, Esq., was elected representative of the District of Maine in the congress of the United States.

From this time up to 1800 the usual amount of town business was transacted, money appropriated, officers chosen, elections of governors and senators held and contracts closed with ministers for the preaching of the gospel.

Under the date of 1803 a record is given of those persons becoming members of the first parish in Biddeford. Each person sent a separate notice to the town clerk to the effect that he hereby entered his name as a member of the first parish in said town. Some of the members, who without doubt have relatives among the present generation, were Mahitable Jordan, Albert Edmond Coffin, Robert Patten, Nathaniel Goodwin, Jacob Bridges, Samuel Smith, Obid Hooper, Grace Emery, J. P., Gookin, James Means, Moses Bradbury, Jr., Thomas Tufts, Ebenezer Perkins, Jotham McIntire, Isaac Bickford, Joshua Smith, Joshua N. Bradbury, Jere T. Stimpson, Daniel Gookin, Thomas Rumery, Patrick Bickford, Jesse Smith, John Dennett, Benjamin Burnham, John Clark, William Wadlin, Joseph Wadlin and others.

They evidently had a religious census taken as those not members of this first parish give the names of the church societies to which they were members and gave the towns where they had been. There were representatives of the Methodist, Universalist, Baptist, Christian and many other names appear as members of a religious society but give no particular denomination.

They had a Union society which had a large membership which is recorded.

Following the records of 1803 a long list of marriage records is given. All the marriages for a period of almost 25 years are recorded and it dates back to 1779. Most of them are however, of the year referred to. A similar list of births and deaths follows. Deeds of land also take several pages..

A dispute arose between Doctor Aaron Porter and Capt. William Freeman both of Biddeford over a petition fense in the line between their lands. The boundris were settled by the fence viewers, and they were ordered to fix up their fence lines according to law.

In 1808 Joseph Leland, Joseph Bartlett, Richard Cutts and Alexander Rice were in the field for election to the Congress of the United States for the District of York. Joseph Leland got the most votes.

A petition drawn up for presentation to Congress follows:

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in general court assembled, the petition of the inhabitants of Biddeford:

"That whereas by the constitution of our own choice it is expressly provided, that in time of danger and alarms, the people may petition the legislature for a redress of their grievance, we your petitioners the legislature in pursuance of such right beg leave respectfully to represent the difficulties and distress, which we in common with other citizens endure.

"Selected as you are from the great body of the people, for your integrity your patriotism and your wisdom, chosen for our law givers, and the sworn guardians of our liberty and our happiness, it is to you with implicit confidence we appeal to exercise those rights which the constitution has vested in you, to remove the evils that afflict us and restore to us once more our prosperity and our peace."

"Gathered from every part of the state to you must be fully manifest, the various troubles, the multiplied and increasing difficulties of these alarming times, to relate our sufferings therefore, would not be to inform you, but to mearly a detail of and repetition of private and individual distress."

The remainder of these resolutions

are much more interesting than the first part and a part of them will appear next week as space prevents in this issue.

ANNUAL METEOROLOGICAL SU

In the old records of the town of Biddeford, the year 1809 is one of the most interesting for its reproduction of two important sets of resolutions which were drawn up by the inhabitants of the town of Biddeford, accepted and presented to the Senate and House of Representatives of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

An embargo had been placed on shipping and trade here was very seriously effected by it. In 1809 the general court of Massachusetts ordered the constable to call a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Biddeford in the district of York and they were to consult for the common good, and if they thought they were suffering any grievances or had any remonstrances to make, they were to draw up resolutions and present them.

The inhabitants of the town of Biddeford did so and judging by what follows they did think they were suffering severe grievances and had a remonstrance to make.

An exact reproduction of these resolutions with slight variations in the spelling follows:

"That whereas by the constitution of our own choice it is expressly provided, that in time of danger and alarms, the people may petition the legislature for a redress of their grievance, we your petitioners the legislature in pursuance of such right beg leave respectfully to represent the difficulties and distress, which we in common with other citizens endure.

"Selected as you are from the great body of the people, for your integrity, your patriotism and your wisdom, chosen for our law givers, and the sworn guardians of our liberty and our happiness, it is to you with implicit confidence we appeal to exercise those rights which the constitution has vested in you, to remove the evils that afflict us and restore to us once more our prosperity and our peace.

"Gathered from every part of the state to you must be fully manifest, the various troubles, the multiplied and increasing difficulties of these alarming times, to relate our sufferings therefore, would not be to inform you, but be merely a detail of and repitition of private and invidual distress."

"From the adoption of the constitution of the United States to this time, we have invariably approved admired and adhered to it, from the days of Washington through each succeeding administration, we have regarded it as the bulwark of civil liberty, the great national rampart against foreign foes, to the laws we have paid implicit and uniform obedience, and it is our firm and undeviating intention still to obey them."

"The preservation of the Constitution we consider of the highest importance, as it regards our freedom and happiness and it is our fixed determination to support, as far as in us 'tis the union of the states."

"Confiding as we have in the members of the present administration, and believing their acts and doings, as required by their wishes for the welfare of our country, we have borne with fortitude the measure that has particularly distressed us. With them we wished that benefits might proceed from their experiment and were willing to suffer temporary evil, that should redound to our lasting good. But after twelve months' long and painful experience of this new and singular policy, after foregoing all foreign intercourse and suffering many and grievous restrictions in our coasting trade, after seeing our property perishing on our hands, our debts increasing, and our means to discharge them almost hopeless, we are fully, completely and thoroughly satisfied that it is a policy not dictated by wisdom, that it is a path leading onward to poverty and ruin."

"The assurance that congress would at the commencement of the present session immediately remove the embargo, was the inducement to bear with firmness a privation that we could not depreciate and in consequence of this assurance, we, with others had loaded our vessels, waiting each ensuing day to be greeted with the joyful tiddings that the embargo was removed and we might take advantage of the first favoring breeze. We did wait and if not patiently, at least with submission. And what has been sent to us to gratify this longing expectation—we asked for bread, we received a stone—instead of leave to pursue our coasting trade in peace, instead of a removal of the embargo, we have imposed on us under color of law, an act most arbitrary and opressive in its operation and unlimited in its duration: an act which makes the previous loading of our vessels useless, which requires bonds enormous in their penalties, which confounds the innocent with the guilty, which converts intention into action, puts all proof on the defendant, subjects them to heavy costs though cleared, obstructs trade, takes away in some instances the right of trial by jury and in every instance puts it in the power of one man to control the general laws of the land."

It is a law of our country and, therefore, we will obey it and though we regard it as unconstitutional, yet we love to sincerely the union of this our hitherto happy country, to advise to individual resistance. But considering it a law ill contrived and fraught with danger to our peace and as destructive to our 'domestick' trade, we will use every lawful method to obtain its repeal."

"As the immediate guardian of our national rights we therefore pray, that you will take into your consideration the deep distress we suffer, and that in your wisdom you will devise such means as will remove the heavy pressure without committing the peace of the state or endangering the safety of the Union."

"The petitioning to congress, or any course you may pursue, we have no doubt will be followed by the other New England states and when New England raises her united voice we have the most entire confidence that the cruel and arbitrary laws which oppress us will be removed."

"In this hoped for event, the harmony of the United States will be restored, returning trade will enliven our streets, our ships will again whiten the ocean, the produce of all nations will once more flow in plenty to our shores, the smiles of prosperity will once more revisit our faces and the happiness of our country will a second time be proverbial among men."

These interesting and carefully prepared resolutions were accepted and some more of equal interest drawn up and also accepted.

The second set of resolutions was briefly that "we will take all lawful measure to protect our national rights, safety, happiness and prosperity and adhere to the Constitution to secure these blessings."

"To suport the Constitution against all foreign aggression.

"That our fisheries and free trade with nations at peace with us be enjoyed.

"That a perpetual embargo is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States.

"That the inhabitants of Biddeford as a people are not reduced to the miserable and gloomy alternative of war, embargo or submission."

"That we view with alarm the enlisting of 50,000 men in addition to the present standing army of 100,000, and the giving of the president the enormous power of appointing all the officers and employing them as he pleases."

During the rest of the year 1809 little of especial interest is recorded.

In 1810 the selectmen, constable, surveyors of land, fence inspectors, and the other officers were elected. Some long disputes over the possession of land took place between different parties is recorded and the final settlement of these troubles is very carefully given but does not particularly concern the present day and generation. The year 1811 is also of no particular interest, as little important business connected with the history of Biddeford was transacted. In next Saturday's issue the history of the town will be taken up beginning with the year 1812 and much to follow will be of greater interest, as many people now living will remember the parties who figured prominently at that time.

The war of 1812 was the cause of much feeling on the part of the citizens of Biddeford and they were bitterly opposed to it. They said that the greatly increased taxes which were to continue for a year after the end of the war would be most oppressive and hard to bear. They said it would seriously injure the farmer, the mill men, and most of all the commerce.

Many of the Biddeford citizens,

who were so strongly opposed to the war of 1812 had fought in the battles of the Revolution and knew whereof they spoke. Their opposition to another so soon was unflinching.

Some important resolutions were drown up, presented, and accepted. They are carefully recorded and of general interest to the present generation as many of the prominent men at that time are remembered and related to people now living in Biddeford and other parts of York county. They show very clearly the local conditions at that time.

In March 1812 the citizens elected the longest list of town officers up to that time. Among them were eight surveyors of highways, eleven surveyors of lumber, wood and bark six fenceviewers and field drivers, 21 hogreeves, four to take care of Winter Harbor, nine surveyors of logs, nine lothayers, two on committee to settle with the former treasurer, eight members on committee on health and harbor matters, and a committee of two to sell grass on town thatch beds for the ensuing year. At this meeting they voted out $1,200 for support of schools, $1,200 for highways, $600 for town expenses, making a total of $3,000. The usual election of governor, senators and councillors was held and Caleb Strong was elected governor, William Philips, lieutenant governor and Hon. Ichabod Goodwin, senator and councillor for the district of York.

The war of 1812 then became imminent and the citizens of Biddeford had some very strong and interesting views on this subject. On July 27 they called a meeting " to take into consideration the alarming situation of our country," and a committee of three was appointed to draft a petition to be laid before the citizens for acceptance.

The committee consisted of Jeremiah Hill, Esq., Reuben W. Greene and Dr. Ezra Greene and they submitted the following:

"Resolved, that we consider it the duty of every citizen to support the laws of the country. At the same time we consider the right of peaceably assembling, to consult the general good, to speak our minds freely and to petition any branch of our government for the redress of grievances among our first privileges and unalienable in its nature.

"Resolved, that we consider the union of these United States as essential to the prosperity and happiness of our country and view with abhorrence any and every measure, which may have a tendency to separate this Union."

"Resolved, that in our opinion the war with Great Britain is unnecessary, inexpedient and ruinous in its consequences to the United States generally, more especially to the northern states, and most fatally to the District of Maine; that the continuation of it will destroy the remnant of our commerce, oppress the farmer, the mill owner, the lumberman and mechanic. And gradually introduce laxity of morals, decipation and vice, and have a tendency to produce an alliance with France, an evil which of all others we deem most terrifying in prosperity, blasting every hope and interminating every germ of liberty, no free state ever yet having survived a connection with that empire too powerful to be just and whose absolute monarchial government is so diametrically opposed to our darling Republican habits.

"Resolved, that the inhabitants of this town feel grateful to the members of the house of representatives who have published their address to their constituents, stating their reasons for voting in congress against the present war.

"Resolved, that peace and free commerce is our object and we think, the only mode of obtaining it is by a change of rulers to legislate for our prosperity and peace, whose hearts and views are enlarged, and whose patriotism is confined to their own country and equally warm to all parts of it: men that have not pledged to support a war they have declared or advocated, free if possible from party feelings, and men that have no personal interests to consult, such men as in the days of Washington exalted us as a people, and procured for our country those countless blessings of peace and prosperity which we now know only in remembrance.

"Resolved, that we view with horror the certain approach of our enormous land tax and other duties and excise not less oppressive (the act that they shall commence at commencement of the war and continue until one year after the war has terminated). When we are deprived of the means of paying them, the natural tendency of which is to throw the property into the hands of those who are generally office holders."

These resolutions were accepted by the town and another very interesting petition was accepted and sent to "James Madison, President of the United States of America." This latter document was very carefully prepared, well worded and clearly expressed. It was voted by the town to have it published in the Boston Centinal without any expense to the town of Biddeford. A committee of conference was appointed "to confer with other similar committees and also to meet in a convention if any should be formed, that a common center may be formed and union of action be heard in obtaining our desirable object in a constitutional way." The committee was Jeremiah Hill, Esq., Capt. Israel Lassell, Capt. Samuel Morrill, Capt. Nathaniel Goodwin and Capt. Moses Bradbury.

The second petition of the citizens which is of even more interest than the first will be given in next Saturday's Journal.

One of the most interesting documents ever prepared by the citizens of the town of Biddeford was prepared in 1812 when the announcement that war had been declared by President Madison was made.

The citizens here did not favor the idea of this country being again plunged into war, as too many of them had been through the Revolution and could clearly recall all its hardships and knew what the effect on commerce and all other business would be. They held several town meetings and at one of these drew up and adopted some resolutions which were forwarded to congress. They saw the conditions existing in Europe at that time and the marvelous and seemingly uncheckable advance of the French power. They had also studied very carefully the other conditions existing in Europe and our own country at that time. They wished that peace be maintained with all nations and the following is a copy of the records now in the office of the city clerk:

"To James Madison, president of the United States of America—the freeholders and other inhabitants of the town of Biddeford in the District of Maine, in legal town meeting assembled, having read your manifesto, the act of Congress, declaring war against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and your proclamation of the same, feel in duty bound respectfully to state some of our ideas respecting this subject. Some of us bore a heavy burden in the revolution which achieved our independence, but our heads are now hoary and our limbs enervated by time; our young men have heard what their fathers have told them concerning these days of old, these former years of visitation. The most of us look back with pleasure on the prosperous years that succeeded the adoption of our Federal constitution and ask why is our gold become dim, why are those happy, thrice happy times changed, we see no sufficient reason for it, the great Belligerents of Europe ever cordially hated each other, their trade and their delight is in war and when they get engaged therein, the smaller states and Kingdoms have to give way in smaller matters. "The Emperor of France is at this time making monstrous strides over the continent of Europe and we view with horror and regret the fate of Holland, reduced to a province of France, as well as the other Republics on the Continent of Europe; already several of the Kingdoms of Europe are obliged to bow to this mighty emperor—we see him shedding the blood of millions to gain Supermacy over Spain and Portugal, we view Great Britian as fighting at this time for her very existance and if this mighty Emperor subjugates Europe, we shudder, we tremble at the thought, when will his pride be satiated, will he be satisfied with Europe, will he not spread his conquests around the Atlantic, we tremble when we contemplate on these things, we abhor an alliance with a nation whose ambition knows no bounds, we remember what father Washington said, "Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, we entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition."

"We frequently hear how the Monarch daily treats us by burning, sinking and dertroying our commerce on the ocean, without any legal process, but by the capris of an individual monster of an armed vessel belonging to this aspiring usurper for universal domain.

"We also see very many things contrary in the conduct of the government of Great Britain; we see the commander of British armed vessels

domineering over our unarmored merchantmen pressing and forcibly conveying away our seamen; the government as we understand never justified such conduct but always restored the men as soon as it was ascertained that they were Americans and we are taught to believe,that they ever have been ready, willing and forward to make such arrangements with our government as to prevent abuses on this subject; we know that several of our seafaring men in these parts have been preserved and returned as stated.

"Another great grievance is stated to be the British orders in counsel and we find upon examination that the French laws of Berlin and Milan were anterior to these orders and that they were to be rescinded in their very nature whenever these laws should be revoked, being only given by the highest authority."

"As to their stirring up the savages against us, we see no proof that the United States being in treaty with all those tribes and under obligations to supply them with all the necessaries of life, should be drawn into this trouble. As to the Henery plot we see no evidence of his with any person or persons, effecting a separation of our happy Union.

"This would strike us with horror and detestation in viewing the whole ground, we see no sufficient reasons to justify this declaration of war and we are rather lead to believe that the President has been misinformed by artful, designing men who surround his person.

"We, therefore, knowing that it is in his province to send ambassadors to make peace, earnestly suplicate him to take constitutional measures to bring about this most desirable object and restore the United States to peace if it can be done on honorable terms and then break the fetters on commerce, which will restore our revenue to its wonted channel and then set up a strict impartiality with all nations and we confidently hope and trust under Devine Providence that we shall again sit as in the days of Washington under our own vine and our own figtree and have none to make us afraid and the inhabitants of Biddeford will ever pray for this."

The above petition was sent to the president of the United States, James Madison, and was signed by the moderator, and selectmen and attested by the Biddeford town clerk. It was also voted to have the document published and then voted to "desolve" the meeting.

Later in the same year a meeting was called "of the male inhabitants of said town being twenty-one years of age and resident in said town for the space of one year, having land to the value of $200, to meet * * * * to give in their vote for three electors (in the first Eastern District comprehending the counties of York, Cumberland and Oxford) for president and vice pres'dent of the United States, not being Representatives or Senators in the congress of the United States, or holding any office of trust or profit under the said U S."

The three electors getting the most votes were Nathaniel Goodwin, Esq., Biddeford, 144 votes; Lathrop Lewis, Gorham, 145, and Samuel Purvis of Hebron, 145.

There was much else of interest in the doings of the town in 1812, 1813 and 1814. In 1812 Jeremiah Hill and Reuben Greene were sent to the general court at Boston. The usual long list of town officers was also elected. The laying out of new roads was given much attention and many new highways were surveyed and constructed. The school committee in 1813 divided the town up into nine school districts and the location of these districts is very carefully recorded, stating that the children on such a road and others on some other road were to attend a certain district.

During the next year many orders for different elections sent down from Massachusetts were received and the elections held. Many petitions for the widening of roads and the building of new roads were received and acted upon. There is a very extended record of the "publishments," marriages, births and deaths and the disputes of different citizens over their respective rights. One of the most interesting of these was a dispute between Jeremiah Hill and James Maxwell which was brought before the town meeting of that year and settled by the citizens. This completes the town's history up to 1815.

In the old records of the town of Biddeford in 1816 and for several years following there was nothing which took place of so much importance as in earlier days during the Revolutionary times and later during the War of 1812. During most of these years up to 1840 the affairs of the town were pretty peaceful. A vote on the question of separating the District of Maine from Massachusetts was extremely close and the opinion of the town was as closely divided as it possibly could be. They voted for it by one vote. The question of new county roads involved the expenditure of a large amount of money and was very strongly opposed by the citizens of the town. While many of the doings of the inhabitants of Biddeford from 1816 to 1840 are of minor importance, yet they are of much interest and many of the names appearing below are familiar to many people now living in the two cities and many of these early town officers have relatives still living.

At the regular meeting of the citizens of the town of Biddeford in 1816 it was voted to give to the town treasurer $7 for his services for the year "ensewin" and Nathaniel Goodwin, Esq., was elected to fill this office. It was voted that "the collector procure bonds to the satisfaction of the selectmen before the tax bill is submitted to him." Jabis Gordon held this office. The surveyors of highways were Joseph Gilpatrick, Daniel Stone, Capt. Seth Spring, Benj. Gordon, Capt. Thomas Smith, Christopher Hussey, Jeremiah Bettis, Thomas Benson, Joseph Tarbox, Moses Staples, Thomas Hill, Paletiah Bickford and Daniel Hooper. The surveyors of lumber,wood, bark and logs were Seth Fairfield, Mark L. Hill, Moses Bradbury, Jr., Benj. Jordan, William Brock, William Stevenson, Donald Cummings, James Knox, Capt. William Murch, Joseph Smith, Nathaniel Cole, James Bettis. The fence viewers and field drivers were Nathaniel Goodwin, Obid Hooper, Israel Tasell, Moses Bradbury, Joseph Gilpatrick and Sylvester Haley. The sealers of leather were Israel Pinkham, Jordon Smith, Benjamin Smith.

No important action was taken by the citizens of the town from 1816 up to 1819. In 1819 the question of "the separation of Maine from Massachusetts proper" was brought up.

The call for the meeting read as follows: "Is it expedient that the District of Maine shall become a separate and independent state upon the terms and conditions provided in an act entitled an act relating to the separation of the District of Maine from Massachusetts proper and forming the same into a separate and independent state."

The meeting was held on Monday, July 26, 1819, and recorded as follows: "Met in town meeting agreeable to the warrant and gave in ninety-nine votes of which 50 were in favor of separating the District of Maine from Massachusetts proper and forming the same into a separate and independent state and 49 votes were against it."

The vote of 50 to 49 is certainly close enough and the meeting must have been of unusual interest and it is more than probable that some exciting scenes attended the voting. This completed the important business for the year of 1819.

In the summer of 1821 some important town lines were run by the surveyors and selectmen between Biddeford and Hollis and between Biddeford and Kennebunkport. All these town lines are very carefully recorded in the records.

Every year the meetings for the election of governor, senators, representatives and all the town officers were held and full lists were chosen. In 1832 Isaac Emery was elected moderator and Edward Coffin, town clerk. The report of the committee on accounts was accepted.

Voted to adjourn the requisition made by the Rev. Mr. Merrill for the interest due on the ministerial funds to the next meeting.

Voted to give the votes for selectmen separately and for the middle selectmen first. Samuel Merrill, Harrison Lowell and William Smith were chosen. Isaac Emery was made town treasurer and was to receive $7 for the year.

Edmund Coffin, Ichabod Jordan and Nathaniel Emery were chosen constables.

It was voted to give the collector of taxes 5 per cent for collecting and Ichabod Jordan was chosen collector.

Voted to choose all other town officers by hand vote except such as by law required by ballot.

Thomas G. Goodwin was made town agent and Christopher Marsh, Christopher Merrill and Thomas G. Goodwin were chosen superintending school committee.

The surveyors of highways were King Hooper, Amos Dow, Albra Wadley, Luke Meserve, Jack Stevenson, Benjamin Wakefield, John Adams, Nathaniel Goodwin, Nahum Smith, Haven Emery, Alexander Gold-

thwaite ,Moses Staples, James Benson, Aaron Nason, John G. Hussey, Sylvester Haley, George Goldthwaite, William Burnham and Joseph Staples, Jr.

Voted that neat cattle and horses shall not be permitted to run at large on Winter Harbor beach from the first of April to the first of November. John Haley, Thomas Smith and Samuel Haley were chosen "beach committee from the mouth of the r'ver to the Pool.

Money for the town expenses voted that year was $2,000 for repairing highways, $1,200 for schools, $700 for town expenses.

John C. Hussey and John Haley and Daniel Holman were appointed a committee to take care of the clam beds in Winter Harbor Pool. The grass on the town thach beds was to be sold at auction. Several other matters of little importance were also settled. At nearly all these meetings there were many land divisions to be settled and highways laid out. Many deeds are also recorded.

The inhabitants of the town of Biddeford in 1834 remonstrated very vigorously against a contemplated new road and bridge from over Coles' Mill brow. The citizens said it would put the town to great expense and inconvenience "the present location for business in said town and they apprehend that it will be an unsafe place and not likely to stand against such great freshets as sometimes happen in said river; it will greatly injure the Coles mill privileges which are owned largely by people from out of town who will expect heavy damages from the town."

In addition to these objections they begged leave "to represent that this town has within a few years been put to great expense in making a new road to accommodate the public in passing from the lower bridge in said town to Boston, and Alfred, etc., greatly facilitating to wood and lumber business, to the wharves and places of travel near the same." They believed that the present road with straightening would be satisfactory. They concluded by praying "that the commissioners would take into consideration the matter proposed and locate the county road from said new road in Biddeford over the lower bridge and across Indian or Factory Island, to Pepperell square in Saco, which will greatly accommodate the town."

The old records of the town of Biddeford were brought up to the year 1540 in last Saturday's issue and ended with the difficulties attending the locating and laying out of some new roads. The inhabitants objected very seriously to the heavy expense which would be incurred. The names appearing during these years are familiar to many of the present inhabitants of Biddeford. There are a few citizens in the city who were living here during the 40's and can remember the more important events transpiring at that time. The list of town officers was very long and almost every citizen must have held some town office. Some of the lists contain between thirty and forty names. A very large number of fence viewers, field drivers, etc., were required and this is the cause of the unusually long list.

The usual town election was held in 1841 but there seems to have been little of especial interest for the town to take action upon during that year. In 1841 William Smith was town clerk and Harrison Lowell, Israel Pinkham and Ichabod Jordan were the selectmen. Samuel Merrill was elected town treasurer, while Stephen L. Hooper, Samuel F. Chase and Nathaniel H. Goodwin were the superintending school committee. The usual long list of highway surveyors, also of lumber, wood and bark, fence viewers, field drivers, health committee and harbor masters were chosen.

At this meeting it was voted that each school district should have its own agents. This system of having an agent for each district school was kept in force in many Maine towns until within a comparatively few years, it being abolished only about ten years ago. The grass on the town land by the road side and thach beds was put up at auction and bought by Thomas Smith for $7.00. It was voted to sell the land on Gooch island which did not interfere with the public road.

In 1841 the question in regard to the care of the poor was brought up and overseers appointed "to take care of the paupers at their own discretion." A large number of land grants and transfers of property complete the records for the year.

The next year a committee was chosen to see about a location for a new town house, but their report is not recorded. The matter of building a new stone bridge over Cutts brook near the Cutts farm on the County road came up and it was voted to build the new bridge and borrow the money to pay for it and not to raise it by increased taxes. A committee divided up the school districts, making them into thirteen divisions and the various boundaries are carefully recorded.

Thirty-six different matters were in the warrant for the next year's town meeting. Jacob H. Cole was the moderator, William Smith, clerk, and Edmond Perkins town treasurer. Two thousand dollars was voted for the support of the poor and other town expenses and $1,300 for the support of the schools. The grass on the thach beds sold for $9.00; $3,500 was voted for highways; it was voted not to let neat cattle roam at large in the town; $1,000 was voted to build the Goodwins Mills road and the work of construction put in the hands of the selectmen; an examination for the road was ordered and the best way to build the bridges was to be reported.

The question of enforcement of the license law came up and the citizens "voted, that the selectmen shall not grant licenses for the retailing of ardent spirits and that they shall prosecute all violators of the license law." West brook bridge was ordered to be examined and a number of other minor matters were brought up for the consideration of the inhabitants of the town during the year 1844.

Biddeford's town history from 1845 to 1855 when the town obtained a city charter is of much interest. During that time the town seems to have grown rapidly as more money was appropriated for the various expenses and more town officials were elected. It was the most active period since 1753 when the first records begin for the laying out and construction of new roads. In the accepted list of jurors many familiar names appear.

Twenty-one different articles were in the warrant for the 1845 town meeting. Quite a large amount of money was voted for highways, schools, town expenses and repairing of bridges. A great many new roads were located about that time. In 1847 a street was located from Main street from Elm to the railroad. Up to this date all the highways had been called roads rather than streets. In this year Moses Bradbury was elected representative.

It was voted in 1849 at the annual meeting that, "if anyone shall willfully and unreasonably drive any horse or team on any of the sidewalks in any of the streets in the village, he shalll forfeit and pay a sum of not less than $1 and not more than $5 to be collected in the same way that other fines are which have been imposed."

In 1850 Erastus Hayes was chosen moderator at the town meeting. William Smith was the town clerk. Jacob R. Cole was the town agent. The school committee was Frederick Robie, Henry M. Blake and Luke Hill. The appropriations in 1850 were $6,000 for the schools, $5,000 for support of poor and other expenses, $1,000 for extinguishment of old town debt and $2,000 for highways. It was voted that the care of the paupers be given to the overseers of the poor, the selectmen were instructed to prosecute all violators of the license law and that the treasurer recieve taxes from the corporation and that a list of taxes against people having only poll taxes be committed to the same collector.

A return of the road called Pool street begining at Alfred street, near the house built by Elder Jordan and ending at the road leading to the Pool near the house of Icabod Jordan. The location is very fully given and the report was accepted. Wentworth street was located, a report submitted, and the street laid out in the same way. It was voted to lay a plank on a part of Washington street and on a reserved street owned by the Saco Water Power Co. Bacon and Cutts are the next streets recorded and laid out by the commissioners. Other streets in different parts of the town were laid out and the year 1850 seems to be notable for the large number of new highways built and named.

The town of Biddeford at its annual meeting accepted the following list of jurymen: Jacob H. Cole, Thomas H. Cole, Barnabas E. Cutter, James Smith, Jr., Joel Russell, Simon Gilman, George A. Warren, George W. Nichols, Nathan Tarbox,

James Andrews, Harrison Lowell, Ralph Emery, Moses Bradbury, Thomas J. Chick, H. H. Hooper, Joseph Staples, Jr., Thomas Day, Andrew Dow, Thistram Hooper, Eli Smith, Edward Rumery, Jonathan Taylor, John Q. Adams, Horace Ford, William Donnell, William H. Hutchins, E. H. C. Hooper, William N. Hill, Samuel White, Cyrus H. Lunt, Ichabod Jordan, Cyrus Gordon, Charles Staples, Samuel Haley, Jacob Curtis, Sylvanus Perkins, Thomas D. Emery, Lewis Davis, John T. Smith, Thomas Quimby, Samuel Pillsbury, Jeremiah Wadlin, Nathaniel H. Goodwin, Joseph P. Garland, Lemuel Foss, Abram Perkins, David Wiggin, Samuel Lunt and Nathan Chadwick. In this list are many of the prominent men of that time and many of these names are very familiar to the older citizens now living in Biddeford.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-one was a very quiet year and 1852 was not particularly notable for much town action. On mot on of Jacob K. Cole it was unanimously voted, "that the selectmen be instructed, or requested, to prosecute all violators of the Maine Liquor Law that shall come to their knowledge or where sufficient evidence shall be produced of any violations of said law."

A special meeting was held on March 15 and "after some remarks from several gentlemen in reference to the amount of money necessary to be raised for the schools, as contemplated in that article 5, it was voted to let the matter subside for a few months and hear the report of the superintending school committee. Just how much money was finally voted does not appear. It was voted that the inhabitants of Fletchers Neck be allowed to make out their own highway taxes on said neck. The street connecting High street with Pool street was accepted.

At the meeting in 1853 the record says, "There personally appeared William T. Haines and made solemn oath that he would faithfully and impartially discharge the duties of moderator according to his best skill and judgment agreeably to the laws of the state of Maine." The Rev. Samuel M. Gould "by request and in accordance with the usual custom, then addressed the Throne of Grace."

The other business of the meeting consisted principally of the electing of a town clerk, town agent, nine constables, seven tythingmen, five fire wardens, seven field drivers and hog reeves, five fence viewers, nine surveyors of lumber, nine surveyors of wood and bark, five members of health committee, three members for committee on accounts, pound keeper, two cullers of staves and two harbor masters. Money for the year's expense was also voted by the citizens.

It was voted to raise the sum of $300 to build a "police prison house." New notes were drawn for the town's existing debt. The people living on Middle street were allowed to work out their own road tax. By far the longest list of jurors up to this time was accepted. Charles F. Allen was chosen to fill the vacancy on the school committee occasioned by the removal from town of Shadrach Boothby.

This completes the history of the town up to 1855 when the question of obtaining a city charter came up and was afterward adopted. A comparison of the expense accounts of the first year under the city charter and of the former year while Biddeford was only a town will be given given in next Saturday's Journal.

In 1855, the town of Biddeford became the city of Biddeford. When the vote was taken to see whether the inhabitants wanted a charter it was voted in favor of the charter by 697 to 80 votes, the entire number of ballots being 777. The selectmen then divided the new city into seven wards and presented the divisions to the people for acceptance as follows:

Ward one shall include all those parts of the city of Biddeford and its inhabitants which is southeast of a line beginning at the mouth of Westbrook and running southwest to Kennebunkport town line.

Ward two—Bounded on the east by ward one; on the north by Saco river; on the west a line beginning at the covered bridge and running southwesterly, on Liberty hill to Hill street, and on Hill street to Pool; thence southeast on Pool to the westerly line of Ichabod Jordan's farm, thence southwest to Kennebunkport line and along the town line to ward one.

Ward three—Bounded on the west by ward two at a point at the covered bridge and running north to Saco river to a point parallel to the middle line of York street; westerly to the junction of Laconia and York streets; southerly to Liberty and Foss streets to Granite, southeasterly on Granite to Hill, southwesterly on Hill to the Guinea road, southwest to Kennebunk town line, thence east to said line of ward two.

Ward four—Bounded on the North by York street, on the south and east by Liberty, Foss, Granite and Hill; southwest by Guinea road; on northwest by a line beginning at York, Liberty and Washington streets to its southern terminal, thence east to Alfred street and on Alfred street to Guinea road.

Ward five—Bounded on northwest by Main street, northeast by Chestnut and Liberty, on south and east by a line commencing at the junction of Washington and Liberty and running southwest on Washington to southwesterly terminus, thence southerly on Alfred street to its junction with Main street.

Ward six was to include Springs and Gooch island and all that part of the city of Biddeford and the inhabitants included between Saco river and a line beginning at the terminus of York street at Laconia mill No. 2, and running west on York street to Chestnut northwesterly, to the railroad and by the railroad to the Saco river.

Ward seven was to include that part of the city of Biddeford embraced in the first, second, third, thirteenth and tenth school districts, together with that part of the fourth school district between the railroad and Main street and southwest of Chestnut.

These locations by the selectmen were duly accepted by the voters. The first annual report of the city of Biddeford after its charter was granted in 1855 is of great interest as it shows that the expenses under the charter were less than under the management of Biddeford as a town in the preceding yearr.

The schools for the year 1855 cost the city $6,627.22, which does not include the $155 paid the school committee for their services.

Among the first orders passed by the city council after its organization was one for the purchase of a farm for the support of the poor. The Cutts farm, so called, was centrally located and provided with suitable buildings when enlarged. The services of Mr. Henry Folsom were secured to take care of the farm and the paupers. The farm for the first year cost the city $120.29. There were a good many paupers but the income from the farm was excellent.

A summary of expenses is of interest, especially so when compared with the necessary present day expenditures.

The expenditures for 1855:

Highways,	$ 5,826.26
Health department,	160.00
Assessors' services,	274.25
School committee,	155.00
Police department,	232.50
Constables,	3.50
Fire department,	462.27
Schools,	6,627.22
Overseers of poor,	120.29
Abatements,	584.94
Interest,	570.65
Paupers,	1,614.54
City marshal,	20.00
City solicitor,	24.37
Mayor's salary,	200.00
City clerk's salary,	225.00
Clerk common council,	20.00
Discount on taxes paid treasurer,	1,831.36
Percentage for tax collecting,	563.73
2 Fireproof safes,	334.02
Street sprinkler,	102.50
Paid for night watch,	175.65
Paid for general ex.,	873.50
Total city expenses,	$21,251.25

This shows the financial standing of the city in 1855 and the inhabitants who had bitterly opposed the charter were greatly pleased over the result. It was a much better showing than in the preceeding year although the exact figures are not at hand.

18	17	0	0	1	0	4	0	11	0
9	7	0	0	1	0	17	0	9	0
7	6	0	0	2	0	26	0	8	0
7	4	0	0	2	0	16	0	1	0
8	6	0	1	2	0	5	0	6	0
11	8	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0
7	4	1	0	2	1	0	10	0	0
106	85	1	1	15	1	69	23	45	0

tion.

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY

Story of the Death of Lizzie Bourne on Mt. Washington.

WAS RELATED BY HER UNCLE.

A Night of Awful Exposure and Fatigue Was the Cause.

FAMILY LIVED AT KENNEBUNK.

Mr. Bourne Was Judge of Probate for Years.

No other tragedy on Mount Washington ever excited the sympathy of visitors as did the death of Lizzie Bourne, whose simple monument beside the railway track is seen by every passenger. Many accounts of her death have been published, says Among the Clouds.

But the most detailed account comes from a source whose reliability cannot be questioned, it having been written to the Boston Journal by her uncle, George W. Bourne, who was with her during the terrible night, and made heroic efforts to save her. It is dated September 22, 1885, only nine days after the occurrence and was printed Monday, September 24.

Those who know the violence and suddenness of September gales on the mountain have no occasion to wonder at the catastrophe; rather, the only wonder is that with the long exposure any of the party survived. It seems not unlikely that it undermined Mr. Bourne's health, for he died a little over a year later, December 7, 1856, aged 55. He was a shipbuilder in Kennebunk, a member of the firm of Bourne & Kingsbury, and universally esteemed and respected. He was prominently identified with the Unitarian church in Kennebunk, where his portrait is still cherished.

His account of the tragedy which appeared in the Boston Journal many years ago, is as follows and is of course correct:

On the evening of the 12th inst., our little party, consisting of Henry A. Jones, Esq., and lady of Portland; Elizabeth, daughter of Edward E. Bourne; my wife, daughter Lucy and myself, arrived at the Glen House, intending in the morning to ascend Mount Washington. Early Thursday morning it commenced raining and rained moderately until 10, when it cleared away. Immediately after dinner (we dined at 1) at her urgent solicitation, Elizabeth, Lucy and myself started for the summit of the mountain, having understood by several that the path was plain. I saw no necessity of a guide, and consequently took none. The afternoon was very pleasant and we started in good spirits, the young ladies highly elated at the prospect of realizing the fulfilment of their long anticipated desire—that of spending a night on top of Mt. Washington.

Shortly after crossing the bridge at the base of the mountain, we met with Mr. Myers, one of the gentlemanly contractors of the carriage road. I looked at my watch and found the time to be 15 minutes after 2. Mr. Myers, himself going the same way, we enjoyed the pleasure of his company for about two and a half miles, when we parted. We continued our journey in high glee, occasionally stopping to admire the scenery, until at length we came to the terminus of the road. Here we made inquiry and were told that the Summit was two and a half miles distant and the path plain. It was then 4 o'clock.

We now leave the road and, turning somewhat to the left, climbed a steep and rocky path to the top of what seemed to be a large knoll or mountain (called the ledge). where we encountered the wind blowing a gale so violent that for a while we were unable to proceed. As the wind lulled a little the ladies got up and, seeming to be invigorated by the blast, wished to go on.

We were now at the foot of another mountain. A little while (the ladies stopping occasionally, to get breath in consequence of the wind) and we were on its summit, apparently 1,000 feet in height, and so we continued climbing peak after peak, expecting each to be the last.

The greatest difficulty with which we had to contend was the wind, and which finally was the cause of our sad disaster, as the ladies often had to sit down to take breath, which was the chief cause of our delay. As we were ascending what we hoped and really expected would be the last mountain steep, the sun, enrobed in his mantle of gold and crimson, bade us adieu. We stopped a moment to gaze at the magnificent spectacle, but were warned by his departure not to linger on the mountain. It was in descending this steep that Elizabeth began to show signs of weariness and needed assistance, but the assurance that this was our last ascent gave us encouragement to persevere, and we at last reached the summit. It was late in the twilight and the shadows of night were fast creeping upon us. To our sorrow another mountain stood before us, whose summit was far above the clouds.

From this point, had it been clear, we should have had a view of the Summit House and all would have been well, for then we should have had the assurance that the end of our journey was near. However, we were not discouraged, for although quite dark, we could still discern our path. But Elizabeth needed rest so often that our progress was slow, until finally night closed upon us and we could see our way no further. It was very cold and the wind blowing a gale, the night dark and fearful, and we were upon the bleak mountain without a shrub, tree or rock under which to obtain shelter. What was to be done? To lie down and commit our souls to the keeping of a merciful Father, probably to the sleep that knows no waking? This was my first thought, for I was well nigh worn out with fatigue myself.

But a few moments reflection dissipated those impressions and I resolved to do what I could for our preservation. So violent was the wind that it was impossible to adjust the ladies' shawls to any advantage, but we did the best we could and they laid themselves down in the middle of the path, as we had not lost our way, while I went to work to build a wall of such loose rocks as in the darkness of the night I could lay hands upon to protect them from the blast. This was slow work as I was obliged occasionally to lie down for the double purpose of resting myself and keeping them warm.

I succeeded at last in raising quite a breastwork, which I found of great advantage, and the ladies quite comfortable; hope revived, as I then felt confident that I should be able to keep them comfortable until assitance should arrive in the morning. My movements were to lie down a while to protect the girls until I became cold, then get up, thrash around, pile up rocks, then lie down again, at no time leaving my charge for more than ten minutes. It was about 10 o'clock, I should think, as I laid down at Lizzie's back and took her hand, that I found to be icy cold —I then put my hand upon her forehead and found that cold also—then called to her, but no response—raised her up, but her spirit had winged its way to that better land where the black mountain chill could not reach her. She was dead —had uttered no complaint, expressed no regret or fear, but passed silently away.

My thoughts now were to use all my exertions to save Lucy and myself. This was done by lying down a few minutes to keep her warm, until cold myself, then up and thrash my hands and feet until warm, then down again, and thus passed the long, long, weary night. Oh, how anxiously did we watch for the first gleam of morning. As soon as I deemed it prudent we started for the summit, which to our great joy we found to be within a short distance.

We arrived at the door before it was fairly day, aroused the inmates, made known our situation, and in an incredibly short time the whole household were in motion. Two gentlemen and two ladies started for the lifeless remains of Lizzie, and soon returned with her and hoping against hope, for four hours they labored with hot rocks, hot baths, and used every exertion to call back her spirit, but all in vain.

Soon after our arrival at the "Tip-Top House" I dispatched a message to my wife at the Glen House, and at 10 o'clock Mr. Hall(a kind friend, and long to be remembered) came up to proffer his assistance and to convey the body down the mountain. This was done by placing it in a shallow box without a cover (after having been duly prepared by the ladies), slung to a pole and borne upon the shoulders of two men with two more to relieve them. They came

down in three hours arriving at the Glen House at 3.30. We arrived home Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, and although the angel of death had set his seal upon her brow, yet a sweet smile still lingered and she seemed as one living in angelic slumber.

I cannot close this account without adverting to the kindness of the good people at the Summit and Glen House All appeared to vie with each other in doing everything that was possible for them to do, both for the living and the dead, and showed us so much kindness and manifested so much sympathy that we can never cease to remember them but with the most grateful emotions and trust that their labors in our behalf will in due time be amply rewarded by Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Suffice it to say that no one suggested our need of a guide, neither did we find one necessary, as we did not miss our way. Still, as the event proved, it would have been well for us to have taken a guide.

Yours truly, in grief,
George W. Bourne.

P. S.—From all the circumstances it is now evident that Elizabeth died, not from the cold alone, but from some organic affection of the heart of lungs induced by fatigue and exposure. G. W. B.

Kennebunk, Sept. 22, 1855.

Miss Bourne's full name was Elizabeth C. Bourne, and she was 23 years old, and not 20, as stated on the Mount Washington monument. The date of her death was September 13, 1855.

By a strange error it is given as September 14, both on the monument here and on that at Kennebunk. That this cannot be right is shown by the letter of Mr. Bourne, who says that the party arrived at the Glen on the evening of the 12th and went up the mountain the next day, her death occurring about 10 o'clock at night. Mr. Spalding says: "About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of September 13th, 1855, Lizzie Bourne started from the Glen House to walk with her uncle and his daughter to the top of Mount Washington." Further evidence is furnished by the Boston papers of Saturday, Sept. 15. The Post and Journal have the following identical dispatch:

Gorham, N. H., September 14.

"Mr. Bourne, lady and daughter of Kennebunk, Me., left the Glen House at Mount Washington at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon to ascend on foot without a guide, but when part of the way up became lost in a cloud and remained without shelter all night. All suffered extremely. The daughter died during the night. The others are now doing well."

Miss Bourne's father, Hon. Edward E. Bourne, was judge of probate for York county and his portrait shows him to have been a typical "gentleman of the old school."

Her mother, Mary Gilpatrick Bourne, was of an old York county family of the highest standing. Miss Bourne's only brother, Judge Edward E. Bourne, died in December, 1894, aged 65. His widow still lives in Kennebunk, also two sons, Herbert E. Bourne, a lawyer, and Dr. George W. Bourne. Miss Bourne's portrait, in the new guide to Mount Washington, is copied from a painting in the possession of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward E. Bourne. Another portrait of her is owned by Mr. Herbert E. Bourne.

Miss Bourne's cousin, who shared the perils of the climb, married George W. Lord of Kennebunk, now of Boston, and died some years ago.

A fine monument was prepared to be placed on Mount Washington at the scene of her death, but owing to the failure of the carriage road company and the giving up of work on the building of the road for the time it was placed where she rests in Hope cemetery, Kennebunk. A picture of it appears in our Mount Washington guide.

Nothing more pathetic has ever been written concerning her than these words in a letter written by her father to Mr. Hall:

"Moses was taken up from Mount Pisgah, Aaron from Mount Hor, and Lizzie, a frail child of earth, to heaven from Mount Washington. Knowing her as I did, I am sure she would have chosen Mount Washington as the place to pass from earth to heaven."

FAITHFUL TO TRUST

Story of Brave Lucy Bean in Old Colonial Days.

SAVED FORT AT UNION FALLS.

Interesting Legend Put Into Print for First Time.

DATES BACK TO 17TH CENTURY.

Taken from Notes Made by the Writer's Ancestor.

On Thursday, September 8, the annual meeting of the Bean (1660) association will be held in the Unitarian church, Pleasant street, Newburyport, Mass. In Biddeford and its sister city and scattered through York county are many descendants of Capt. Jonathan Bean, a nephew of the John Bean whose name the association above mentioned especially honors.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Lucinda H. Lombard of Gorham, the Journal is able to publish a hitherto unpublished legend re-written from the notes of Mrs. Lombard's grandfather, T. S. Bean, a lineal descendant of the sixth generation from the herein mentioned Captain Jonathan, which is as follows:

In the early part of the seventeenth century Sir Lewis MacBane, a Highlander, whose father had been a noted spendthrift, decided to leave Scotland and come to America, "That land of glorious promise," as it was then so aptly called. Accordingly he and his younger brother, Donald, took ship. This younger brother had incurred the hatred of a certain Major Glamorgan, a dissipated fellow, who followed him aboard the ship and as it was about to sail, assaulted and killed him, escaping just as the ship took up its anchor for the long voyage. Sis Lewis, when he went down to the cabin, found his brother dead and his money stolen.

Of course all attempts to punish the man would be well-nigh useless. It would be many days before the ship would reach the colonies and many more before it could return and carry the news to Scotland. In the meantime, the murderer made his escape and was never heard of again.

An ocean burial is always sad; and it seemed to be the last tie broken to the poor man who stood on deck and saw the body of his beloved brother lowered to its last resting place beneath the blue waves.

Nothing of interest occurred to break the monotony of the long voyage; and, early one morning they came to anchor near what was then called Winter Harbor now Biddeford Pool, at the mouth of the Saco. Here Sir Lewis and several of his shipmates resolved to land but the ship after discharging some of its cargo passed on to Boston.

Sir Lewis and his companions, hearing that there was another settlement up the beautiful winding river, traveled several miles till they came to the settlement on the fertile intervale at Union Falls, now a part of Dayton.

The colonists heartily welcomed the newcomers to their homes.

Sir Lewis MacBane, baronet of ancient and valorous lineage, now became common Goodman Lewis Bane, a surname in later times, as now, changed to Bean.

Lewis had no friends in the new country, but one of his companions Duncan Callerby by name, had a brother who bade Lewis stay with him until he could build a house for himself.

Meanwhile Lewis had formed a strong attachment for brown-eyed, brown-haired Nancy Dorman, and when his log cabin was completed he asked her to marry him and she said, "Yes, Lewis."

In due course of time, among other children, was born to them a son whom they named Jonathan. He grew to manhood; strong in physique morals and religion. The commander of the block house having died, the people, appreciating Jonathan's worth, made him captain.

The colony prospered and grew and of all its settlements none was more progressive than that at Union Falls. The Indians were friendly until a wicked vagabond white man insulted the daughter of the chief of the Sokokis. This aroused their ire and they began to plan an attack on the the white settlers, unsuspected by them, however.

Jonathan, his father and mother and their three other children, Lucy, aged 15 and a little girl and boy formed the family at the block house. It was long in the autumn when news came that a vessel had arrived at Winter Harbor with powder and shot for the various settlements. Lewis and Jonathan went after Union Falls'

share, and Nancy went with them to see her sister, who was sick.

Lucy left alone with the children had her "stint" of spinning to do. She was working by the open shutter when looking out she saw an Indian skulking among the trees.

She continued her work, blithely humming a song, but when stepping, in her walk to and fro, nearest the children at their play on the floor, she told them not to make any noise for there was an Indian near the house and if he was ugly she must scare him away, and she again moved past the shutter-hole. Going to the dresser, she snatched from the cubby-hole beneath, the huge copper kettle and taking a big basket from beside the fireplace, she placed these over the frightened children. Then seizing one of the loaded guns she took her post at a porthole of the fort to watch the maneuvers of the savage. She knew that the scant shrubbery where he crouched could afford concealment to but one person; but might there not be others in the nearby forest waiting but his signal to rush upon the seemingly defenseless fort and carry off its guns even if they did not harm its inmates? For although the Indians had been peaceable for some time, she knew of their treacherous nature, and even if this one was alone, his peculiar actions whether from ugliness or intoxication, boded mischief.

Yet the death penalty having been paid by the guilty man for his outrage upon the chieftain's daughter ought to have made peaceable feelings towards the whites. While thus she alternated between hope and fear, the bushes moved, one moment of suspense, and the savage bounded forward! The report of the gun, the outcry of the wounded Indian and his running for the woods beyond, and the hours that dragged so slowly, while the little ones cried and she, faint and excited, expected every moment to hear the war-hoop as a band of Indians came to avenge their comrade.

When Jonathan and his parents came, great was their consternation. Quickly the different families of the little community were warned, and hastened to the block house with their most valuable possessions. A band was formed to go out and search for the body of the savage and also to reconnoiter the nearby country for a sight of the enemy, while a few brave men guarded the fort.

The searching party soon found the savage's body. It was the brother of the outraged girl, intoxicated by the white man's "fire-water" who, not knowing of the guilty man's punishment, and unsanctioned by his tribe, had sought revenge. He was buried in the dim forest where

"The wind a fitting requiem sung."

The story of Lucy's courage found its way across the water; and a returning ship brought to the little heroine from her many admirers a present of a gold bracelet on which was inscribed "Faithful to Trust."

The Sokokis, hearing of the outrager's punishment, and thus being avenged, gave up all thought of attack. So the settlement was saved: and Lucy lived to tell to children's children the story I have told you.

VERY VALUABLE LIST

Names of Saco Men Who Died During the Civil War.

SEVERAL WERE KILLED IN ACTION.

Major Portion Met Their Death from Wounds or Sickness.

LIST FOUND BY SACO CITY CLERK

While Cleaning Out Safe Vault Saturday.

While delving among the old records in the vault at the city building Saturday, City Clerk Tapley of Saco, brought to light a large paper which bore the names of the men, residents of Saco, in York county, who died in the service or in consequence of wounds or sickness incurred thereby since April 12, 1861.

It may be interesting to people in Saco to read the list as without doubt there are many living today, particularly old veterans of the Civil war, who would like to preserve it for reference.

In looking over the list which gave the cause of death, age, number of the company, etc., in addition to what we reproduce below, it is seen that many more died from sickness or confinement in Rebel prisons, than were killed in action. One was noticed who died in the insane asylum at Augusta and a few from starvation.

The following list comprises the names of the men, the regiment they were with, the place they died and the time of their death. A few have no record of the place of death and the time, but on the whole they are pretty well accounted for.

John Andrews, 9th Reg.; Warsaw island, Feb. 15, 1862.

Aaron M. Abbott, 9th Reg.; July 20, 1864, Petersburg.

Stephen Avery, 12th Reg.; New York, Feb. 22, 1865.

Elbridge G. Bradbury, 5th Reg.; Gaines Hill.

Benjamin F. Cole, 14th Reg.; Augusta, Ga., June, 1865.

George H. Clark, 29th Reg.; hospital at New Orleans.

George A. Cummings, 30th Reg.; hospital at New Orleans, April 22, 1864.

Alphonzo L. Cousins, 9th Reg.; U. S. Gen. hospital, Oct. 3, 1864.

Edward C. Chadbourne, 5th Reg.; Gaines Hill, June 27, 1862.

Daniel Collins, 5th Reg.; Gaines Hill, June 27, 1862.

Fabyan Churchill, 5th Reg.; Salem church, May 10, 1862.

Josiah B. Davis, 16th Reg.; Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

Abraham Drew, 5th Reg.; Cold Harbor, May 11, 1864.

Oliver Fletcher, 5th Reg., Sept. 16, 1862.

Dexter Foss, 12th Reg.; Savannah, Ga., May 4, 1865.

George H. Foss, 5th Reg.; Savannah, Ga.

Hiram Guilford, 16th Reg.; Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

Aaron Grace, 14th Reg.; passage home, Sept. 14, 1865.

Fred S. Gurney, 32nd Reg.; Wilderness, May, 1864.

Daniel D. Garey, 2nd cavalry, Camp Stoneman, Nov. 15, 1864.

Charles E. Goodwin, 17th Reg.; Spottsylvania, May 6, 1864.

Charles H. Granger, Jr., 20th Reg.; Hatchers Run, Feb. 10, 1865.

Stephen P. Gowen, 5th Reg.; Gaines Hill, June 27, 1862.

Zachariah Hamlin, 10th Reg.; Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

Luther M. Hearne, 12th Reg.; Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9., 1862.

Luther M. Hearne, 12th Reg; Salsbury prison, N. C., Jan. 13, 1865.

Ivory M. Hodsdon, 27th Reg; Camp Casey Hospital, Washington.

Edwin A. Harmon, 12th Reg; New Orleans, Feb. 25, 1862.

Andrew J. Harmon, 17th Reg; New Orleans, May 25, 1864.

Albert A. Hall, 2nd Cavalry, Florida, March 30, 1865.

Oren F. Ham, 2nd Cavalry; Banancas, Florida, Aug. 24, 1864.

William A. Hodgdon, 83rd Penn; Petersburg, June 20, 1864.

Gilbert Hodgdon, 29th Regiment; Georgetown, S. C., Aug. 20, 1865.

William F. Harris, 7th Reg; Virginia, Dec. 1862.

Daniel C. Hill, 17th Reg; Falmouth, Va., Dec. 25, 1862.

James Jordan, 9th Reg; Morris Island, Oct. 1, 1863.

James L. Kendrick, 10th Reg; Cedar Mountain, Aug. 13, 1862.

John A. Kilham, 17th Reg; May 23, 1864.

Josiah Keeley, 13th Reg; St. James Hospital, N. C., June 24, 1864.

Albert F. Lane, 5th Reg; Aug, 1862.

George E. Merrill, 16th Reg.; Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

Charles M. McCann, 16th Reg.; Washington, March, 1863.

Ether S. Milliken, 10th Reg.; Maryland, Feb. 20, 1862.

John S. Milliken, 29th Reg.; Cedar Creek, Oct. 20, 1864.

Samuel Murphy, 1st cavalry; Deep Bottom. Aug. 17, 1864.

William Merrill, 32d Reg.; Andersonville, November 1864.

Charles D. Merrill, 5th Reg.; Philadelphia, Sept. 3, 1862.

Frederick A. Mitchell, 17th Reg.; Gettysburg, July 10, 1863.

Andrew McCarthy, 5th Reg.; May, 1864.

Thomas E. Noyes, 32d Reg.; Ander-

Lory Prentiss, Jr., 30th Reg.; Pleasant Hill, April 17, 1864.

Silas M. Paul, U. S. Engineers; Washington, Feb. 1, 1862.

James M. Pennell, 5th Reg.; Gains hill, June 27, 1862.

John R. Ricker, 30th Reg.; Augusta, Me., Nov. 5, 1865.

Charles E. Ridlon, 7th Reg.; Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.

Nathaniel Ridlon, Jr., 7th Reg.; rebel prison, Sept. 20, 1864.

Freeman C. Sawyer, 16th Reg.; Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

Alonzo Smith, 32d Reg.; Fort Wagner, Oct. 1863.

Asa D. Smith, 32d Reg.; Andersonville, December, 1864.

Alexander Smith, Jr., 32d Reg.; Andersonville, December, 1864.

Moses Shirley, 30th Reg.; Saco, Jan. 17, 1864.

Thomas Stevens, 10th Reg.; Saco, March 5, 1863.

Alvin H. Smith, 17th Reg.; Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Lewis S. Tuttle, 32d Reg.; Andersonville, Nov. 29, 1864.

John H. Taylor, 32d Reg.; Andersonville, December, 1864.

David L. Tuttle, 32d Reg.; Andersonville, December, 1864.

George F. Tasker, 17th Reg.; Fredericksburg, May 6, 1864.

Scholly G. Usher, 17th Reg.; at Lee's capture, April 7, 1865.

Andrew J. Whitten, 12th Reg.; March, 1864.

Charles W. Webb, 5th Reg.; Maryland, Oct. 29, 1863.

James E. Wayland, 5th Reg.; Rappahannock, Nov. 2, 1863.

George S. McCorrison, Baker's cavalry; City Point, Sept. 13, 1864.

STOLEN BY INDIANS

Joseph Wilbur of Saco Taken from Home Very Young.

LIVED WITH THEM MANY YEARS.

Grew Up as a Mohawk Brave and Had an Indian Wife.

WAS WITH A TRAVELING BAND

When He Was Recognized by His Sisters.

Joseph Wilbur, who died a few weeks ago at the Soldiers Home at Togus was known in Saco, where he lived for many years before going to the home. The story of his life was a very interesting one, he having been stolen by a traveling band of Indians while young, and living with them many years before he found out who he was and returned to civilization.

The most of the later years of his life were passed in Saco, where he had worked in the mills. He was a veteran of the Civil war and attended many Grand Army reunions, but died before the great reunion in Boston recently. 1904.

He was visiting a sister in Saco a few weeks ago and soon after his return to the home he was taken sick and died.

The story of his life among the Indians is as follows:

A romantic story, stranger than fiction, is that told by Joseph Wilbur of Saco, who was stolen from his home, a barren section of the state up in the Rangeley lake region, by a white renegade, brought up a brave by the Mohawk Indians to whom he was sold, married a Mohawk wife, traveled with the tribe through the forests of Canada, and hunted in the wilds of Labrador, later returning to Maine, where he was identified by his mother 19 years after he was kidnapped among 50 young men she had never seen before.

Wilbur was about two years old when he was kidnapped, and he did not leave the Indians until he was 21. His father was a white settler in the Rangeley lake region, now known as Phillips. A year after Joseph was stolen, his father moved to Bethel, where he resided for some years, afterward locating in Martha's Vineyard.

There were eight children in the Wilbur family, and they used to play about the door of the little cabin in the forest while their father was toiling in the woods and their mother was busy with her housework. The rest of the children were playing one day when Joe run up to his mother and said: "Let me play, too, mamma."

After giving her consent, she kissed him and putting on his hat, sent him to the clearing. He wandered off in the woods, and shortly after the children heard a scream, and the muffled cry: "Mamma, the bad man's got me."

This cry was followed by more screaming and then a muffled noise as if a man was trying to carry off the baby, and at the same time stifle its cries.

The little Wilburs rushed into the house and told their mother what had happened. She hurried into the thicket and woods in the direction the children pointed, screamed her baby's name until she was hoarse, but her search was futile. When the father returned from his day's work he was told of the kidnapping of his child, and, without a mouthful of supper, he searched the woods round until sunrise the next morning. Not a trace of the child did he find.

There is a story in the Wilbur family that the stealing of the baby was done by a murderer, who had been tried and committed to prison. He escaped and lived in the woods in that section of Maine. He devoted his time to hunting and trapping. His motive, it was averred, for stealing the baby was to cut him up for fox bait, but the child being so handsome he hadn't the heart to do so.

This man directed suspicion against himself by remarking, after the kidnapping of the boy, that he knew more about the youngster's disappearance than he would ever tell. Afterward he sold the boy to the Mohawk Indians although the price he got for the blue-eyed little chap is not known. A Mohawk brave, who died years afterward, is said to have confessed that it was in such a way that the tribe got possession of Joseph.

The mother never gave up the search for her stolen child. Every day she searched the woods and barn, and never saw a stack of hay that she did not have it overturned to see if her child was underneath it. It was thought at the time by everybody that the Indians had kidnapped the boy, and whenever they heard of a tribe anywhere they would go and look to see if they had a white child with them.

Some years after, two sisters of Joseph's came to Biddeford to work in the cotton mills. When they returned from the factory one night, the woman with whom they boarded told them that a tribe of Indians was in town, and she had seen a young white man with them. She suggested that it might be their long-lost brother.

The following morning the sisters visited the tribe of redskins in the outskirts of the city, and when they saw the white man they exclaimed together, "It's brother sure. Don't you see how much he looks like father?"

They entered into conversation with the young, light-skinned brave who so much resembled their father. He was dressed in the clothing of his tribe, wore his hair long in Indian fashion, and, bronzed as he was, looked like a real Mohawk. His speech was that of an Indian, and he showed his lack of knowledge of the English language.

In reply to the query, "Are you an Indian?" the young man in broken English said he was, and asked why they wanted to know. They told him that their brother had been stolen by the Mohawks years ago, that he greatly resembled their father, and they believed he was their long lost brother.

The conversation caused some suspicion among the other members of the tribe, and the sisters left for their boarding place. They learned that the white-skinned member of the tribe was in the habit of going to a farmhouse in the vicinity after milk every morning, and the next day but one they saw him and told him that they were convinced he was their stolen brother. Then for the first time he thought he was not a full-blooded Mohawk and said to the young women. "You wouldn't have anything to do with me now even if I was your brother."

They assured him that it made no difference where or what he had been if he would come to live with them he would be just as dear to them as if he had lived with them all his life. He refused to leave the tribe at that time, and before the sisters could get their father to come to Biddeford and endeavor to persuade the young man to desert the redskins the tribe had broken camp.

Mr. Wilbur came to Biddeford shortly after, followed the tribe of

Mohawks to Portland. The father gave a man by the name of Swett, a sum of money to get the young man away from the Indians. In a day or two the Portland man succeeded and after some persuasion Joseph consented to go to Bethel. Mr. Wilbur was not so sure that the young brave was his long lost son. When he reached Bethel he gathered together about 50 men, his wife had never seen, and had them walk in the house two by two. He put Joseph, who he had dressed in the clothing of a white man in the midst of them, saying that if it was the stolen boy his wife could pick him out.

When Joseph appeared she threw her arms about his neck, fondled him and kissed him as if he were still a child. There was not a dry eye in the party. The mother said that she recognized her son by the cowlick on his forehead.

Mr. Wilbur in telling his story, before he left for Togus, said that he was so young when he was stolen that he didn't remember anything about it. He only knew of course, what his parents had told him. Short, thick set and of quite erect figure. Mr. Wilbur did not look to be a man of nearly four score.

"I was brought up," he said, "with the other papooses of the tribe and supposed that I was one of them. They gave me the name of 'White Jim,' and told me that my mother and father were Indians. My earliest recollection is of traveling hundreds of miles, hunting, fishing and making baskets. We camped in the wilds of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward island.

"The Indians gave me no education, hence I have no schooling. I know little but the life of the Indian. The last few years of my life with the Mohawks I lived in Oldtown, Me., where I married an Indian woman. She was old enough to be my mother. They called her Mary Francis. We used to make trips through Maine during the summer months with baskets and that sort of thing, which we sold. Until I saw my sisters in Biddeford on one of these trips, I never did suspect that I was not what I seemed to be.

"Shortly after the tribe went to Cape Elizabeth to camp. One day I was crossing the bridge when I met a man who stopped me. It was my father. He told me that I was his son and he could prove it by marks on my body. One was a scar on my elbow I had received when a year old by upsetting a kettle of hot water. I had been scalded.

"The other was a birthmark on my foot that resembled a strawberry. I looked and sure enough the birthmark was there. Father was afraid to go to the camp where we were stopping, so he made arrangements with a Portland drawtender to have a pair of horses and a wagon at the bridge at a certain time to take me away.

"It was Snuday morning shortly after midnight that I crept out of camp and went to the bridge, where the drawtender was awaiting my arrival. He took me to Portland, where I had my hair cut, was shaved and put on a new suit of clothes. We then drove to Bethel, where my mother identified me, picking me out from 50 other young men of about my age. She knew me the instant she put her eyes on me.

"She said that I had a burn on my arm and a birthmark on my foot, and I told her I had both. There was a big fuss over my return and I was quite a hero for a time. Everything was strange to me. Later I went to Saco, where I worked in the York cloth mills and when the Civil war broke out I enlisted.

"My Indian wife found out where I was and she came and lived with me for several years. Tiring of civilization, she returned to her people afterwards marrying I am told, an Indian at Gay Head. She died many years ago. After the war I returned to Saco, where I have since been employed, much of the time as night watchman in the cotton mills."

Mr. Wilbur's parents moved from Bethel to Marthas Vineyard where they died some years ago. He has several sisters near Vineyard Haven at present.

Ninth Annual Session of Libraians ir

Saco a Great Success.

Oct. 1903

SEVERAL VALUABLE PAPERS READ

An interesting paper was given by George A. Emery, Esq., entitled "Librarians and Library Work in Saco." Mr. Emery said:

Members of the Maine Library association and friends:

After hearing my paper I hope you will agree with me that there are more and better library facilities here than in any other town in the state, and therefore that all meetings of the Maine Library association should hereafter be held in Saco.

This is, you know, an academy town, and the trustees are glad to have meetings of an educational character in the academy buildings.

It seems to me it would be very desirable to have a summer school here, for the study of library methods. The forenoons could be devoted to lectures and study and the afternons to trolley rides and pleasure trips.

We should welcome such a school in this building either in July or August, and hope matters may be arranged for students to meet here every year.

We offer the buildings without money and without price to the library school and to the Maine library association.

The first library in Saco of which I have any record was the Social library, established in 1790. The number of volumes in 1806 was 168. I will read the titles of some of the books so you can judge of their character.

History.

Rollins Ancient History.
Ferguson's Roman Republic.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Periodicals.

The Spectator.
Citizen of the World.
Junius Letters.

Poetry.

Ossian's Poems.
Milton's Works.
Shakespeare.
Cowper.

Novels.

Rasselas.
Tom Jones.
Vicar of Wakefield.

One of the librarians was Ether Shepley, afterwards Chief Justice of the supreme court of the state of Maine.

When Mr. Shepley moved to Portland, John Fairfield, afterwards representative to congress, governor of Maine and U. S. senator, became librarian. His records are carefully and accurately kept. But one day no account appears. Probably the fact of the birth of his eldest daughter Sarah on that day accounts for this omission. The next day books were taken and returned as usual according to the records.

In 1805 William Weeks, editor of the Freeman's Friend, a weekly newspaper published in Saco, advertised in his paper that he would keep a circulating library in his office in Saco, and gives a list of books. None of these books are to be found in book stores now.

These libraries paved the way for Saco academy, now Thornton academy, and the academy has elevated the tone and character of the books purchased ever since.

York Company library began in 1840. It consisted of 700 volumes and was for the use of the operatives, each paying 12½ cents per quarter for the replenishment and repair of books. At this time the operatives were Americans.

The Saco and Biddeford Mechanic Institute, organized by residents of Saco and Biddeford in 1841 had 3,000 volumes.

This was removed from the Water Power block, Saco, to Biddeford. The number of members was 75.

Saco Athaneum was commenced in 1844. The membership fee was ten dollars and two dollars yearly was charged for expense and new books. The Social library gave their books to the Athaneum. The number of members was 57 and 800 volumes were published.

Rev. J. T. G. Nichols, for over 57 years pastor and pastor emeritus of the Unitarian society in Saco, was president for many years and a very valuable library was secured.

The Athaneum had a building opposite city hall. The lower floor was used for a school, the library being in the second story. It was afterwards removed several times; once it was over Saco National bank, at another time in Calef block. All of the Athaneum books were given to the Dyer library when it was organized.

As the catalogue states, Oliver Dyer was born in 1806. When 16 years old he went from Saco to Boston to find employment. For one season he attended school near the city, supporting himself by working out of school hours in a gentleman's family. He then went to Boston and for two years was a light porter, carrying bundles, etc., in a hand-cart. He then became a clerk and finally a partner in a provision store. In 1851 he retired from commercial pursuits and removed to

Saco and built a brick house on the Portland road. He afterwards resided in the house now owned and occupied by Mayor Luther R. Moore on School street, Saco. He was mayor of Saco in 1871, and died in 1872. In 1829 he married Olive L. Drew of Kennebunk. Having no children he left the bulk of his property to his widow without any restrictions. He had, however, often expressed to her his desire that his property should eventually be used for the benefit of the citizens of Saco, and in accordance with his wish in soon after her husband's decease, executed a will giving almost all the estate for a free library for the city of Saco.

Mrs. Dyer died September 22, 1879, and now the citizens of Saco are enjoying the fruit of the labors of those who toiled and economized that others might have advantages for education and culture which they could not procure for themselves.

A charter for the Dyer Library association was granted in January, 1881. In May, 1881, the trustees under the will of Mrs. Dyer paid over to the association $36,613.

Cornelius Sweetser of Saco among other bequests left $10,000 to Dyer library.

In 1893 George E. Means, a Saco young man, left by his will an estate that netted $3,780 to this library to be used if needed, for a building.

The library was at first in the rear of the City building, but Mrs. Sarah C. Bradbury, in memory of her husband, John C. Bradbury, one of the ablest financiers in Saco, who increased the academy fund from $15,663.40 to $91,000 in 23 years, erected a building and gave it to the Dyer Library association and the liyer Library association and the library is now in this building next to the city hall.

Mrs. Bradbury's will provides for payments from the income of fher estate from time to tim.e The library has received already $2,000 from this source. The fund now amounts to about $60,000. For the past two years Mrs. Martha H. G. Banks has been rearranging and cataloguing the books. The number of volumes is about 15,000.

York Institute was incorporated in 1867. Its library contains valuable books and ancient documents, also probably the best collection of old newspapers in the state.

These papers are invaluable to the historian. When writing a history of the old Thornton academy I could find no account of the dedication in the records, or other documents, but "The Weekly Visitor" of January 9, 1813, gave a full account of the exercises. At another time an inquiry was made if Lafayette attended meeting in Biddeford on his return from Portland. It was said that Gov. A. K. Parris wished to prevent Lafayette's traveling on Sunday, and refused to allow the band to escort him, but Lafayette said he must go or he could not reach his vessel before she sailed.

No one could remember about it, although many recalled his coming to Saco on his way to Portland, and the reception at Mrs. Thomas G. Thornton's (the widow of Dr. Thornton, marshal of Maine, for whom the academy is named.)

A newspaper in the Institute said he came from Portland in Captain Clapp's carriage and attended the Unitarian meeting in Biddeford. It spoke of the feeling manner in which Rev. Mr. Tracy referred to the distinguished visitor, of the meeting between Lafayette and an old soldier who came a long distance to see him and gave the names of the choir. If it had not been for this newspaper the truth would not have been known.

The Institute also contains in its library the Thacher tracts, a valuable collection of pamphlets preserved by George Thacher, judge of the Massachusetts supreme court before the separation of Maine.

James Parton, the historian, consulted these pamphlets and told me he obtained information from them that he could secure from no other source.

A free reading room has been maintained for several years in the York Institute building by voluntary subscriptions of our citizens. Biddeford, Portland, Boston and New York papers and the better class magazines are in the room in the rear of the postoffice free to every one.

The first book presented to the academy was a Bible by Rev. Jonathan Coggswell, January 4, 1813, the day school opened.

Mr. Coggswell was pastor of the First Parish church in Saco. A chapter was read in the morning by the preceptor and in the evening by the students. It took about four years to complete the reading. They then commenced and read it through again.

According to the inventory January 10, 1822, there were 46 volumes of books in the library.

February 6, 1823, Phineas Pratt (then preceptor of the academy) wrote a letter to Josiah Calef, Esq., librarian of the academy, and also trustee, then in Boston.

(Mr. Calef was the father of Mrs. Thornton who, with her daughter, has erected this building.)

In the letter he says the students at the academy are too much given to play and he desires to inculcate the habit of reading and requests Mr. Calef to purchase the following books:

"Pierpont's Sermon Preached at Newburyport," The Decision, or Religion Must Be All or Is Nothing," "Douglas on Missions," "Mrs. Sherwood's Stories on the Catechism," "Martha, a memorial of an only and beloved sister."

These books, if they were bought, were probably destroyed in the fire that burned the old academy building July 29, 1848, and have never been replaced.

But the Bible was saved. That is a good example of "the survival of the fittest."

Cornelius Sweetser left the net income of $5,000 to six Sunday school libraries in Saco for the purchase of books.

The city schools also have libraries. The Locke grammar school has a card catalogue of its books. The Sweetser grammar school has a good library. A neighborhood library in North Saco has been given to a school in that district. The Dyer library sends its traveling libraries to schools and wherever else they are wanted.

Sweetser school library at Saco:

Mr. Sweetser left $10,000 to the academy and $10,000 as a fund, the income to be used for books for the students at this academy. Mrs. Annie Calef Thornton and her daughter, Mary Calef Thornton, have given this building for this library, as a memorial of Colonel Charles C. G. Thornton, grandson of Marshal Thornton.

Colonel Thornton himself gave $50,000 for a manual training department in the academy.

You will see upon examination that the best editions of the best books have been selected by the superintendent of schools, Mr. John S. Locke, and the principal, Mr. Sampson.

Students are required to study by the library method, consulting all books bearing upon the topics under consideration.

Saco has been very fortunate in having a good architect for its buildings.

When the trustees decided to rebuild the academy they advertised for competitive plans.

Horace G. Wadlin's were unanimously chosen and the building has given perfect satisfaction. It was therefore natural that Mrs. Bradbury should select him for the Dyer library building, and his success in this induced Mrs. Thornton and her daughter to choose him to plan the building we now occupy, which we think is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was built.

We have just learned that Mr. Wadlin, who, as you know, is now librarian and executive officer of the Boston public library, is a distant relative of Cornelius Sweetser, the most liberal benefactor Saco has had.

It seems fitting that he should construct the buildings for the institutions his kinsman so liberally endowed.

This paper was followed by another, read by Gorham N. Weymouth of this city, on the subject, "Library Work in Biddeford."

He gave an account of the first library movement in Biddeford when the York Mechanics Institute library was transferred to this city from Saco about 1850. In May, 1862, it was voted to give the books to the city, if a suitable place should be provided for them, and accordingly the city library was opened in October, 1863. On December 30, 1894, there was a fire that destroyed the city building and the library suffered considerable loss. It was reopened, however, in November, 1896, in the new city building and remained there until October, 1902, when it was transferred to the new library building, formerly the Pavilion Congregational church, and now called the McArthur library. Mr. Weymouth traced the steady growth of the public library of this city, and referred especially to the culmination of the great project, resulting in the present magnificent library which owes its existence to the generosity of Robert McArthur, the members of the Pavilion church society and many other public spirited citizens.

FRANK McKENNEY.

Word was received in Saco today announcing the death at Bar Mills Wednesday night of Frank McKenney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. McKenney. His age was about 45 years and for some time he had been suffering with a severe liver trouble. He had conducted a store at Bar Mills for some time.

Sir William Pepperell.

(Boston Globe.)

Sir William Pepperell was born in Kittery, June 27, 1696, and died there July 6, 1759. He was one of the most remarkable men of colonial days. For the success that he achieved in the expedition against Louisburg, he was created a baronet, being the first native of this country on whom such an honor was conferred. He was the richest man in the colonies, and his estates were so large that he could travel more than thirty miles on his own territory.

Though not bred a lawyer, he became so distinguished in the community that when he was only 34 years old he was appointed by Gov. Belcher chief justice of the court of common pleas, and held this office until his death, at the age of 63.

The greater fame of Washington and the revolutionary generals have eclipsed that of Pepperell, but it should be remembered that Sir William did more than any other man to prepare the army that was afterward to achieve American independence.

In colonial days, whenever England was at war with France, New England went to war with Canada. In 1745 hostilities began between England and France, and the colonies immediately prepared to wage war against French possessions in this part of the world.

William Pepperell's father conducted the most important mercantile house in New England. The father had been left an orphan at an early age and apprenticed to a sea captain, with whom he went on a fishing schooner that sailed from England for the banks of Newfoundland. Settling on the isles of Shoals, he engaged in the fishing trade, married, and became prosperous. William was his only son, and at an early age was taken by his father into partnership.

William made the acquaintance in the way of business of all the public men in Boston, and was captain of cavalry, afterward major and lieutenant colonel, and at 30 was colonel commanding all the militia of Maine.

Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, was the strongest fortress on the coast of America, and was chosen by the colonies for their point of attack. In the preparations that were made for the expedition against Louisburg, William Pepperell, then nearing his 50th year, was the most conspicuous and enthusiastic. He advanced £5000 from his own fortune for the purchase of supplies, and received the command of the army of 4000 provincials that sailed away to reduce Louisburg. He was joined by Commodore Warren with a small squadron of English men-of-war.

The expedition was a complete success, the French surrendering the fortress after a siege of a month and a half. The enthusiasm over this victory in the colonies and the mother country was unbounded. Pepperell was made a baronet, and on his journey homeward was greeted as a conquering hero.

Sir William was a lavish entertainer and maintained a grand style. He dressed in scarlet and gold lace, kept a retinue of servants, a coach and six, and a barge on the river manned by a black crew in showy uniform. His manners were elegant, and he was generous and kind.

A BULL IN THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

Driven Through the Streets of Saco and Biddeford,

SCENE IN 1872 DURING THE EPIDEMIC OF EPIZOOTIC.

The epizootic spread throughout York county, Maine, with lightning rapidity in 1872, and soon there was hardly a horse able to work.

Only one horse in Saco escaped the epidemic. That was an aged nag owned by William Littlefield, the veteran stage driver, who at that time carried the mails from the postoffice to the station on the old Eastern railroad. Valued at $25, he was off his feed just one day.

In Biddeford there were no horses that escaped the epidemic. At the wharves, where the schooners were discharging cargoes of coal it was necessary to use oxen. The oxen were slow and the vessels were much delayed.

George A. Carter, then agent for the Eastern express company in Saco and Biddeford, was up against the toughest proposition of his life. His steeds were all sick. The express boxes, barrels and packages were piling up in the office on Main st. Mr Carter walked two days trying to find a horse able to work. He gave up the quest in disgust.

The smaller packages were carried in the arms of the employes and delivered but this service was unsatisfactory.

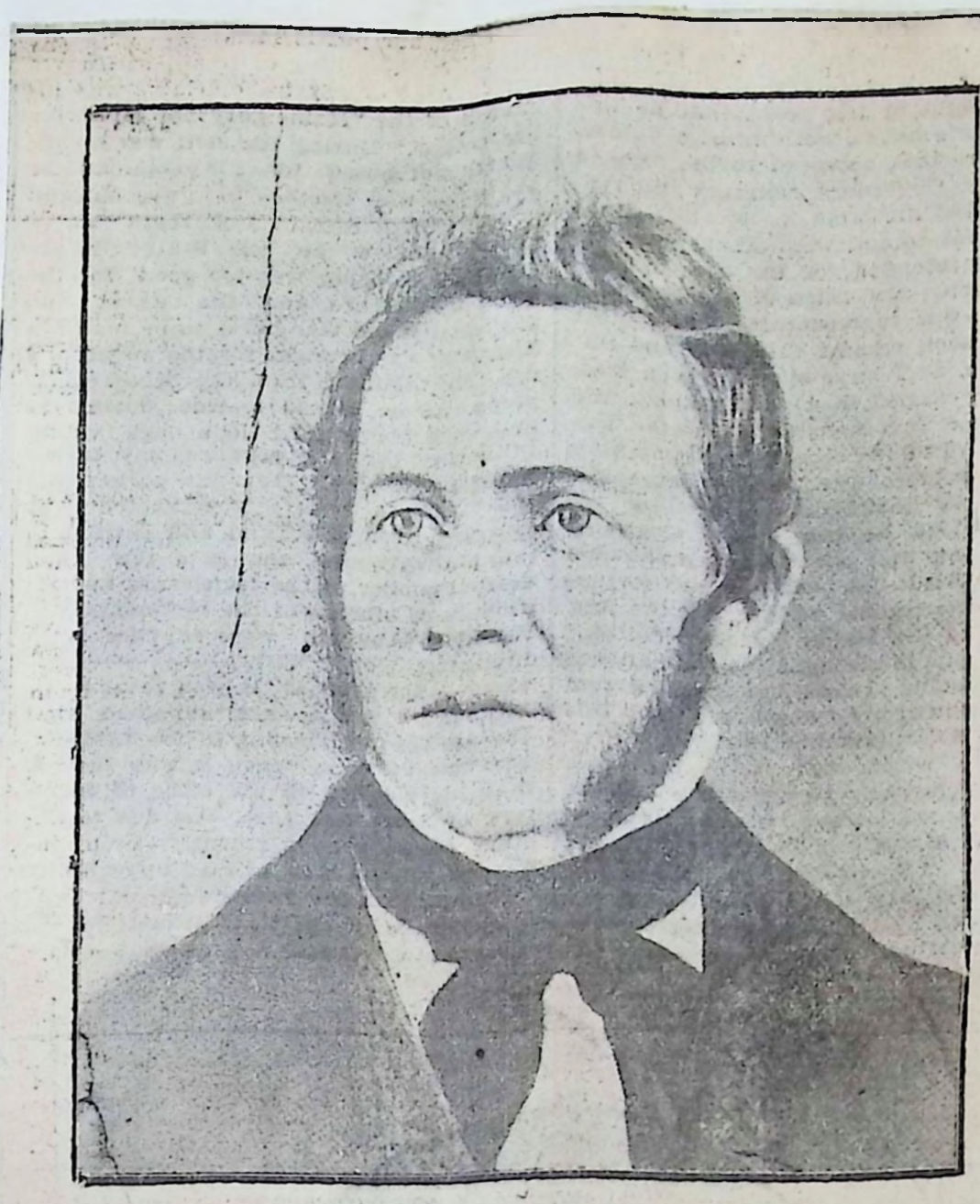
When the epidemic was at its hight agent Carter happened to think that a pet yearling bull, owned by Paul C. Sands the butcher, might be utilized in delivering express matter. The animal had been trained by Orrin Sands and had been taught to haul a small wagon.

The use of the bull was granted and the next day the animal was harnessed into one of the old express wagons. He was as steady as an eight day clock. The company delivered the packages and boxes without further trouble. The bull could be driven almost as well as one of the old express horses.

The spectacle attracted much attention, and the wagon was followed by a crowd of youngster as the daily rounds in the two cities were made.

Until the horses recovered from the epizootic the little bull was used and gave perfect satisfaction. Had it not been for him the business of the express company would have been at a standstill while the distemper lasted.

It is believed that the photograph from which the accompanying illustration was made is the only one in existence.



GOVERNOR JOHN FAIRFIELD.

John Fairfield, the eighth governor of Maine, was born at Saco in York county on the 30th of January, 1797, and after reading law with Judge Ether Shepley at Portland was admitted to the bar in 1826; and for a number of years was the "recorder of decisions" to the supreme court.

He was first elected governor in 1838, defeating Governor Kent, who was then serving his first term, and who had been renominated by the whigs, and whose reelection was thought to be certain.

The legislature of 1839 met on the second day of January, and the Senate organized by electing Job Prince of Turner as its president, and the House elected as its speaker Hannibal Hamlin of Hampden, who was afterward vice-president of the United States. The incoming governor was escorted before the Legislature to take the oath of office by the retiring governor, Edward Kent, and some good natured comment was indulged in by some of the whig papers respecting the disparity in size of the coming and going governors, as Governor Fairfield was very short, and slight built, while Governor Kent was of commanding and striking figure, being much above the average height, and heavily built.

GIBEON ELDEN BRADBURY.

A circle of friends have been called to mourn the loss of one, whose life-works of real art, has put into material form the beauties of nature and given to the real lovers of the beautiful an imperishable memorial of the author's name.

Gibeon E. Bradbury, artist, painter and naturalist, died at his home at Salmon Falls in Buxton, Dec. 8, at the age of 71 years and 4 months.

No one could have been taken from this section of the country who will be more generally missed and universally lamented. Mr. Bradbury was born at Salmon Falls, Buxton, July 30, 1833, and his humble life was spent almost wholly a few rods from the place where he first saw the light. In early boyhood he evinced a predilection for drawing and painting, and he indulged his taste, as much as his limited means and adverse circumstances would permit, until some of his paintings had found for him patrons with lovers of art in every part of the United States.

His native modesty and retiring habits shadowed the merits of the real genius that he possessed, and stunted the development of a talent, which under different circumstances and the adoption of modern methods of individual perseverance, would have won for him a place beside the best artists of the world. Mr. Bradbury seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of everything that he undertook. Gifted by nature with a keen perception,, rapidity in acquiring, and a well balanced mind, the world had more for him than he ever came to realize, and perhaps more than he ever coveted. A few months of city life failed to inspire him with any love for its restraints and requirements, and he soon bade adieu to its formalities and its follies and took a new oath of devotion to his country home.

Nature must have claimed him as her own for he was wedded to its freedom, its clear skies, the broad fields and green trees, the natural beauty and variety of its flowers, the forests and shining streams and here was his ideal home. It was here that he learned to delineate the unobserved beauties of the wild flower, the wampum dyed hues of the leaves of forest trees, as they trembled on the reluctant air of an Indian summer day, the changing tints of the streams and ponds, the plumage of birds and sweet notes of the warblers in the boundless realm of their airy home. Though a lover of music and himself a skillful and accomplished musician, he found the best responses to his yearning in the solitude of the forest or beside the murmuring stream, and here he loved to wander where his thoughts could move in cadence to the wild melody of nature, and measured the goodness of God "in clouds or Heard Him in the wind." The evening song of the thrush and the whippoorwill or the roar of the rushing water in his native river were music sweeter to him than any furnished by human agency.

Mr. Bradbury had a kind heart, a cordial and benevolent disposition, a genial manner, was a good citizen and neighbor and the circle of his acquaintances was the unbroken chain of his friends. Mr. Bradbury leaves one brother, Daniel O. Bradbury of Springfield, Mass., and one son, Gibeon E. Bradbury, graduate of Bowdoin college, now principal of the high school at Tenants Harbor, Maine.

It may not be ours to render similar tribute to another, but we venture the assertion that it will bear the impress of truth to his many friends and to no one deeper than to one who knew him best and has loved him longest.

M.

HON. E. H. BANKS DEAD

Passed Away Very Suddenly Last Friday Afternoon.

PREVIOUSLY IN GOOD HEALTH.

One of Our Oldest and Most Respected Citizens.

A PROMINENT POLITICAL LEADER.

Had an Enviable and Intensely Interesting Career.

Nov. 27. '03

Hon. Esreff H. Banks died very suddenly last Friday afternoon at 3.15 at his home, 23 South street, Biddeford. Mrs. Maria Webster was with him at the time of his death. His devoted niece, who had lived with him for some time, had stepped out to do some shopping.

Mr. Banks had been reading the papers, and showed no signs of illness until the moment which terminated in his death. He was about town this morning making his usual calls. The only complaint he had was the weather, which he said was a good reminder the winter was on us. He remained down town until about 11 o'clock or later, and then went home. He ate his d'nner the same as usual.

Mrs. Webster at first thought Mr. Banks had a weak spell and did not know the end had come. She tried to revive him but found it was useless and she then dispatched a messenger after R. H. Ingersoll, who is a brother-in-law of the deceased.

Death is attributed to an attack of heart failure. He has had two spells of illness since last summer.

Mrs. Webster said she was talking with Mr. Banks when he suddenly gasped. Going over to him Mrs. Webster asked him if he was sick. She got no answer, and putting her hand on his forehead she then tried to help him.

Mr. Banks has been subjected to heart trouble for some time. Twenty-five years ago he consulted a physician and he told Mr. Banks that he would have to give up his business and live a quiet life. For a long period of time his pulse has been at 100, which was attributed to a heart weakness.

He did not fall from the chair but simply laid his head back and expired.

The news of his death was a shock to his many friends who reside in the two cities. Many who had seen and talked with him Friday morning, were greatly surprised and could not believe it until they read the account in the Journal. It was his custom mornings to walk down town and make calls upon acquaintances. He would first call at the police station and converse with Officer Hanson and the other officers when they were there and inquire what the news was during the night. He had a pleasant word for everybody. Once you met him you could not help liking the gentleman, which he was to the very point, kind in all his ways and a most pleasing talker. While he was chairman of the police commission he would sit down with the officers at the station and it was a pleasure to hear him tell of some of the happenings during his younger days. He had a most excellent memory and was well informed on United States history.

One of the stories which he took great pleasure in telling was when he took the "pledge," as he called it, and abstained from the use of strong drink and tobacco. In those days, Mr. Banks would say, anybody that did not drink rum was a tenderfoot and he was likely to get a challenge to fight. His friends told him that it was only a lark on his part, and the sun would not set many times before he was back to the brown jug and the clay pipe. Mr. Banks, however, proved that it was no lark, and he often said he laid his long life to the "pledge" he took when he was a boy.

Among his reminiscences were stories of well known men he had met and done business with. At one time Mr. Banks was prominently known over the state and today he has many acquaintances outside of Biddeford and Saco who will mourn his death.

Yesterday afternoon Dr. M. H. Ferguson, who was called by Captain Mogan to go to Mr. Banks', found the gentleman dead when he got there. The physician is of the opinion that the end came when he gasped and his head fell back.

Mrs. Banks died September 8, 1902, and her death was a severe blow to Mr. Banks. Since then he has been living with his niece, Miss Ida Murray, at the homestead on South street.

Mr. Banks' age was 82 years, six months and one day. He was born May 26, 1821.

Mr. Banks was born in the old town of Buxton in 1821, and is the direct descendant in the sixth generation of Richard Banks, who came from Kent county, England, in 1640. He received such advantages as the common schools of that town could give, and was then sent to the academy at Parsonsfield, where he remained for several terms and acquired an excellent education.

At seventeen years of age Mr. Banks went west and remained there in various occupations until 1843, when he came back and entered the store of Deacon J. M. Hayes in Saco. He was with Hr. Hayes as a clerk for the next two or three years, after which he crossed the bridge into this city and went into the dry goods business with Mr. E. H. C. Hooper, forming the well known firm of Hooper and Banks. In 1846 he bought out the interest of his partner, and continued in the business on his own account, until 1874.

In 1847 Mr. Banks was united in mariage to Miss Lucinda Atkinson, the accomplished daughter of James and Mary Atkinson of Hollis. One child was the result of this union, and this daughter, Adeline, died at the age of nine years.

Mr. Banks developed a taste for politics in early life, although for several years he declined to accept any public office. He was too shrewd and able a leader, however, to long escape the yoke, and accordingly in 1855, he was elected to the comon council.

Here he served in so acceptable a manner that the following year he was chosen to represent the city in the legislature, and here he remained for two terms.

In 1860 Mr. Banks was elected mayor of Biddeford and in this office displayed the same energy and wise foresight that had marked his career in other stations. Biddeford never had a better chief executive or one who was more devoted to the interests of the city.

In 1863 Governor Washburn appointed Mayor Banks to the position of draft commissioner for York county and these duties he performed until he was chosen a state senator a few months later. In this position he remained for two years, during which time he took high rank as a parliamentary leader.

In 1868 Mr. Banks was chosen as presidential elector, and had the pleasure of casting his ballot for General Grant in the electoral college. Later he attended the inauguration ceremonies at Washington and he and Mrs. Banks were present at the great ball given in honor of that event. These festivities continued for several days, during which time both Mr. and Mrs. Banks were honored guests.

From 1874 to 1876 he was the treasurer of York county, and in so signal a manner were these duties performed that one year later he received the important position of state treasurer, which he held for the next two years. During this time and also through his legislative service, both Mr. and Mrs. Banks made a most extensive acquaintance and enjoyed a well deserved popularity among representative people from all sections of the state. It is doubtful if there was another man in Maine at that time who had a larger circle of personal friends.

On his retirement from the state treasury but a short time intervened before he was elected to be the treas-

urer of the city of Biddeford and he was re-elected for three successive terms. During his administration there were several knotty matters to handle, but these were handled with the same consummate skill that characterized all his financial transactions.

In 1883, Mr. Banks was appointed postmaster of Biddeford by President Arthur and this position he held during the balance of that administration. In local politics he still remained active and later received the appointment of police commissioner. To this position he was appointed by ex-Governor Cleaves and held it till last May when he resigned.

He has been one of the trustees of the York County Savings bank for over thirty-three years, a director of the First National bank for nearly thirty-eight years, and its president since May, 1879. He was one of the corporators of the Biddeford and Saco Railroad company and was chosen a member of the board of directors in 1889 and served as president of the corporation from Nov. 5, 1890, until March 19, 1900, when, having sold his stock, he retired from the board.

The funeral services were held Monday afternoon at the late residence, 23 South street, and were very impressive. They were conducted by Rev. H. F. Moulton, pastor of the First Universalist church. The singing was by Joseph Etchells, Jr., and Miss Grace Goodwin.

The spacious home where Mr. Banks had lived for many years, was filled with people during the services. Among them were representatives of the banks in this city and Saco and some of the leading business men with whom the deceased had done business for years. The members of the police department were present in a body.

The floral display was beautiful.

The remains were taken to Laurel Hill cemetery and interred in the family lot beside his wife, who was buried September 9, 1902.

The pallbearers this afternoon were Cashier Charles A. Moody and Gilman P. Littlefield, director of the First National bank, and President John Berry and Charles H. Prescott, director of the York County Savings bank.

The writer recently paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Banks in their comfortable Biddeford home, and was treated with all that generous hospitality, which is one of the most conspicuous traits of their characters. In speaking to the Journal about the old days, Mr. Banks became reminiscent and said:

"I was in the Maine Senate two years before being appointed to the position of state treasurer. At that time Gov. Roble was a member of the Governor's council, and I knew him well, both as a politician and as a gentleman of the old school.

"My first acquaintance with James G. Blaine began when I was in the lower House. Blaine and John L. Stevens were then associated in publishing the Kennebec Journal. Stevens had been a Universalist minister in my home city of Biddeford, and I had long known him as a man of ability and force. We were associated in the old anti-slavery movement and once had a Know-Nothing conclave at his house to see who we should run for mayor of this city. I was chairman of the meeting and finally decided that Daniel E. Somes was our choice. William P. Haines, one of the oldest politicians in the State, was first urged to accept the position of standard bearer for the Know-Nothings, but he declined. He was a democrat but had been in sympathy with our ideas. We would have been glad to have had him lead us in the fight, but he would not join the order. Finally we held the meeting at Stevens' house and chose Somes, and in the fight which followed he was elected the first mayor of Biddeford by a majority of two hundred. It was a clean sweep. This was in 1854, and was the first germ of the republican party in this city.

"A little later Stevens and Blaine bought out the Kennebec Journal and Blaine was always hanging around the State House, picking up political news. He was a bright fellow and the members all liked him. One day he came to me and said that the democrats of Kansas had submitted to the people what was known as the Lecompton constitution and the Free Sollers had refused to accept it because it favored slavery. He said that the democrats had already adopted the Lecompton article, while the other side had another one of their own. The democrats had proposed that the people should vote on their constitution, which admitted slavery to all the territories, or have none. After giving us this bit of information Blaine said: "We propose to adopt those democratic tactics here in Maine."

"What he meant by that was this: The democrats had repealed the first prohibitory law of this State in 1855 and adopted a license law in its place. In other words, they had adopted free rum. In the Freemont campaign of 1856 both parties had completely ignored the question of prohibition in their platforms. In the State campaign of 1857 our party swung the banner of prohibition and we carried the state, and then we enacted the present prohibitory law which the legislature voted to submit to the people. The question was whether we should have prohibition or license, and the vote was in favor of the former by a large majority. Judge Tapley of Saco had engineered the bill through the House, and W. W. Thomas of Portland had managed it in the Senate. This submission to the people was what Blaine alluded to in regard to Kansas. I told him that was democratic tactics and I would not agree to do as the Border Ruffians had done in Kansas. That ended the matter and he urged it no more.

"In the campaign of 1844 I cast my first vote. The opposing candidates were Clay and Polk, and the struggle was a bitter one. William Pitt Fessenden was then in Congress, and a leading member of the ways and means committee which had formulated the tariff of 1842. Fessenden came to Buxton fresh from his work on that protective bill, and made a speech exactly four hours long. During the entire time not a man, woman or child left the crowded hall, and they even shouted for him to keep on still longer. He was a wonderful speaker. During the time he rested one foot on a chair and simply talked in the most familiar manner. He explained the tariff and just how it would affect the business of the country. We were then just emerging from a fearful business stagnation of ten years' duration, and everybody wos interested in anything that promised to relieve them.

"Sam Bradley of Hollis was advertised to follow Fessenden, but he simply arose and said that the subject had been exhausted by the other speaker, and then promptly dismissed the meeting.

"When Fessenden was elected to the United States Senate, in [illegible] he was a whig. The democrats had nominated John Hubbard as their candidate, and there were a few whigs calling themselves Silver Grays, who were in favor of slavery, who voted for a third man. These men said that if Fessenden showed much strength they would turn their sixteen votes for him. The democrats believed that these men were fooling and would eventually come to Hubbard, but at the last moment the whole sixteen went over to Fessenden and he was elected by one or two majority. It was a close call, but saved one of the most brilliant of statesmen to the nation. At that time he was in the Legislature, although he had previously been in Congress.

"Fessenden was a lion in debate, or invective. Levenseller of Thomaston once cast a reproach upon his parentage, and the next day Fessenden turned upon him with one of the most terrible lashings ever heard in the Maine Legislature. The blow was so relentless that Levenseller never recovered from its effects.

"In 1856 Hannibal Hamlin was chosen Governor of the State, with the understanding that he would shortly be elected to the United States Senate, and Joseph H. Williams, president of the Maine Senate, succeed him in the governor's chair. When he delivered his inaugural address, Gov. Smith, the democratic executive, sat just behind him, and Hamlin in diplomatic language scored him unmercifully for his temperance views. Smith sat like a marble statue while listening to the terrible arraignment for his repeal of the prohibitory law. The law had stood from 1851 to 1855, when overturned by the democrats.

"In 1858, Blaine was elected to the Legislature, and at once sprung to a front rank in debate and leadership. So ably did he serve during his first term that the next year he was elected Speaker of the House, and at once took an advanced position on all the great questions of the day. From that time on he steadily gained in influence and leadership

"In 1860 we had the great Lincoln campaign, and a secret society was organized called the Wide-a-Wakes. It was composed of free-sollers entirely, and the members wore red caps and capes, to distinguish themselves. During the campaign these members all came together in Boston, and Hamlin was there to deliver an address. He was a great story-teller and always kept the company in good humor. In style he was somewhat rough, but he was able and forceful.

"When running for Governor, in 1856, he came here to Biddeford and delivered an address. I was running for the Legislature at that time, and was thrown much into his company, and I always found him one of the most companionable of men.

"After Hamlin was elected Vice-President I went as far as Boston with him when he was on his way to Washington. We went into the smoker, and while talking, he said: 'Banks, what can I do for you?'

"'O,' I replied, 'send me some books.' Afterward I received a splendid set of finely bound books relating to the Pacific Railroad survey. The engravings in them were very fine. He continued to send me others until I had a fine library of Government reports and messages.

"Freeman H. [illegible] of Bath was in Congress about that time. Later, he was our minister to London, and distinguished himself as an able and adroit diplomat, but he did not have the happy faculty of making friends that Blaine had. John Lynch was also in Congress from this district for eight years. He was a good man, and strong in his advocacy of protection.

"When Daniel E. Somes was nominated for Congress, in this district, there were many staunch republicans who bolted him. Marshall Pierce, one of our strongest Biddeford men, went with myself to Fessenden and told him of the situation. Fessenden urged us to go home and work for Somes, as we needed all the republicans in Congress that we could get. Somes was

totally unfit for the position, but we swallowed our dissatisfaction and elected him. In a short time we saw the wisdom of Fessenden's advice. N. P. Banks was candidate for the Speakership of the House of Representatives, and there was continual balloting for two months without any result. Finally, he was elected by one majority.

"Somes never came back to Maine. He was heavily in debt, and after serving his term in Congress he became a claim agent and settled in Washington. He died in that city several years ago.

"I was the State Treasurer when Cony was Governor. He was a good and wise man, but could not be called an able one. There was no special incident during his administration, but he made a good and clean record.

"There was much excitement in Maine when the democratic party was broken up. Lot M. Morrill, Hannibal Hamlin and William P. Haines of Biddeford made a compact in 1848 to leave that party together and identify themselves with the free soil movement. Hamlin said that he would make a speech in the Senate giving his reasons for this action, and the three were then to bid good-bye to democracy at once. Morrill kept his word, and went out with Hamlin, but Haines retracted and refused to keep the agreement. Morrill afterward asked me the reason of his action, and I could only answer that it was local disappointment.

"The first campaign that I ever took a part in pushing was in 1828. I was only seven or eight years old, but father was a strong Whig and I had inherited his political views.

"Andrew Jackson was running for President, and Adams was his opponent. The country was prosperous under the tariff of 1824, and after a bitter campaign Jackson was elected. Of course I was much disappointed, and was made more so after I saw the democrats take possession and run the government in the interest of slavery. My father died the same year, but he left me the legacy of his political opinions and

It is always a pleasant task to write reminiscences of a well-spent life, and to recall incidents and anecdotes of well-known characters that have passed from the stage of public action. Men who have held stations of honor for more than half a century must of necessity be the repository of many useful and interesting facts. Such a person is Hon. Ezreff H. Banks of Biddeford, who has been honored many times by the citizens of his city, county, and State and who now, at the age of eighty years, holds the position of Police Commissioner in that town, and discharges all of its active duties.

September	29.59	29.70	29.44	73.3	99.
October	29.74	29.98	29.53	60.1	84.
November	29.80	30.00	29.54	50.6	69.
December	29.98	30.45	29.72	46.0	58.
Year	29.73	30.45	29.32	60.7	82.

BACK IN YEAR 1826

Commissioner Banks Talks of the Boom Projected for Salmon Falls.

CAPITALISTS PUT OUT $100,000

The Plan Was To Build Cotton Mills.

OTHER EVENTS OF EARLY DAYS.

Perilous Times in Breaking Log Jams.

Last Saturday, while a number of men were talking at the police station about the different industries that have been proposed for York county, Police Commissioner Banks said it brought to his memory the big boom that was projected at Salmon Falls in 1826.

Mr Banks, who was born in Salmon Falls, was then five years old and all the little fellows were interested in the project almost as much as the older ones.

A party of capitalists from Providence, R. I., came on to Salmon Falls, and inspected the excellent water power in that vicinity. A meeting was afterward held at which it was voted to buy up a big space of land bounding the river and erect cotton mills. Capital to the amount of $100,000 was expended and where before there were but a few small buildings owned by the settlers of the town, a hotel was built, as well as a store and a number of tenement houses. The company also erected a cotton picker and a hobbin shop and everything was booming in the little village.

Two dams were built across the river and they were put up to stay. Mr. Banks said. He often walked across the river under the dams at low water, as they were good ones and built tightly.

The price of land took a big jump and the police commissioner said he knew for a fact that Colonel Lane, who owned a small piece of land with a ledge in the middle, near the Hollis road and the Salmon Falls bridge, was offered $10,000 for it and refused the offer.

Mr. Banks' father was given permission to dig up the first trees on the new company's land and replant them on his own and out of twenty that he transplanted not even one ever bore any fruit

At the time of the coming of the capitalists to Salmon Falls about every settler was a Democrat and after the big boom they became Whigs. John Quincy Adams was then president of the United States. The settlers were clamoring for a protective tariff and all expected one until 1828, when the southern Democrats put forth Andrew Jackson as a presidential candidate and he was elected.

The tariff measure of 1828 was the death knell for the big boom of Salmon Falls, said Mr. Banks, and it died out little by little, and never revived. The land and water power was brought up by the Saco Water Power company, who some years ago replaced the old dam that were washed away with an up to date granite structure.

In 1827 Mr. Banks remembers about the big freshet in which Temple Foss, father of C. Emery Foss, who was clerk at the Biddeford House for so many years, lost his life in trying to break up an unusually large jam of logs. It was above what was then called by the settlers "The Salmon Rock," a big ledge in the middle of the stream with a channel on each side, which was not enough to carry off the big flow of logs. Ben Fogg was also drowned by being carried down the stream when the jam broke.

There was a large crew of men at work at the time, but all got to land in safety except Foss and Fogg.

Jonathan Cousens, who is pictured by Mr. Banks as a big, hearty strong blacksmith, had a close call from meeting the death of his two comrades. Cousens was at work putting a cant dog attached to a rope on the logs and men on the shore would pull them up, which was one of the methods used to break up a jam. Cousens in some manner got his foot caught in a coil of rope and when the jam broke the rope wound around his foot and he was being pulled towards the deep stream with the logs crashing madly down the wild waters, when with presence of mind, he threw out his arms and caught hold of a pine tree that grew out over the shore.

It was life or death, and when the rope was pulled taught it almost took his leg from his body. The dog was released from its grip on the log and it was this that saved Mr. Cousens.

Mr. Banks also well remembers a trip to Portland in 1825 when Lafayette was in the city and he was up close to him and got a good view of the distinguished soldier.

IN COLONIAL DAYS.

Interesting Occurences in the Early History of This Locality.

ATTACK IN 1710 ON OLD FORT.

Indians Repulsed by Garrison Under Captain John Brown.

CAPTURE OF SCAMMAN FAMILY.

Relics of the Occasion Still Existing.

Few people are better authority on local history than John Haley, the librarian of the Dyer library in Saco, and in an address before those at the "All Mens" meeting at the Saco Main street Baptist church he gave a part of this history as follows:

It should be a matter of pride to know that the first white men or Englishmen who started this mighty nation, came up the "Sawakotoc," (Indian name for Saco), in 1603, and paved the way for the first colony of that nation. Martin Pring, an English navigator, sailed up the Saco as far as the Falls at the Main street bridge in June of the year 1603. It must have been a grand sight to Pring and his hardy navigators as they beheld, so near the sea, a fall of more than 50 feet, there being no dam to prevent the uninterrupted flow of the water from the present Springs bridge to tide water.

Indian island was then coverd with a heavy growth of oaks and cedars, and our early settlers would have laid us under great obligation to them, if they had left it in its natural beauty for a park for Saco and Biddeford. But the commercial spirit dominated then as now, and the noble monarchs of the forest became the prey of the lumberman and the Indian became the prey of his love of fire-water and his white brother's cupidity.

It is not recorded that a landing was made at this time, but on his return he published a favorable report of the country, and as Shakespeare was then living and only 39 years of age, we may believe that he was much interested in this venture of his contemporary.

In 1606 Pring returned to America, and started a colony at the mouth of the Kennebec, where Chief Justice Popham soon came and, it was named after him Fort Popham. We have nothing to do with this colony, but will push on to Winter Harbor and see what is happening there. In 1616, an enterprising company under the leadership of Mr. Richard Vines came over to pass the winter to test the climate and see if the English could stand its rigors.

They landed at the Pool and pitched their camps on the well wooded spot on the right hand side of the Pool road, just before it strikes the sea wall. Here they passed a severe winter, for it must be borne in mind that they came from a much milder climate than that of New England and that they had brought with them but few of the things that contributed so much to comfort at home. Their houses must have been rude structures and very incomplete, but they pulled through somehow, and as we have no record of their deprivations and sufferings we can hardly imagine what they must have been, especially to women and children. Small wonder that they decided to return in the spring

This ended the settlement for a time although Mr. Vines seems not to have been discouraged altogether, for we find him trying it again at a later period when he with John Oldham received a grant of a township of land in Saco and selected the same site where he had wintered in 1616. This last grant was made in 1630 and was immediately occupied by Mr. Vines It is not known that Mr. Oldham even visited the locality, as his name is not mentioned, which would hardly happen if he had been on the ground.

This grant of land covered a greater tract of territory than the colony took in at the first visit. The inhabitants mostly settled near the seashore, as being nearer to their chief source of supply of food, the sea and was safe too. If the Indians attacked them, they would be more likely to escape than if they were on land with no outlet.

It will be seen by our dates that the other colony came over four years before the Mayflower landed at Plymouth. Although they returned to England they retained their old location and it became a part of their grant of 1630. There they settled at once and began life in earnest in the new world. So it is proper to give them priority of claim in founding the new nation. It was simply a continuation of the old colony under Mr. Vines.

The year following' 1631, Thomas Lewis and Captain Richard Bonython were granted a similar tract on the eastern side of the Saco river, and took possession that year. This settlement was made mostly along the sea wall and along the banks of the river as safer and giving them a highway free of cost most of the year and there are traces of their occupation on its shores, and one place at Rendezvous Point shows unmistakable signs of having been dug out so as to make a channel at low tide so that the colonists could come or go at any tide. There are other signs of their early occupation.

The first one of the colonists to have extended the settlement into the country was Mr. Bonython, who built a house on the Saco side of the river at a point just above Grays Point on what is now a nameless lane or street, running to Hobsons wharf. On the left hand side of this lane may be seen the spring where he got his water, and there are some signs of a foundation of a house. A large number of relics have been from time to time poughed up in this vicinity, although the house was burned by the Indians in 1675 at the commencement of King Philip's war.

Mr. Thomas Cole on the Biddeford side also extended his tract into the interior as far as West's Brook, or to the lower end of Cow island. John West, who came to Saco in 1637, leased this tract of land and a mansion on it, for a term of 99 years, at the nominal rental of "one fat gouse," at Michaelmas.

Thomas Haley, the pioneer of the families of this name, married the only child of John and Edith West, a match that did not meet the approval of the paternal West, as he disinherited him when he made his will. He put it into the hands of trustees, for the use of Thomas Haley's children, with the provision that "Thomas Haley their father should have nothing to do with it." This did not pauperize him as he had a farm of his own, and also ran a ferry at the mouth of the river.

In 1685 he, then an old man, made it over to his only remaining child, Thomas, Jr. Mary Haley, his wife, died suddenly in 1658, leaving him four children. The cause of her death is thus set forth in a declaration of a jury of that tday;

"Wee the jury about Mary Haley have agreed that according to the evidence given, she was accessory to her own death with overmuch eating and drinking, wee having no evidence that shee was forced thereunto."

Mary had, no doubt, succumbed to an overdose of "fat gouse" or some other indigestible substance, although the verdict would seem to imply that "shee" was a generous feeder, and was reaping the fruits of what she had sown. It is believed that Mary has some lineal descendants in this section in the matter of appetite.

Thomas Haley the elder was slain by the redskins in 1724 when upwards of 90 years of age. His son, Thomas, Jr., was ambushed and killed near the Saco fort, which was situated in the present Laconia yard, on the high ground a few yards above the new iron bridge. His son, Thomas 3d, lived to be 98, and Thomas 4th lived to be 93.

While this is not in any sense a genealogy of the Haley tribe, it is proper that their services to the old colony be recognized. Benjamin, the grandson of old Thomas, was selectman, ferryman, deacon and master builder of the church at Winter Harbor, also erected a large garrison house (still standing) and crowned a career of great usefulness by going to war and was in the siege of Louisburg under Sir William Pepperell. He died there of fever, in 1746, leaving a large family who have furnished a goodly number of sol-

diers sailors, and many professional men, several of whom are among us at this time and one of them is reading this manuscript.

The early settlers of Saco and Biddeford were not religious refugees fleeing from persecution as were the colonists of Plymouth. They were here for the same reason that men of this day brave danger and hardships, for the improvement of their secular condition. This by no means implies that they were not of sound religious principles. As their laws will show, Sabbath breaking, profanity, stealing, and various other vices were visited with severe punishment. Soon after the the settlement was established the first "Maine Law" was passed, at least 200 years before Neal Dow's famous law of 1856.

The first minister was Rev. Richard Gibson, who came in 1636 and preached four years. Rev. Robert Jordan came in 1640. He married Sarah, the only child of John Winter, who was a trader at Richmonds island and a large land owner, having over 6,000 acres covering Cape Elizabeth.

Rev. Robert Jordan was the progenitor of all the Jordans of this section and his posterity is scattered from "Dan to Beersheba." He was quite outspoken and was often before the courts for an alleged violation of the laws. James Wiggin was presented for saying: "If he were permitted to carry a plate of fish to the magistrates of Massachusetts Bay, he would poison them." For this looseness of the tongue he was give 15 lashes on the bare back. This was heroic treatment, but "the quality of mercy was not strained" in those times, as Shakespeare had long before declared.

The first book of town records begins with 1653, which is much to be regretted, as there must have been many transactions of interest in the town in those twenty years or more. The first selectmen were Thomas Williams, Robert Booth and John West. Williams was from the east side of the river. (Old Orchard). West we have already located, and Booth lived near the end of the Pool road at the crossing of the creek, where he had a tide-mill.

Ralph Tristram was the first constable, and William Scadlock first clerk of writs, and a jury man. Richard Hitchcock, was drill master to exercise the soldiery. Roger Spencer was given permission to set up a mill on the Great Falls of the Saco in 1653. As he did not comply with the terms, John Davis of York was allowed the privilege. Later, Captain Turfrey built one on the site of the present Saco & Pettee shop, and still later we find him engaged in helping to build the Saco fort not far below his mill. Around this mill privilege gathered quite a colony. Timber was abundant and water power cheap, so that the people soon had something besides logs to build houses of.

The stone fort was built in 1693, but was abandoned during the Indian troubles subsequent to 1695 and the garrison was divided among the other garrison houses towards the sea. A new fort was built at the Pool at what is known as Parker's Neck, opposite the present steamboat landing. I have traced its foundations, which are easily found at this time. A movement is on foot by the Daughters of the Revolution, to erect a monument on its site.

Besides this fort, there were several garrison houses, the Jordan, Haley, Tarbox, and Hill houses. The first two are still standing and are occupied by descendants of the respective families.

In 1713 a short peace was patched up and the people resumed their attempts to follow peaceful avocations, but the Indians were restive at the encroachments of the whites and there were continual disturbances, so that the colonist took his life in his hands whenever he ventured outside of the narrow limits of safety near the garrisons. Not till 1756 was there much of a feeling of safety for them.

With the building of saw mills at the falls, came various attempts to get possession of Indian island, now Factory island. Major Phillips, whose garrison was just below the end of the new bridge, got possession of a part of it and sold it to John Bonython of Saco, after which it was known as Bonython island. Later the balance of it was bought of a sachem for a hogshead of rum and a few blankets, showing that fire-water had gained a strong place in the affections of the red men and of his appetite, and that he was under its influence when he disposed of such valuable privileges for such a consideration.

Soon after the peace of 1703 the people began to gather about the falls on the Saco side of the river, and a fort was built on the spot where the store of J. W. Littlefield now stands. This store was built by Jonathan King and John F. Scamman. This fort was attacked in 1710 by the Indians, but they met with a repulse and moved off. Captain John Brown was its commander. A garrison was built on the hill where the late John Gowen's stable was. Some of its foundations were discernable ten years ago, but recent changes may have obliterated them.

Reference is made in the subjoined poem to the old garrison's destruction, where it speaks of "Squire Gray's chimney" and its secret. It was purchased by John Gray about 1740 and was occupied by his descendants until after the beginning of the last century. When it was torn down in its old chimney was found a barrel imbedded in the masonry containing the remnants of a human being, thus revealing, no doubt, a crime committed many years before.

No doubt the perpetrators of the crime had all gone the way of all the earth. If time permitted, it would be interesting to trace still further the old times in Saco, but it will not, nor would your patience stand the strain. I will therefore close these rambling tales with an account of the capture of the family of Captain Humphrey Scammon of Saco, which occurred about 1799, at the Ferry. Captain Scamman was with his son on a piece of marsh haying, when his wife sent their youngest son, Samuel, to them with a mug of beer. As he was leaving the house he spied a number of Indians approaching the house. He immediately ran back and informed his mother and wished to fasten the doors and windows, but his mother would not permit it, as she feared the savages would kill them

As the Indians reached the house they inquired for her husband. She refused to tell them. How many of the mothers of the present day would thus alone face a savage foe? The Indians then told her that they would take her without him. So, rather than be separated from her family, she told them after they had promised to do them no harm. After destroying much of the furniture in the house, breaking many things on a flat stone at the door, and emptying the feather beds to get the sacks, they went away with the prisoners towards the marsh, where they captured Mr. Scamman and his other son.

A boy named Robinson, who happened to be going for a team, as he was returning, perceived the savages in season to make his escape. Mounting a horse with only his garters for a bridle, he galloped up the road to Grays Point, as it is still called, swam his horse to Cow island and then swam himself to the Biddeford side and thence to the fort.

"He found the men all absent except a few old ones. The guns were fired to alarm and call the men, who were at work around the mills. At the same time the women dressed themselves in the men's spare clothes and showed themselves around the fort, thus deceiving the savages, who by this time had appeared on the island opposite. The Indians were fooled, as they confessed, by this ruse of the women, and dared not attack, and the men soon appearing, the Indians moved off, taking the Scamman family and others along with them.

When peace again spread her white wings over the scene, the prisoners were released and returned to their homes. Mr. Scamman found his house as he had left it and the mug was still on the dresser, unharmed. Tonight, after two hundred years, it is to be seen in the house of Joseph Moody, in the rear of this church, in a good state of preservation. It fell to his grandmother, who was a granddaughter of the boy, Samuel Scamman, who started with the beer. How much older it is we may not know.

Mr. Scamman's son, Samuel, Jr., built in 1736 the house now owned by Ivory Towle on Elm street, to which spot it was removed from its original site on North street, which was in 1736 the outer bounds of civilization in Saco. It was then a garrison house and tavern. During the revolutionary period it was the theater of some stirring scenes. Later Edward Tucker placed it where it still is occupied.

Following is a poem adapted from Belzoni's address to an Eygptian mummy, and addressed to a skeleton found in the old cemetery now a part of Pepperell Park.

In this poem is woven as many names of our old citizens as there is room for.

And thou hast walked about, how strange a story.
In Saco's streets a hundred years ago,
When the Woodsums and Edgecombs, were in all their glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
The Pattersons, Googins, and other tribes stupendous,

Whose posterity is something quite tremendous.

Speak for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue, come let us hear it's tune,
Thou art standing on thy precarious pegs, above ground mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts and disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and limbs, though minus features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To what shall we ascribe Sagamore John's fame?
Were Moody, or Thornton, architect,
Of all the buildings that bear their name?
Was "Bartlett's Folly" real or misnomer?
Was Prentice Mellen, a second Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade,
Canst say, what dreadful mystery was hidden
In Squire Gray's "chimney," which such comment made?
Perhaps thou wert a lawyer, then vain my struggles.
A Saco lawyer ne'er owned his juggles.

I need not ask thee if that hand when armed
Has any Dayton urchin mauled or knuckled.
For thou wert dead, and burned, not embalmed,
E'er any Dayton urchin had been suckled.
And Gorham seems to have begun,
Long after thy terrestrial race was run.

Perhaps that very hand now lying flat,
Has hobnobbed with Seamman, glass to glass,
Has dropped a ha' penny into Parson Morrill's hat.
Or doffed thine own to let Sir William Pepperell pass.
Or, held, by Fairfield's own invitation,
A hymn-book at the old church dedication.

Since first thy form was in the grave extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations,
The Revolution has begun and ended,
We have made new worlds, we have lost old nations,
And George the Third has to the dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy bones have crumbled.

Was there no pother o'er thy head
In those old days of blood and thunder,
When the old soldiers into Saco sped,
And told the story of Burgoyne's surrender?
Wast thou contemporary with Capt. Spring,
Seth Storer, Judge Thacher, or Gen. King?

If none of these old secrets may be confest,
The nature of thy private life unfold,
A heart has throbbed within that sunken breast
And tears from out those sightless sockets rolled,
Have children climbed those knees and kissed thy face?
Was thy name Haley, Coffin, Cutts, or Chase?

Statue of bones, immortal of the dead,
Imperishable type of evanescence,
Posthumous man who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undismayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When Gabriel's trump shall start thee with its warning.

Why should these rattling bones endure,
When flesh and blood are gone forever,
'Tis well to keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when each must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

OLD KITTERY.

The County of York and Some of Its Families.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges was lord of the "Province Mayne" and John Mason, Sir Walter Raleigh and others owners of the charter from the Merrimac to the Sachadahoc rivers. Sir Ferdinando Gorges was governor general of all New England. He died in 1647. The first colony in New England was founded on the coast of "Mayne" at Popham beach, August 19, O. S., 1607. Here was built the ship Virginia, the first vessel built in the new world. It is preeminently the place of "first things" in New England life and history. Here landed on the above date from the good ships the Gift of God and Mary and John 100 men under George Popham thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Mass.

The town of York was formed from a portion of the territory granted to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and John Mason.

York was settled about 1624. Kittery about the same time. York was originally called Agamenticus.

It was endowed with a city charter and a government by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, March 1, 1642, under the name of Georgeana, the first incorporated city within the limits of the United States. The first mayor was Thomas Gorges. Kittery in 1647 was incorporated as a town.

In 1652, after Sir Ferdinando Gorges' death, the charter passed into the hands of the Massachusetts bay governors or company. Kittery was then made a port of entry. With its beautiful and capacious harbor it was expected to rival and surpass the ancient city of Portsmouth, N. H. The page the town of Kittery fills in the colonial history of New England and the country is a bright and glorious one, made especially famous by the great deeds of our noble citizens and ancestors, Col. and Sir. William Pepperell, the hero of Louisburg.

The grand Atlantic ocean and the placid waters of the Piscataqua river that washes this rock bound coast and bathes the feet of this ancient and beautiful town with its spray and wipes them with its silken weeds that grow about its pebbled beach and rocks; the soft and gentle breezes from the sea make this town a paradise indeed. In my travels abroad I have rarely found a more attractive spot.

The roots of my ancestral tree still cling lovingly to this rich soil. Deering's Oaks and Pines are old landmarks to mark the birthplace of the Deering family for centuries in this old town.

Kittery Point was probably named for Old Kittery Point in Kingsweare on the river Dart, opposite Dartmouth, England, Devonshire county. Kittery Point, Me., was settled by English families, many of whom came here with Alexander Shapleigh in his own ship in 1645.

We also know that John Brag, Nicholas Frost and William Pepperell came from County Devonshire.

Many of my ancestors were among the first settlers of Kittery, notably Col. Timothy and Capts. John and William Gerrish, Hugh and Joseph Gunnison, Hon. Robert Eliot, Col. Fryer, Major Waldron, Robert Cutts, Reginald Fernald, Sergeant Wilson and Champernown.

George Deering settled in Scarboro in 1635. His son, Roger, moved to Kittery about 1660. Clement and my great-great-grandfather, Roger Deering, lived at the old homestead where my father was born, and owned the place and Deering Oaks down to 1849. He also owned and occupied the old colonial house at the point called the "Sparhawk house," which was confiscated by the government about 1790, purchased by Sq. Joshua Chase who lived there. Later he sold it to my father, Capt. Roger Deering. Chase's son, Paul, married Eady Deering, my father's sister. Chase's other son, Dr. Chase, was in the navy. Lady Pepperrell built another house at the point after Sir William's death, later owned by Capt. Joseph Cutts. He lost his ships in the war of 1812 and most of his property. Chester Cutts now owns the place.

My father, like Capt. Cutts, was in his day a large ship and vessel owner in connection with John D. Simes, Ralph Cutter and others of Portsmouth and Kittery. About 1848 he sold out and moved to Boston. About that time his son, John Wentworth Deering, went to New York city. In the History of Old Kittery and Her Families, Mr. Stackpole has made some errors in regard to my own immediate family which I will correct here. Eighth generation (see Stackpole's "Old Kittery and Families.") Capt. Roger Deering married Lucinda Boston, daughter of John and L. Moody Boston, of York, Me. Her mother, cousin of Rev. Samuel Moody, York, Me. She, cousin to late Hon. Chas. A Boutelle,

member of congress, Maine. Also late Hon. D. W. Gooch, member of congress from Massachusetts, born in Wells, Me.

John Wentworth Deering married, first, July 10, 1862, Martha A. F. Carter, New York city. Children, niece and adopted daughter, Edith A. Wentworth, born Dec. 23, 1876. Second, married, October 3, 1894, Lucia Kimball of Saco, Me.; daughter of Dr. John E. Leland and Harriet N. (Dyer) Kimball of Saco, Maine. She daughter of late Isaac Dyer, Portland, Me., brother to Hon. Isaac Dyer, U. S. district attorney for Maine, lives in Portland, Me. Uncle to Lucia Kimball Deering.

Anna A. Deering, daughter of Capt. Roger Deering, married William Ladd of East Boston, lived in Everett.

John W. Deering, Boston, belongs to Union League club, New York, and following patriotic societies: Massachusetts, Sons of American Revolution, New Hampshire, Society of Colonial Wars, Paul Jones, Sons American Revolution, Portsmouth. Maine, Kittery, Me., Pepperell Cousins association, descendants of Col. Wm. Pepperell. Governor Hill is vice president and Hon. Joseph A. Locke, Portland, was president last year. Hon. Ira Locke and John Wentworth Deering delivered addresses last August at the reunion at Kittery Point, Me.

The Pepperell reunion will be held this year at Kittery Point, Maine, on July 30. John Wentworth Deering.

299 Newbury St., Boston.

esignation of Rev. E. H. Newcomb,

WHEN SACO WAS YOUNG.

More Gossip About the Ancient Domiciles of the City Across the River.

Starting from the Barrows pump on Main street, and coming down the easterly side of the street, we come to the house of the late T. W. Shannon situated next above Paul Sands. This house is probably about the same age as those named on the opposite side of the street. There was then no old houses from Jonathan King's to the Congregationalist church, which which was a large two story edifice, painted white. This was built in 1803 and was regarded for a long time as the handsomest edifice in Maine. It was destroyed by fire just before the war began. C. H. Granger drew a picture of it from memory and from this a lot of lithographs were struck off; one of these may be seen in the drug store of S. L. Lord. Below this was the house now owned by F. C. Adams, the builder not known to the writer. The house of David Buckminster and his cabinet shop were next in line. These two houses were purchased and remodelled by Amos H. Boyd and his brother Oliver D. Boyd, the former was agent for the York company, and the latter was superintendent. C. H. Dennett now occupies the latter house, which was purchased of the Boyd heirs by the late Cornelius Sweetser, who when he first came to Saco, lived with John Gaines and Elias Boardman, in the first dwelling house on Water street next to what was then Gaines' blacksmith shop. Water street wasen't always what it is now. Within the writer's recollection the houses were occupied by the late Elder James Fernald, Joseph Richards, Geo. Whitten, John Gaines, Cornelius Sweetser, Elias Boardman, T. G. Thornton and others, who afterwards moved to more commodious quarters in other parts of the town.

Next to the Buckminster house on Main street is the old Leland house, now occupied by B. F. Hamilton and Mrs. J. A. Berry. "'Squire Leland" was an old Revolutionary soldier. He built this large house, and it was so often taken for a hotel, and so many inquiries made as to why he built such an ark, that he became disgusted and went onto Middle street and built the brick house now owned and occupied by J. S. Locke. Farther down the street was the old Dummer house, just remodeled by H. S. Hall. This house, it is said, was presented to Mrs. Dummer at her marriage, by her father, Mr. Cleaves. Below this was the old high school building, which was remodeled by the late John E. Sweetsir, and is now occupied by Dr. Maxcy. The house on the corner, owned by Mrs. Chisholm, was made from the old blacksmith shop of Benj. Pike, whose house was in rear of it, and is now owned by E. H. C. Bradbury.

On the opposite corner is the house lately owned by Warren Rice. There is considerable dispute as to who built this spacious mansion, some claiming it was Jonathan Tucker, others insisting that it was built before the arrival of this gentleman, and was kept as a hotel by a Mrs. Snow. The arrangement and elegance of the building, as well as its monstrous rooms, gives but little plausibility to the hotel theory. Possibly some building which formerly occupied the site was the one referred to. A small story and a half house once stood there, and was occupied by two maiden ladies, who had a controversy with Gen. King when he erected his house, now owned by Horace Woodman. The Gen. wanted some trees removed which came so near the line as to shade his house. The two ladies would not consent to their removal, and King hired a man or men to cut them down in the night. This was the only victory or piece of strategy we know of by Gen. King, and reflects but little glory on his name as a general. When he was buried there was the usual pomp at the grave and on the way.

The King house has been considerably changed by its present wealthy and enterprising owner, H. Woodman. who has laid out on it several times its original cost. The carved work on all these old mansions was made by hand, and was paid for largely in New England rum and salt fish, with an occasional pint of molasses sandwiched in. And yet we hear people prating of the "good old times." Who they were good for, these elegant houses will show.

There was a very ancient house on Free street on the site now occupied by the long block of tenement houses on the right hand side of the street. In rear of this was a Thornton block of tenement houses, and a Thornton block on Main street, where Kelly and Kendrick have stores. There was also a one story hip roofed house in rear of all these occupied for years by Richard Cutts Thornton, who later owned the house on Cross street next to Asa Wentworths. Lower down Main street below the Saco house, was the York hotel, a good sized building, kept for many years by the late "Jerry Gordon." This hotel was burned down, as also an old three story wooden structure on the spot now occupied by the Globe grocery. The Moody & Thornton building is now standing, next to the stone store. Passing around the corner we soon came to the American house, formerly the Pepperell house. This was consumed by fire as also the "Cleaves house," called later "Tufts Tavern." Going up Middle street we find the Cutts house—two tenements—owned by T. Cutts and Tristram Scammau. The Leland house comes next. And above this is the Cumstom house, remodeled and owned now by Mrs. Guiney and Mrs. Woodman. On the opposite side of the street next to the school house, is the Dr. Shannon house, owned formerly by Richard Cutts Shannon, an eminent and much beloved physician. This house has been changed into a four tenement house. Next below this is the Dunn house remodeled by the late Rufus K. Twambly. Below this is the Tristram Hooper house, now owned by Miss C. P. Adams and remodeled by the late Seluc as Adams. The next old house was the Stephen Fairfield house, remodeled by the late Misses Lowell, and now designated as the Boynton house—kept by Mrs. Boynton. "Scotland"—"There is magic in the sound"—was built by the late Mr. Maxwell, a Scotchman, who owned and for many years occupied the Maxwell house in Biddeford. Free street has many old shanties on it, and at one time, with Front and Wharf streets, constituted no small part of the town. People now living can remember when Free street had a crockery store, an apothecary shop, a school house and several other things on it, differing much from its present appearance.

Taking another turn around the corner into High street we find the John Noble house, now occupied by an "Ishmaelite," even Ishmael Harmon. The next house beyond it, now changed, is the old Major Milliken house. The Major formerly kept the York hotel. Just a little above this, on the corner of High and School streets where the brick house now stands, was the old Fernald house, a gable roofed concern, one and one half stories high. This old shanty was moved onto the common, and was occupied for years by the late Seth Kendrick. Two more ancient houses stand farther up street, one being the house of Foxwell Cutts, now occupied by his daughter Mrs. Lane, and the old Capt. Munch house remodelled and now owned by Charles Hanson. There are several more not very juvenile. The Ben Scammun house owned by V. Meserve, a mordern addition was put on the front of this about 30 years ago. The small brick house owned by Chas. Hersey, is quite old, at one time was occupied by, if not built by the late Capt. Stevenson, whose wife was Capt. Much's daughter. This takes up most of the old houses around the village, and although the account is somewhat meagre, there yet may be something of interest in it, to the younger readers of the JOURNAL, who have never heard of some of the ancient worthies we have named in connection with these old houses.

REMARKABLE POWERS HERS

Death in Her Ninety-Second Year of Mary Drake at North Saco Saturday Night.

KNOWN AS "SPIRITUALIST"

Was Prominently Connected With the Famous Aaron McKenney Will Case of a Quarter of a Century Ago.

July 20. 1901

There passed away at North Saco Saturday night at midnight a woman of remarkable character well known personally and by reputation to a great many of the older residents of that city—Mary Drake, aged 91 years, eight months and 24 days.

She had always been known as Mary Drake since she came to Saco but that was not her real name but her maiden name. She married in early life Sylvester Clark of Wilbraham, Mass., and three children by this union survive her, Mrs. Almira Holton and William Clark of Springfield and Mrs. Calvin G. Robbins of Wilbraham.

It was in 1858 when spiritualism was having quite a rage in Saco that Mrs. Clark came to Saco and took up her residence in the family of Aaron McKenney near the Heath meeting house at North Saco. With him she lived until his death after he had passed the century mark in years and in the famous will contest which followed the death of the centenarian she was prominently connected.

After his death she continued living at the McKenney homestead in the family of Isaac L. Milliken, who succeeded to the management of the farm and who later married her granddaughter. Here she died from general breaking down, her health having been very feeble for three years, though her remarkable mind was keen to the hour of her death.

As stated, upon coming to Saco she took up her maiden name and by many was supposed to have never been married.

In her more vigorous days she was a most interesting and hospitable entertainer and many visitors in the course of the year enjoyed her hospitality and marvelled at the manifestation of the remarkable powers she unquestionably posessed.

Whatever one's opinion of spiritualism may be there is hardly a chance for a doubt that Mary Drake had through her life possessed powers of some sort that were as unusual as remarkable. She herself had no fellowship with spiritualism of the table tipping, spectacular order, but whether it was to be termed spiritualism, clairvoyancy or mind reading, her wonderful powers were often demonstrated in a way that perplexed the most skeptical. In the North Saco neighborhood these powers were well known and her fame spread much beyond the neighborhood and her advice and counsel was considerably sought and often heeded with profit. Much could be written of her really wonderful doings which are credited by reputable people to this peculiar old lady. She could foretell the future and throw light upon mysteries of the past and the proof of her strange powers was invariably to be found in the verification of her predictions. One of the most remarkable manifestations was the locating of a body of a lost boy in a pond after days had been spent in the vain search for him by family and neighbors. It is recounted that on a morning she would foretell without error what visitors would be at the house during the day. She was commonly credited with ability to read the character of any stranger whom she met like an open book.

Of late years she had done little in this mysterious line and took little interest in matters not connected with her own household. At the time of the Ivory Boothby murder, which occurred quite near her home, considerable curiosity was expressed by neighbors to hear her version of the mystery. She was then in fast failing health and took but little interest in the case but when asked who committed the murder she replied a stranger and a foreigner who had got far beyond reach.

Those who best knew the old lady understood what a remarkable character she was.

THE OLD TIME TRAINING DAYS.

Extracts from a Paper Read Before Maine Historical Society.

A meeting of the Maine Historical society was held at the rooms of the society in the public library building yesterday afternoon. "Recollections of the Old Time Militia and Annual General Muster" was the title of the paper read by Mr. S. B. Cloudman of Gorham. He said in part:

As a holiday of the olden time nothing came so near the mark of perfect satisfaction to the average country boy as the good old fashioned muster. In comparison all other red letter days sank into insignificance. For the time the patriotic zeal of old and young America was all awake and the "spirit of seventy-six" came to the front. Old soldiers related the stories of Lexington and Bunker Hill, told of the lack of pluck and courage on the part of the "Red Coats" and the daring and bravery of the Yankees under Washington and his generals.

The old general muster usually put in its appearance in September about "husking" time. Then all the enrolled militia in the neighboring towns received notice that they were "hereby ordered to meet at the usual place of parade armed and equipped as the law directs to do military duty and await further orders." In this section the usual place was in Capt. Roble's field nearly opposite the southern terminus of the Gray road at Gorham village. Early in the morning of the muster day soldiers were seen on all roads leading to the muster fields. Cavalry men mounted on fine horses came galloping in from the adjoining towns. The wild dash of those well trained horses with their military equipage, the waving plumes from the steel clad helmets of the riders, the heavy sabres hung with clanking chains, the long brass horse pistols with flint locks, the spurred boots with high tops and the noble bearing of the men and officers gave a very formidable appearance to this part of the brigade and completely astonished the enthusiastic boy of those times.

When I first saw soldiers on the muster fields very few companies had uniforms, and those who had were called independent companies. The enrolled militia were the common citizens' dress and were sarcastically called "string beaners."

Every able bodied man between the ages of 18 and 45 was required by law to furnish his own gun and equipments and appear at the May training and at the general muster in September. A heavy fine was imposed on all the soldiers who should fail to appear or whose guns or equipments should fail to pass muster.

The writer then went on to describe the equipment of these militiamen. They had flint lock muskets with steel or iron

ramrods, a bayonet and sheath, cartridge box made of wood and capable of holding 24 rounds of powder and ball, two spare flints, a powder horn, a priming wire and brush and a "gill cup." The regulation bullet of those days was all lead and perfectly round and was called an ounce ball. The priming wire and brush were used to keep the old flint lock in good working order. Then there was a knapsack containing a blanket roll and bread pocket. This was usually made from the green, untanned skin of our common Maine coast seal with the coarse bristly hair left on. The letter of the company and figure of the regiment were coarsely stamped on the outside of the knapsack. These accoutrements were conveniently fastened with belts and shoulder straps of bright red.

In those days it was thought necessary to give the soldiers something besides coffee to drink, and the state furnished spirit of some kind, perhaps for the stomach's sake. This treat, usually new rum and molasses, was mixed and brought into the field in common wooden pails by soldiers detailed for the purpose. They came once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, and each thirsty veteran helped himself with his "gill cup." There was always a notable activity in the maneuvering after the grog had been passed.

The common stovepipe silk hats which many of the old militia wore while on duty, were tipped back to a slant of about forty five degrees while each man seemed to take an unusual interest in trying to keep his neighbor in line and the manual of arms was performed with surprising dexterity. The musicians put in their extra "licks" and all went as merry as a marriage bell. In the afternoon the paymaster came with a bag of cash and gave to each soldier a silver half dollar in payment for his services for the day. The time for firing came at about 5 p. m. The order, "prime and load" passed from company to company the length of the battle line. The infantry commenced firing by platoons, then by company and then the rapid firing of the battalion was accompanied by the booming of artillery. And such a racket! The heavy field pieces mounted on clumsy wheels were dragged hurriedly from one part of the field to the other by racing teams of four and six horses. On this occasion the "cavalry charge" was sounded from the bugle and was immediately followed by the wild dash of "troopers" withdrawn sabers sweeping the field in unbroken lines giving to this maneuver an almost indescribable grandeur. This mingled with the continual roar of cannon, the incessant rattle of musketry, endless clouds of smoke, the harsh notes of the drum and the cheers and yells of the excited soldiers, gave to the whole scene a decidedly warlike appearance.

In those days rum was sold for three cents a glass at nearly all the shantles on the muster field and in consequence there were some lively fights during the day. Penfield Green, a boatman, from the old Oxford and Cumberland canal was a tall, wiry, long armed, big fisted fellow with a "club foot," always ready for a fight and almost always in one. He once whipped a crew of six sailors at a muster in Gorham, using two of them up so badly that they had to go to Dr. Baxter's office for repairs before going back to Portland.

The writer also spoke of the old time gingerbread, nothing like which has ever been known since the musters passed away.

A GRAY STONE TOWER

The Mystery and History of the Monument at Biddeford Pool.

BUILT FOR GOVERNMENT IN 1825.

Its Fall and the Tragic Fate of One of Its Builders.

STORY OF FINAL COMPLETION.

Builders Appeal to Congress for Compensation.

By request the following article, which appeared in the Biddeford Journal a dozen or more years ago, is reprinted.

The history of ancient Winter Harbor, or Biddeford Pool, and the cluster of islands at the mouth of Saco river, dates back to the beginning of the 16th century—more than two hundred and eighty-five years ago—at which time the first known white man set foot on the shining sands of the far-extending beach. Tradition and written history have preserved to us much that is of rare interest touching that locality, and yet there is much that we would gladly know that is hidden in the mists of time, which, indeed, mortals will never be able to fathom. There is evidence that the deep water passage by Wood Island, leading to the Pool, was among the first discoveries of the white adventurers, and from that time to the present it has been used as an avenue of safety by numberless water craft, great and small.

One of the most prominent objects next to Wood Island lighthouse, that attracts the attention of the stranger standing almost anywhere on the great semi-circle which swings inland from the mouth of the Saco and outward again to Prouts Neck, is the tall, conical gray stone tower that appears to stand on the mainland at the Pool, but which really stands on the small, rocky land-spit called Stage Island. No other object that strikes the eye is more inquired about and speculated upon than this tall, stone structure, and none about which so little is known. Who built it, when and for what purpose it was erected, constitute a standing puzzle, upon which scarcely any of those who were born and reared within sight of the structure, can shed a ray of light. The impression has been general that it was a relic of antiquity, dating back perhaps two hundred years or more; and this supposition has lent an added interest to the mysterious cone and given rise to much curious speculation as to its probable origin.

A Journal correspondent has accidentally stumbled upon some important facts touching this historic tower, which will serve to divest it of much of its mystery, but which adds to rather than detracts from the romantic interest which has been attached to it. Through the kindness of Captain Daniel Goldthwaite of the Pool, the Journal correspondent has placed in our possession the interesting paper which is herewith published, giving a quite clear account of the erection of the tower, when and by whom it was built, and a tragic event which occurred during its erection. The object sought by the government apparently by the erection of this beacon was to assist mariners in keeping the deep water passage in and out of the Pool, as its position, marked on the charts, would admirably enable them to do.

In the year 1825, sixty-three years ago, Benjamin Bailey, John Leavitt and Sally Lowell, widow of John Lowell, all of Portland, petitioned congress for compensation for labor and materials lost by the falling of the monument, after it was nearly completed; and in this petition are rehearsed all the interesting facts so long sought after concerning this odd relic.

To the Hon. the Senate, and the Hon. the House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

The petition of Benjamin Bailey and John Leavitt both of Portland in the county of Cumberland and State of Maine, bricklayers, and Sally Lowell, widow of John Lowell, late of the same Portland, bricklayer, humbly show; that, on the seventh day of May, Anno Domini 1825, they, the said Benjamin Bailey, John Leavitt and John Lowell entered into a contract with Isaac Ilsley, Esq., Superintendent of Light Houses and Collector of Customs in the State of Maine, that they, the said Bailey, Leavitt and John Lowell would build, finish and complete on or before the twentieth of July then next, and now last past, on Stage Island in Winter Harbor, in said State, a Column or Monument, to be built of split undressed stone, the foundation thereof, to be sunk as deep as might be necessary to make the fabric secure, and to lay the same in good lime mortar, the height of the column to be sixty feet from the surface of the ground; the base diameter twenty feet, and the top diameter four feet; the wall at the base to be four feet thick and gradually diminished so as to leave the wall at the top two feet thick, and to place a cap of hammer dressed granite, of five feet eight inches in diameter, twenty inches thick in the center, and ten inches thick at the outer edge on its top; and to make a door in said column or monument and to white wash part of said column and cover the remainder with a coat of pitch and lamp black as specified more particularly in said contract. And your petitioners further show, that in pursuance of said contract the said contractors immediately set about the erection of said monument, the principal part of which was founded upon a rock and the residue being dug down to the depth of four feet, they came to a hard pan of gravel which appeared to furnish a foundation sufficiently firm and was believed to be solid enough to support

any weight which the wall of said monument would press upon it; that upon this hard bottom they laid a solid foundation of stones, to the height of the ground, having, as they believed, no reason to doubt its sufficiency; they further show that they proceeded with all convenient dispatch to complete the said monument according to their said contract and that they would have completed the same to the satisfaction of the said Superintendent at the stipulated time; but that, when they raised the walls of said monument to the height of fifty-four feet, to the very grievous disappointment of the said contractors, that part of the wall which was not founded upon the solid rock settled and gave way, so that the whole mass fell, while the said John Lowell and three of their workmen were upon its top, by means whereof said Lowell was instantly killed and the others severely wounded, one of whom has not yet recovered from his wounds. And your petitioners further show, that, after the distressing accident above mentioned, as soon as it could conveniently be done they erected a new column or monument, corresponding in all respects to their said contract and completed the same to the full satisfaction of the said Superintendent who has accepted it in discharge of their said contract and has paid them the original stipulated price, viz.: twelve hundred dollars and inasmuch as by the misfortune aforesaid, the contractors have sustained a loss which they estimate at the full amount of the said sum aforesaid because it was as expensive and more laborious to collect the stone of which the column now erected is composed from the fallen ruins, as it was to procure said stone in the first instance, and as they consider it error of judgment, into which any other contractor might have fallen, and as they used their best judgment and employed their best exertions to complete said monument for the use of the Government, and have completed it after their said misfortune; and because they have sustained this loss without any wilful negligence on their part and owe their loss to unexpected misfortune only, your petitioners pray your Honors to take their unfortunate case into consideration and make them such compensation on account of the same as in your wisdom shall be deemed meet and as its circumstances shall require.

Signed, Benj. Bailey,
John Leavitt,
Sarah Lowell,
Administratrix of the estate of John Lowell.

I certify the above to be a true copy of the original petition on file in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. House of Representatives. W. H. Wiggins, Asst. Clerk.

Kingsburg (c)	41.0	52.0
Kono Tayee	41.8	48.0
Lagrange (c)	42.1	55.8
Laporte (a)	27.0	36.8
Lemoore (a)	40.0	52.8
Lick Observatory	35.7	42.8
Limekiln	44.2	55.3
Lodi	41.5	52.6
*Los Angeles	51.5	57.8
Los Gatos	43.2	50.4
Lytton Springs	44.1	49.1
Malakoff Mine	37.5	45.7
Mammoth Tank (a)	50.4	56.1
Manzana	.....	45.0
Merced (a)	41.4	53.4
Milton (near) (a)	44.2	53.5
Modesto (a)	45.0	55.4
Mohave (a)	37.8	51.4

LIMERICK ACADEMY

A Chapter in History of the Old Institution.

STUDENTS OF THE LONG AGO

Names of Those Who Attended the School in the '50s.

MANY YORK COUNTY PEOPLE

Now Prominent Here and Elsewhere.

Only a catalogue, dimmed and yellowed with age, yet containing memories of long ago, when the men and women whose names are enrolled were boys and girls attending Phillips Limerick academy, back in 1852-'53.

Turning the pages o'er reading these names of pupil, teacher and officer, the question comes up, Where are all those bright-faced, happy girls and boys who were yet to bear the heat and burden of the day and win fame and fortune? What part have they taken in this drama of life?

Do they ever, in the evening of life, recall those days passed in the old academy; and ask for their associates some of whom they have forgotten long since, but whom, reading over this list, will recall very quickly?

Some, aye, many of the number are gone, and the grasses have grown and flowers bloomed over their graves for many a year.

The trustees were Rev. Chas. Freeman, president, whose name will ever be linked with all the best things in the history of this town during his life; Hon. Moses McDonald, vice president; Dr. James Fogg, secretary; Hon. Luther S. Moore, treasurer; John A. Morries, esquire; James Bradbury, Simeon Barker, Henry Dole, Dr. William Swasey, John C. Hayes, Joseph H. Gilpatrick, Winbar Adams, Esq., and Abner Burbank—men of high character, sterling worth to whom education owes a lasting debt. The principal was Henry L. Boltwood, A. B., Mrs. P. Elizabeth Sanborn, and Miss Caroline A. Boltwood, assistants, and Miss Abby A. Lord, teacher of music. In the fall term Augusta Berry, A. B., was principal; Miss Martha A. Bradbury, Miss Emily J. Pickard, assistants; Miss Low, teacher of music and drawing.

The male students were: Chas. S. Abbott, Shapleigh; Edward H. Adams, Buxton; Francis P. and Stephen L. Adams, Newfield; Francis H. Allen, Limerick; Lewis Allen, Cornish; Isaac L. Ayer, Buxton; Wm. S. Bangs, Wm. B. Barker, Limerick; Andrew C. Bean, Brownfield; Cyrus Bean, Limington; Edwin F. Frank, John Bean, Brownfield; Thomas Berry, Chas. H. Bradbury, Buxton; Frederick Bradbury, Henry M. Bradbury, Limerick; Wm. A. Brooks, Buxton; Albion Burbank, Limerick; now and for many years principal of Exeter, N. H., high school; Chas. E., Horace H. and Joseph D. Burbank, Limerick; Usher Burbank, Acton; Chas. H. Burnham, Limerick; John M. Came, North Berwick; Muhlon M. Came, Standish; Samuel M. Came, Alfred; Wm. W. Chapman, Henry C. Cobb, Limerick; Wm. B. Cobb, Limington, who was for many years a physician practicing in Standish; Ezra B. Cole, Cornish; James H. Cole, Limerick; Joseph Dane, Alfred; George W. Davis, Newfield; Richard G. Dearborn, Limerick; Roscoe Dennett, Buxton; B. A. Durgin, Campton, N. H.; Erastus H. Dyer, Baldwin; Richard B. Edgerly, Limerick; Wm. M. Emery, Sanford; Jas. A. Evans, Chas. C. Fogg, Edmund Z. Fogg, Warner B. Gage, Limerick; Otis T. Garey, Alfred; now the well known insurance agent of Biddeford; Richard H. Goding, Acton; Wm. W. Gould, Lyman; Paul J. Grant, Kennebunkport; David L. Green, Limerick; Ferdinand G. Guptil, Cornish.

now a physician in Biddeford; Moses P. Guptill, Limerick; Frederick P. Hall, Kennebunk; Jeremiah G. Ha[illegible], Alfred, now a physician in Wells; Benjamin F. Hamilton, Waterboro, known throughout Maine today as Ben Hamilton, the Biddeford attorney; Samuel King Hamilton, Waterboro, now in Wakefield, Mass., a well known attorney; Zenas P. Hanson, Buxton; George W. Harmon, Chas. F. Hasty, Erastus G. Hill, Limerick; Alpheus S. Hilton, Parsonsfield; Stephen W. Hobson, Limington; Jas. W. Hodgdon, Springvale; Stephen Holmes, Alfred; Lawrence D. Hopkinson, Saco; Howard H. Hough, Kennebunkport; Edwin Ilsley, our lamented friend, Enoch Ilsley, George B. Ilsley, now pastor of the Baptist church in Westbrook; Merrill Page Jordon, whose memory abides with us; Abner Hardy Keyes, Albert P. Libby, Henry O. Libby, John M. and Ruthven Libby, Limerick; Daniel W. Mason, Portland; Geo. P. McKenney, Frank R. Milliken, Saco; Ezra Miles and Henry L. Mitchell, Limerick; Chas. E. Moore, Newfield; Edward M. Morrill, Chelsea, Mass.; Allen B. Moulton, Wm. Moulton, Scarborough; David S. Moulton, Newfield; George W. Noyes, Hollis; Orlando T. Parks, Parsonsfield; Howard F. Parsons, Limerick; Ethen S. Paul, Buxton; J. Milton Pease, Cornish; Erastus Perry, E. S. Philpot, Wm. Henry Sawyer, Chas. H. Ledgerly, Oliver W. Staples, Jeremiah Stimson, Chas. Straw, Wm. B. Swasey, Austen V. Tilton, Loren W. True, David Watson, Limerick;

now works under, neither did the children.

In our old primary geography was the question. "What prevails along the coast of Newfoundland," and the answer, "dense fogs." One of my classmates who had this question thrown at her, answered in a confident voice, "Dead frogs." Not until she had opened her book and looked carefully at the words was she convinced of her mistake. An answer in one grammar I well remember. The question I do not recall exactly. This was the answer: "Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody."

One day after a boy had given this answer, the teacher said very pleasantly to him, "Did you ever study orthography?" "No'm," was the prompt answer. She asked several and they were all equally sure they had never studied orthography. She smiled and then gave out the next question. It was several years before I knew the painful absurdity of the incident.

When I was nine years old I entered the intermediate school, what is now the fourth grade, and I don't remember that I could write anything but my name I have all my copy books. My first one is filled with slanted straight lines, and pot hooks and their combinations. Incidentally I might tell you I have the only penstock I ever used in school. A very ordinary penstock that could be bought now for a penny. I remember saying to the girl who distributed the penholders whenever we wrote, "That purple one is mine." We had but very little written work. We wrote our spelling lesson sometimes. Each one wrote a composition occasionally, and every afternoon in the half hour before recess we wrote just five lines in our writing books In only one school that I attended did we have singing. Miss Mary Sands, who taught the Pleasant street primary, was a member of the Orthodox church choir, and she taught us such tunes as, "I Want To Be an Angel and with the Angels Stand," "I Have a Father in the Promised Land," and "Where, oh, Where are the Hebrew Children." We sang "Billy Boy," too. The multiplication tables were recited in a sing-song tone and the chorus was the five table, beginning with five times five, and we sang it to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

Teacher and scholars did the sweeping. Every Wednesday and Saturday noon as many children were assigned to the task as there were rows of seats. With brush in hand we began at the back seat and crawled under each desk and out into the aisle until we brushed the dirt into the spare floor. As each one was obliged to take his turn in sweeping it was not policy to put it upon any one for a punishment.

Corporal punishment was the popular form of punishment for anything and everything contrary to the rules. Whispering, throwing spit balls and chewing gum were minor offenses. Many a boy and girl was ferruled for committing any one of these misdemeanors. One of the grave offenses was putting rocks in the key hole. However much the good little girls might deplore the offense there was a certain pleasurable excitement in standing around watching the teacher pick out the rocks. There was a superstition among us that if we should pull out two eye-winkers and place them in the palm of the hand in the form of a cross that it would act as a charm and the blows would not hurt.

The only whipping I ever received in school was for misspelling a word. With others I had failed on the lesson and the teacher said to us, "I shall ferrule every one that does not have this lesson tomorrow." I remember that each word began with "ch" and that I had the lesson perfectly when I was called to the desk to spell it. But when she gave out the word chaise, I hesitated and left out the i. Could I have tried the second time I would have spelled it, but in the eye of the school law I did not know how to spell chaise. As the law on that occasion for such a failure was a ferruling, I was ferruled.

As I recall it the supervisor of schools was nearly always a minister. I remember Rev. Mr. Keely and Rev. Mr. Holbrook of the Main street Baptist and Mr. Winslow of the Congregational church served as supervisors. Rev. Mr. Bailey held the office many times I received the impression from the stories they told us and the advice they gave us, that they looked upon us as rather a bad lot of children.

Mr. Cornelius Sweetsir was school agent at one time. While we were busy with our work one morning he opened the door and shouted to us, "Lee has surrendered. No school today." On the afternoon of the funeral of President Lincoln, all the school children, with a band of crape on the arm, formed in line on Main street, near city hall. Our school stood just under the old Liberty pole. We marched up Main to Beach, down Beach to High, down High to School, through School to Main, down Main to the square on the island where Hon. Rufus P. Tapley delivered a eulogy on the dead president.

We hear a good deal nowadays about decorating the school rooms. Thirty years ago there were no pictures or ornaments in any school room in the city. The windows even were without curtains, a few old charts and maps hung on the wall back of the desk. Somewhere around the desk was a cracked globe that wabbled in its axis as we whirled it around. In one corner of the platform was a wooden pail and a tin dipper. In plain sight on the desk was the round ferrule.

In the summer of '69 our class was ready to enter the high school. For more than a year there had been no high school. Several in our class recited to Miss Chadwick at her home that winter. In May of '70, the high school opened with 17 pupils and Mr. Manson Seavey as principal. A primary school had been using the high school room and to accommodate this primary school and the high school, a wooden partition was run through the room, dividing it into two rooms, one smaller than the other, and the high school used the small room. When the next class came in from the grammar school, we could not be crowded into that room. Great was our delight on coming to school one morning in September to find that partition gone.

In June, '72, our class held its graduating exercises in the hall above. There were eight of us, six girls and two boys. We read our class parts, and each one had a part. The girls wore white dresses and I am quite sure that no one of us had a new dress, and since we did not have new dresses, we could not have had much that was new. I have distinct recollections of a bright red sash. I need not tell you who wore it.

That was a fine graduation. We could not have been happier, our parents more proud of us, nor the audience more interested in us What more than this is there to any graduation.

I have told you very imperfectly of the schools of the sixties. They had their good points and their glaring faults.

To all of us the memories of the old school days are the pleasantest of our possessions. If any one of you wishes to compare them in a boastful way with the present let him do so, but as for myself, above the graves of these old school days, I would kindly write these word, "Requiescat in Pace."

A VENERABLE TOWN

York, Once a City, and the First One Formed in the United States.

ITS ORIGINAL NAME GORGEANA.

Has Had a History That Is Both Varied and Picturesque.

AUGUST 5 ITS 250TH ANNIVERSARY

Splendid Programme Prepared for the Coming Event.

The town of York, although not the first settlement by nearly 77 years, enjoys the proud distinction of being the first city duly incorporated in America, and will, on Tuesday, August 5, celebrate in a magnificent manner its 250th anniversary.

Most New England towns in celebrating such events generally date from the settlement, but it is not so with old York for in 1642, before the present town existed, there was established on the banks of the Agamentious river the city of Gorgeana.

The town of York was formed from a portion of the territory granted by the Plymouth council in 1629, to Sir Fernando Gorges and Capt. John Mason, who spent over £20,000 in trying to establish settlements in Maine. York was settled about 1624 and was originally called Agamentious. It was endowed with a city charter and government by Sir Fernando Gorges, March 1, 1642, under the name of Gorgeana, the first incorporated city within the limits of the United States.

The inhabitants of Gorgeana had the power to elect a mayor and board of aldermen annually, to hold courts and erect fortifications.

The first mayor was Thomas Gorges and the aldermen were Edward Godfrey, Roger Garde, George Puddington, Bartholomew Barnett, Edward Johnson, Henry Simpson, Arthur Bragdon and John Rogers. The descendants of these men are numerous in the town at present.

In 1629 Gorges and Capt. John Mason divided their interests, Mason taking for his part the land lying west of the Piscataqua river, and Gorges the eastern portion.

Sir Fernando Gorges was ambitious to found a state to rival Massachusetts, and it was with this idea that he issued the charter as "Lord of ye province of Mayne," changing the borough of Agamentious into the "citie" of Gorgeana.

On the return of Thomas Gorges to England, Roger Garde became mayor,

and he, dying in 1645, was succeeded by Edward Godfrey.

Sir Fernando Gorges was 60 years old when he was appointed governor general over New England, and although he made preparations to come to this country, he never saw America. His death took place in 1647, five years after the founding of the city of Gorgeana.

His death occurred while his province in America was deeply involved in difficulties, and on learning of the proprietor's death a convention of the people of Gorgeana was called. After discussing their rights, duties, and difficulties, they resolved, with the people of Kittery, Wells and the Isles of Shoals, to form a confederacy for the purpose of a joint government and mutual protection.

This existed until 1653, when Massachusetts assumed control of the little colony and the city charter was revoked, the name changed to York and incorporated as a town, the limits being nearly the same as at present.

It may be said in connection with the early settlement, that religious freedom was not the master motive of the greater number of the first settlers of York as it was in the case of the Massachusetts bay colonists. The men who came here did so at the bidding of Gorges and were to hold and populate the country for their lord Palatine. Hence it was not surprising that among the number were adventurers and even a few reckless characters. Another element that was added to the colony was a number of Scotchmen, who, after the uprising in Scotland about this time, thought it advisable to seek new homes in America and a few of these came to York. A section of York is up to the present time known as the Scotland district and the descendants of Pierce McIntyre, Robert Junkins and other Scotchmen still reside there and have since the early settlement been prominent in town affairs.

Mr. John McIntyre, a direct descendant of John McIntyre, who in about 1645 built the McIntyre garrison house, which is standing today in a good state of preservation, is the largest land owner in York. An idea of his holdings can be gathered when it is known that he owns one mile square in the town of York.

The town of York suffered everely from depradations by the French and Indians, nearly the entire township being wiped out in 1692. The late Hon. Nathaniel Marshall, who was an authority on the history of the town, in his manuscript says:

"This was a fatal year. On the 25th of January a descent was made by a body of Indians, at which time nearly all of the inhabitants on the north side of the river were either slain or taken prisoners or carried into captivity. This town, unlike the villages in the interior, did not suffer much until this year 1692. All of the property and accumulations, town records, the result of 75 years' toil, were swept away, and loved ones were either slain or carried into captivity by the Indians, who were beyond a doubt urged on by the French, and it is a tradition not to be doubted that the Indians who made the attack were commanded by French officers, perhaps in disguise. So far as known the torch was put to every house in the locality mentioned, excepting only the four or five garrison houses, the meeting house and the old jail."

Another account is that the expedition was equipped in Canada and that it consisted of nearly as many French as Indians, the whole expedition numbering about 150 persons, and that York was the objective place of the attack. The expedition arrived during the night and the party divided, a Frenchman and an Indian covering the entrance to each dwelling, the attack to be made at daybreak. The plan was successful and a general massacre occurred, among the first to fall being Rev. Shubael Dummer, for 30 years the able and beloved minister.

In less than one-half hour more than 160 of the inhabitants had been killed or taken prisoners. The alarm to the residents on the south side of the river was given by Arthur Bragdon, Jr., a young man who was out tending his traps early in the morning and learned of the presence of the Indians. They fled for their lives. Pursuit was made by men of Portsmouth and Kittery, but the Indians had too much of a start and were not overtaken. Among the prisoners taken at this time was a youth, who afterward escaped and in later years as Col. Jeremiah Moulton in many ways avenged the massacre of his kinsfolk and neighbors, against the French and Indians, proving a perfect scourge to the latter.

Other massacres took place in 1703, when the family of Arthur Bragdon, Mrs. Littlefield and several men were killed by the savages. Other attacks were made up to 1712, when the Indians made a descent on the town and killed and captured 26 of the inhabitants. Until the year 1746 the inhabitants used to attend public worship armed and ready to repel attack.

The people of York took a prominent part in the fight for independence. Within 24 hours after the news of the battle of Lexington had arrived a company of 60 men, armed and equipped, under the command of Capt. Johnson Moulton, had marched to join the troops around Boston. Just prior to the declaration of independence the inhabitants of the town voted that if congress should declare the colonies independent of Great Britain they would pledge their lives and fortunes to sustain congress.

Within the borders of York are several old landmarks. The principal one, of course, is the old jail, which was built in 1653, and is probably the oldest public building of the English colonies in America. On the first floor is a massive stone dungeon and on the floor above are cells of hewn oak timbers with windows grated by double and triple rows of bars. To those prisoners who could give bond for the purpose was given the "liberty of the yard," consisting of certain prescribed territory each way from the jail, one of the limits being to the door of the meeting house, "to the end Persons having the Liberty of the yard may attend Public worship."

The old records say that a schoolmaster was imprisoned for inability "to furnish bond to keep the peace," and another also, styled "Gentleman," was punished for teaching school "without being qualified according to law." It was no unusual thing for a prisoner to be "sold for the term of three years to pay costs and charges." For upwards of 200 years the old prison on the hill was used to punish breakers of the law, but now it is maintained by the York Historical society as a museum of local antiquities.

Across the road a short distance from the jail is the Congregational church and old courthouse. The first Congregational church in York is presumed to have been organized as early as 1662 by Rev. Shubael Dummer, who was killed by the Indians. The present church was built in 1747 and remodeled in 1852.

In 1733 the society voted to purchase a slave to be employed by Rev. Samuel Moody, and Same Came. Richard Millbury and Joseph Holt were appointed agents to make such purchase. The parish assessors were instructed again in 1734 to buy the slave and deliver him into the hands of Mr. Moody to be employed in his service during the pleasure of the parish. The following year the assessor was ordered to take charge of the negro until the next parish meeting. At the meeting held March, 1736, he was empowered to dispose of the negro to the best advantage.

To the south of the meeting house lies the old burying ground, the resting place of the people who have been identified with the history of old York for two and one-half centuries. The space set apart for this purpose has long been overcrowded, and today the present generation walks and drives unwittingly over the graves of their ancestors.

One grave that is commonly pointed out is the so-called "witch's grave," over which rests a heavy stone slab between the headstone and foot mark. No witch is buried here, the fact being that a woman died and was buried here over a century ago. Her husband, who was about to remove from the town, in order to prevent the hogs from disturbing the grave, had the heavy stone placed in its present position.

Two of the colonial taverns remain in the village, although both have ceased to be public houses for many years and are now commodious summer homes, occupied by descendants of the former owners. One, the old Wilcox tavern, is located near the old jail, and was built by Norton Woodbridge. During the time it was owned by Capt. Wilcox it sheltered under its roof many prominent men, famous in both state and national affairs, notably John Adams and James Monroe. The house today is owned and occupied by Walter M. Smith of Stamford, Conn., who will be the president of the day.

The other tavern is owned by Hon. Edward O. Emerson of Titusville, Penn. During the Revolutionary period this house was kept by Paul Dudley Woodbridge, whose sign stated that none but patriots would be furnished with entertainment. Another house of historical interest is the one built by Hon. David Sewall, over a century ago. Judge Sewall was judge of the district court of Maine under the first four presidents, Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison. It is now occupied by Rev. Frank Sewall of Washington, D. C., a great grandnephew of the builder of the house.

Of late years York has gained renown as a summer resort. This began in the early 70s, when the first summer hotels were built at York Beach, and at what is now known as the harbor. The first cottage to be erected at what is now known as Long Beach was in 1865, and was built by Theodore Keene of Kittery. He sold it a few years later to Joseph Noyes of Somersworth, who still owns and passes a portion of each summer in the little brown cottage at the extreme end of Long Beach.

Since that time what a change has taken place in the confines of old York, which as a summer colony is in four different sections: York harbor, Long sands (formerly York beach), York beach (formerly called Union bluffs) and York cliffs. Cottages, unlike the one Mr. Noyes has taken many years of enjoyment in, are now built. These are cottages in name only, costing from $10,000 to $30,000, and are far more pretentious than many city homes. Up to 1887 the only way of reaching York was by stage coaches from Portsmouth, 10 miles away.

Now York is reached from Ports-

month by both the steam and electric roads, the latter being the most picturesque trolley ride in New England.

To Hon. Edward C. Moody of York village must be given credit for the initial step toward commemorating the 250th anniversary of the town of York. At his instance the following article was inserted in the warrant for the annual town meeting held last March:

"To see if the town will vote to suitably as may be, commemorate the 250th anniversary of its organization and to vote a sum of money therefor."

It was voted that a committee of three be appointed to formulate a plan for the suitable commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the organization of the town. George B. Main, Hon. Edward C. Moody and George M. Simpson were appointed. At their suggestion the sum of $500 was appropriated and a general committee consisting of J. Perley Putnam, Harry H. Norton, Joseph P. Bragdon, George F. Plaisted, William T. Keene, J. Howard Preble, Malcom McIntire, George E. Marshall, Henry Plaisted, Joseph W. Simpson, Samuel T. Blaisdell, Daniel Weare, William O. Barrell, William H. Hogarth, Josiah N. Norton, John F. Plaisted and Charles H. Junkins was appointed.

On July 5, the committee was informed by Walter M. Smith of Stamford, Conn., representing the York Historical society, that that body had voted to add $500 to the sum appropriated by the town and had selected Walter M. Smith, Hon. E. O. Emerson and Rev. Frank Sewall to act in unison with the committee chosen by the York general committee, viz.—J. Perley Putnam, George F. Plaisted and William T. Keene—these six gentlemen to comprise the executive committee.

The programme for the celebration on August 5, as outlined, will be ushered in at midnight of August 4, by a huge bonfire, to be followed later in the morning by a parade. This parade will be formed at York beach under the direction of Chief Marshal J. Perley Putnam, and will be composed of floats, a floral display, gaily decorated coaches, turnouts from the hotels, and children of the public schools in carriages wearing colors and carrying banners. The floats will include illustrations of "ye olden time," and among those already planned are "the mayor's court at Gorgeana in 1642," "the Indian massacre," "Chief Justice Bellingham and his sheriffs in 1652," "the victory of Louisburg with Sir William Pepperell presenting Col. Moulton a goblet from George II." "the York minute men," and other incidents connected with the early history of the town.

The parade will pass from the beach through the harbor to the village, to Sewall's bridge, and thence along the shore road to the harbor, where it will disband. The summer residents are taking an active part in the celebration and the parade promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever witnessed in this section.

In the afternoon literary exercises will be held on the spacious green in the rear of the old courthouse. The historical oration will be delivered by Hon. James P. Baxter of Portland.

Among the notables expected to participate in the literary portion of the exercises are Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Thomas Nelson Page, who are summer residents at York, and William Dean Howells, who is sojourning nearby at Kittery point. Walter M. Smith will be master of ceremonies and president of the day.

An invitation has been extended to President Roosevelt, who will be in Maine at the time, and the committee hope that he can see his way clear to favor old York with his presence on this memorable occasion.

The evening programme will commence with a band concert by the Naval band of Portsmouth, and at 8 o'clock a water carnival will be held on Lake Gorges, consisting of a procession of illuminated boats. The shores of the pond will be lighted with vari-colored electric lights. A display of fireworks will bring the celebration to a close.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Saco Grange Fittingly Commemorates the Death of Past Master Ivory Lord.

Last Saturday afternoon memorial services were held by Saco Grange in Gurney's hall, Saco, upon the death of Hon. Ivory Lord. The hall was well filled, the audience being composed largely of members of the order from Saco, Biddeford, Hollis and Buxton. The meeting was open to the public, though this was not generally understood, or many more of the citizens would have been in attendance.

SETH SENNOTT, MASTER OF SACO GRANGE, called the meeting to order and said:

Patrons and Friends:—We have met this afternoon to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one whom we have associated with for a long time, but who has suddenly been taken away. He occupied such a prominent position in our order, and was so endeared to all of us by the ties of love and friendship, that we consider it fitting and proper that this service should be held. Our hearts are sad to day; our many pleasant associations with our lamented brother are ended. We recall the work he has done for us, and attest to the many acts of love and kindness. Let us in this hour of our sorrow look to Him who doeth all things well, for comfort and consolation.

After singing by the Grange choir, prayer was offered by Rev. J. S. Taylor.

George H. Boothby, in behalf of the committee on resolutions, submitted the following:

Whereas, The ways of God are mysterious. We cannot understand the wisdom which removes from our midst one who seemed to us so important and necessary a factor in the advancement of affairs by his varied duties. Acquaintances, friends and those nearer, alike acknowledge the great loss

Again the Death Angel has visited our Grange, unexpected, unannounced, surprising us by its presence, startling us by the choice of its victim. Its sad mission was to summon our esteemed brother, Ivory Lord, from time to eternity.

So suddenly did the call come for such a friend and patron that in our hearts we asked, "Can this be true, and why this affliction?" But mindful of the fact that it was our Father's hand that did it, we bow our heads in silence to the blow.

In the Grange it comes with peculiar meaning and in a manner to impress us all forcibly. A leader, a pillar in our order has been removed, warning us that our dependence must be in something higher than a human power, be that power ever so strong. We would give due honor to him who with unselfish purpose labored for the good of our order. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Lord we have met with an irreparable loss. A true friend, an earnest patron, an honored citizen, a kind husband and father, has been taken from our midst. Saco Grange sustains the loss of one of its most valuable members, who was strongly and earnestly devoted to the interests and principles of our order, and whose words of counsel and instruction, as well as his social qualities, made him such a patron as we could ill afford to part with.

Resolved, That we tender to his afflicted family our deepest sympathy in this hour of their bereavement

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our journal: that a copy of them be presented to the family of our departed brother; and that our charter be draped with the emblems of mourning for thirty days.

Mr. Boothby then spoke as follows:

WORTHY MASTER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS—In presenting these resolutions to the Grange it may be expected that I should accompany them with some remarks, and while I realize my inability to say anything that will tend to lift the cloud of sorrow that is now resting upon us, yet I should be untrue to my own feelings if I did not offer a word as a tribute of respect to the memory of our departed brother. This sad dispensation of Providence has come to us so suddenly and found us so unprepared for such a blow that even now after a lapse of more than a week, it seems hard to comprehend the fact that we shall never meet Brother Lord again in this world. I confess that I cannot understand such events as this. Why this brother was taken and others left is a mystery I cannot fathom. You know, and so do I, of those who are suffering upon beds of languishing, to whom no morning light brings any ray of relief from pain and anguish, only waiting so anxiously for that welcome messenger, death, to bring relief

In the prime and vigor of manhood, in the midst of an honorable and useful life, when that life was real and earnest, and he looked forward with bright anticipations to the future, when we had come more than ever to admire and appreciate him as a friend and patron, and just when we could ill afford to part with him, the death angel came to our door and called him away to the spirit land. I can only say in relation to this and such events that when the blazing light of eternity is permitted to shine upon these scenes, then we shall see and know, as we can not now, why these things are so. "Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face."

It is not my purpose to detain you with any lengthy eulogy upon the life and character of our departed brother. The page of that life is writen. We can add nothing to it, we can take nothing from it. It is written, folded, and sealed, till the morn of the resurrection day. But there are some lines upon that page we shall often recall, and much upon that record that never will be obliterated from our minds so long as life shall last. Allow me to call your attention briefly to some of the acts and characteristics of his earthly career.

During his early life, when not employed in farm duties at home a portion of his time was engaged in teaching in our district schools. In this vocation his success was largely due to the fact that he put a degree of enthusiasm into his work that carried with it good results. Many times has he been called by the citizens of this city to perform duties of public trust. One of the first of these was on the board of city assessors. To this important and responsible task he brought a calm judgement and determined purpose to act for the public interest, without ever deviating from the path of duty in order to favor any particular individual, class or corporation. The confidence that the people of Saco reposed in him made him a member of the House of Representatives in 1873 and 1874. His experience there fitted him for further usefulness, and in 1875 and 1876 he was elected State Senator for York county.

I need not rehearse any of his public acts; they are open like a book to be read by all. Suffice it to say that his highest aim was to be faithful to his constituents. Others might be more brilliant and eloquent in their arguments, but none more certain to be right in their ultimate conclusions. Educated largely in the great school of practical life, he possessed a general knowledge that enabled him to be familiar with a great diversity of subjects. There was nothing narrow or bigoted in his nature or life, but his wide range of thought, together with a social nature, made him always an agreeable companion, and a man whom the people delighted to honor. In 1878 he was appointed collector of customs for this port, which office he held at the time of his death. These, together with other various positions of responsibility, brought out prominently the man in his individuality.

To say that Brother Lord had no faults would be to say that he was not human. Undoubtedly he has made many mistakes, but I sincerely believe that they have been mistakes of the head and not of the heart And today looking back over that somewhat long and eventful public life, the honest and deliberate judgement of those who have reposed their interests in his charge will be, "Well done good and faithful servant." Always taking an active part in political affairs, he respected the opinions of those who differed with him, so that some of his nearest friends were those who held another belief politically.

Brothers and sisters, in the Grange we knew him best. His name was placed upon that charter when our order was in its infancy and almost an experiment. Some of us hesitated.

This order is such an innovation upon old forms and customs and will meet with such opposition that we may never realize our hopes and anticipations. Without harboring for a moment such doubts, Brother Lord always claimed that the order must succeed, because the principles upon which it was established were right and being right must triumph.

Our Grange was organized with our lamented brother as its master. In that chair he manifested the same enthusiasm that characterized his efforts in whatever he attempted to do. The members, few in number and full of doubts and fears, soon caught that enthusiasm and went forward. Large accessions were made to our number, the interest widened and deepened and many of the best farmers in this city, with their wives, sons and daughters, enrolled their names with us. Our history has been similar to all such organizations; sometimes the interest has been at high water mark, sometimes at low water mark, but every time the tide has come in it has come a little stronger and a little farther than ever before, so that today I assert without hesitation that our Grange has exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. Now the members of Saco Grange will bear me witness when I say that our success is largely due to the personal efforts of him whose loss we mourn today. We may find now, as we go on without him, that we have leaned upon him too much. I will not particularize long upon his work in Grange meetings, leaving that for those who are to follow me. But I want to say this. His presence at nearly every meeting all through these years, bringing to us new and original ideas to suggest whenever there was opportunity, presenting always practical and interesting questions for discussion, familiar with all of the private work of the order, never asking to be excused from any duty, with sociability as one of the prominent characteristics of his nature, with strong faith in the Grange, urging at all times unity and harmony, with malice toward none and charity for all, I say these acts and qualities made him a true patron.

He lived to see the order that he loved assume such gigantic proportions in the 17 years of its existence in this country, that we find no parallel in the history of any secret organization. He saw it accomplish more for the farmer than any or all other associations combined, He saw the Governor of our state take as much pride in being master of the State Grange and consider it as great an honor as being Governor of the State. He was permitted to see some of his highest hopes realized in elevating the condition of the husbandman and inspiring him to nobler manhood. But his work is finished. Death has taken him away; ah! no,

> There is no death! An angle form
> Walks o'er the land with silent tread,
> And bears our best-loved things away,
> And then we call them "dead."

His acts, his deeds, will live. Many of them are written on the pages of our records. More of them are indelibly written upon our hearts, where they never can be effaced from memory.

And now permit me to say that grievous as our affliction is let none despond. No losses, no misfortunes, no embarassments can crush out the love we bear for the principles of our order Those implements of labor which he laid down must be taken up by others. Young men, our future depends very much upon your efforts. The responsibility resting upon us is greater than ever before. The Grange will be what we make it. God grant that this dispensation of Providence may lead us to renewed activity in our noble cause, may prompt us to be more faithful to each other, and above, and beyond, and more than anything else, may we be impressed with the uncertainty of this life, and the importance of preparing for that life that never ends.

These farms which we till to day will soon be tilled by others. These places where men do business to day will soon be occupied by others. Let this sad event remind us that if there is any good we can do, or kindness we can bestow upon our fellow beings, we should do it *now*.

> "So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, which moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent hall of death,
> Thou go, not like the quarry slave, at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

HON. NELSON HAM, OF LEWISTON,

Past Master of the State Grange, said:

I am here to day to sympathize with these friends and this afflicted family in our great loss. I can endorse what has already been said, and go further. I have known Brother Lord when great duties were presented, important questions must be decided, requiring much thought and careful judgment. As Master of the State Grange I have had opportunities for reviewing his acts. I have been associated with him a number of years as a member of the executive committee, and I can truthfully say that he was always equal to any emergency that might arise. He endeavored to decide questions of Grange policy so as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number, always acting from principle. His faults were as few as an man I can think of. As members of the executive committee we have sustained a great loss; personally I have met with a loss I can hardly realize My terms of intimacy with him were greater than with any other man living, and my sorrow in this affliction cannot be expressed.

WILLIAM H. DEERING SAID

I too share in the sorrow that this sad event brings to us, and mourn the loss of one dear to me. I have known Brother Lord for twenty-five years, and during all that time we have been intimate. He has done many acts of kindness to me for which I cannot be to grateful; I shall miss his cordial greetings and his cheerful words. The sadness which I feel forbids my making any protracted remarks, but I will add my testimony to that already given and say that we have lost a good neighbor, a good townsman, and a good man

IRA C. DOE SAID

Although I have been acquainted with our lamented brother many years, I will speak only of my intimacy with him during the history of Saco Grange, covering a period of eight years. Sometimes I have differed with him in relation to some general questions of Grange policy, yet I must say that I have ever found him governed in all his acts by the true principles of our organization. We speak of him as a brother, but as a fact, we may well say that he was the father of Saco Grange. No member ever heard him ask to be excused from any work, or shrink from any duty. But he is gone; we are to meet him no more on earth, but in the other world we shall meet him again. We should feel and act as though Brother Lord is permitted to witness our acts. If he could speak to us to day he would say Be faithful to the principles of our order. Emulate his example and the Grange will prosper. This dispensation of Providence may result in good to us all, by binding us closer together, by stimulating us to renewed activity in our noble cause, and leading us to trust more in a power higher than man's. Believe this and we shall be more reconciled to his loss.

THEODORE T. YOUNG SPOKE AS FOLLOWS:

While I share in the sorrow which this sad event brings to us, yet words would fail to express my feelings. If I had the ability to speak on an occasion like this, that our lamented brother possessed I would offer some fitting words of tribute to his memory, but I will only say that I shall ever remember him as a good patron, honest, just, faithful and true, having at all times hope, faith, and charity.

Elliot Fernald read a letter from Governor Robie expressing his sympathy and regretting his inability to be present.

Rev. Mr. Hancock of North Saco was introduced and said.

There is a sense in which I am glad to be here today, and there is a sense in which I am sorry to be here. I have been with you in this hall once before. It was at a meeting of the Grange last winter. Everything here seemed different then. Sitting here this afternoon the contrast comes to my mind with peculiar force. I remember that joy more than sorrow, played upon the countenance of every person present. How different from today, where there is manifested no joy no gladness, only as faith takes hold upon something nobler and grander than earth brings. I met brother Lord first at a meeting of the State Grange at Bangor, then once in this hall, and again upon the streets in this city. Then there came to my ears that sad intelligence, that the messenger death had taken him away. So with this limited acquaintance I can only speak as a member of our common fraternity. I have stood by the bedside of the sick and suffering brother and sister, and have performed the last sad rites at the burial. But today there comes, more than ever before, a confidence in our union, bound together as we are by faith in the principles of our order, and in such an event as this, sharing one common sympathy. I recall to my mind now the story of a young man as he related to me the history of his early life at school, and how he was indebted to this departed brother for what education he had received and he gave testimony to his faithfulness as an instructor, and expressed the gratitude he retained for such service. I recall also the fact that I heard the governor of the state speak of him in the highest terms as a citizen and patron.

These two testimonies, one standing as the chief executive of the state, the other in an obscure position, attest to the endearing and worthy qualities of the man. The testimony of these kind words, and of these silent tears, tell that we have lost one who shared with us the fraternal feelings of a common brotherhood.

COL. F. W. GUPTILL

was called upon and responded:

I did not come in expecting to make any remarks, having learned only a few moments before the meeting that it would be public. My association with Mr. Lord prompts me to respond although briefly. I have known him as a citizen twenty-four years, and all will agree with me when I say that he was a good citizen. As a member of the board of selec men and assessors he always filled that office to the entire satisfaction of all. As a member of the House of Representatives and of the state Senate, it can be truthfully said that the confidence that the people reposed in him was never misplaced, and never untrue to the trust committed to him. In April, 1878, he was appointed collector of customs, to succeed the late Hon. Moses Lowell. This was a responsible position and he entered upon its duties unacquainted with them, and it was remarkable to note the good judgment he exercised and how apt and ready he was in the discharge of his duties. He was reappointed in April, 1872, having served at the time of his death, six years. I have met and associated with him almost every day, and I have considered it my good fortune thus to do. It would do no one harm to meet a man of such a character. If he had faults, I do not know them. Strictly honest, his word was as good as his bond. Every day I receive letters from different parts of the State, unanimously speaking in the highest terms of him. He will be missed in this State, and it will be a long time before his memory will be forgotten.

REV. J. S. TAYLOR

had recently moved to this city and formed a short but intimate acquaintance with the deceased. His remarks were appropriate. He spoke at length in relation to such positive characters and their influence upon the lives of others in attracting and benefitting.

Brief and interesting remarks were made by Hon. E. S. Morris of Biddeford, I. N. Deering of Waterboro, Elijah Buck and I. P. Milliken of Saco.

The family of the deceased were present, and at the close of the meeting many improved the opportunity to express to them their sympathy. After the services the hall was appropriately draped in the emblems of mourning.

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e. Cotton Regn

SALMON FALLS ON THE SACO

History and Legends of the Place.

HAS ITS MYSTERIES

Was a Favorite Indian Resort Some 250 Years Ago.

Salmon Falls-on-Saco is a very beautiful place for those who love green hills and the mystery of rivers.

Situated in the famous county of old York—"the fairest shire of the Pine Tree State," by the judgment of its distinguished daughter, Kate Douglas Wiggin, one of the most charming of our present day authors. Salmon Falls is girt about by green terraces, dotted and crowded with rambling old houses, elm-shaded and flower-environed.

Standing on the massive steel structure spanning the Saco, the up-river view is placid and smiling as a landscape of Corot; while the view down stream discloses a scene which for beauty and grandeur is seldom surpassed this side of the Hudson.

There:

"The splintered points of the crags are seen,
With water howling and vexed between,
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath
Seems an open throat with its granite teeth."

The Saco has been called the Rhine of America.

Its blue waters clear and deep, its rugged sides, its wooded retreats where it lies shining like a limpid lake, its rushing and thunderous progress through dark defiles, and above all the tiny villages overhanging its waters cause it to merit the name.

Like its beautiful prototype, legends many and traditions old cast their enchantments over its waters.

The riversides teem with association and landmarks of the Indians, the early white settlers and the colonial days.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Salmon Falls was a favorite resort of the Sokokis, that tribe made famous by Whittier's poem of "Mogg Megone." This tribe was a division of the noted Pequawkets, and could then muster a thousand braves in battle.

Here their camp fires shone when they gathered in the spring to spear the salmon as it thronged in thousands up the river. Here they camped during the winter in the deep fastnesses of the primeval forest above Indian Cellar. Here around the council-fire, Chief Squando from Indian Island, (now Factory Island, Saco,) and Sagamore Worambus of the Ossipees met the representatives of other tribes or the white men when peace or war was to be decided upon.

Pestilence and war decimated the tribe and after the battle of Lovewell's Pond, in 1725, which resulted disastrously for them, a part of the warriors joined the St. Francis Indians in Canada; while the peaceable remainder applied to the peaceable remainder applied to Captain MacBane of the Saco River Block house at Union Falls, some miles below Salmon Falls, for protection against their old and powerful enemy, the Penobscots. Their plea was granted, and the white men helped them build a house just outside the stockades. There they lived until removed by order of the Massachusetts government to the vicinity of Cape Cod.

Relics of their occupation have been found here along the bluffs of the riverside. Stone tomahawks, spears and arrow-heads have been upturned by the farmers while plowing new land. Near the bank of the river, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a mass of chips and splinters of white quartz was found, among which were a number of partially finished arrow-heads. This was doubtless the place where an Indian arrow-head maker had worked at his trade.

As soon as the wars with the Indians closed, settlement was begun on both the Hollis and Buxton side of the river. The early settlers were men of an enterprising character. After their log houses were built and their fields planted, they set about the building of a church in Buxton.

The present typical tall-steepled New England structure, white-painted and having tiny-paned windows, is a lineal descendant of Rev. Paul Coffin's meeting house.

Paul Coffin was "such priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays." Ordained in 1763, he labored here for 60 years, a faithful shepherd to his flock, leaving his impress on church and school alike. His house is still standing, although on a different site, and is the oldest two-storied house in Buxton.

Like Chaucer's priest, "wide was his parish and houses far asunder." His hearers came from Buxton and Hollis and even from far-off Dayton and Limington; for he was the only settled minister to be found for many miles, the whole country hereabouts being mostly forest, broken here and there by small clearings. During the long nooning the men after eating lunch in the pine grove, went to the nearby tavern to get what was locally known as their "Sabba-day hock."

Here Madame Garland and her bevy of pretty daughters dispensed hospitality. This inn was celebrated for its mugs of flip and samson and its well set table in a time when good brewing and cookery were the order of the day.

These attractions together with the large dance hall made it the favorite resort for the aristocracy of York and Cumberland counties during the decade prior to the Revolution. An adjacent green was the old training ground and to Garland's the militia men went for muster gingerbread and doughnuts as well as other refreshments.

Around the blazing logs of the bar-room fire world politics were discussed and the Gray Champion spoke his burning words in freedom's cause long before he stood on Lexington's common on that memorable April morning. And when news of the first bloodshed reached the hamlet, quick was the response of those stout-hearted militia men. Names like those of Colonel Hancock, Colonel Woodman and the three Captain Lanes show the honors won by loyalty and bravery.

In the year 1775, in July, a time of drouth, the Saco was found to be daily rising. Moreover, it was of a reddish hue. The more superstitious of the people said that the water was bloody, and regarded it as an ill omen in the public concerns. Finally it was discovered that a new river (now known as Ellis river) had issued from the White Mountains and was flowing into the Saco. The peculiar color was due to iron ore in the rocks over which the new branch flowed.

Salmon Falls is of interest not only from an historical standpoint, but to the geologist as well, and to the simple lover of nature be he neither of these.

The country hereabout abounds in evidences of glacial action. The hills are rounded kames, the valleys terminated by moraines and the pastures strewn thickly with boulders.

The Indians had a tradition that Manitou the Mighty One, vexed with with their tribe, sent a shower of huge rocks which blotted the greater part of it from the earth, only a remnant being spared. It is the old Biblical story which we find in various phases among different races the world over.

At the "Narrows," the rocky banks of the river reach their highest elevation. At either side, the road sweeps around in a loop on the brow of wooded bluffs. The palisades frown to right and left, and seem to end in a bold promontory, around which the river flows to the mysterious distances beyond.

In beautiful contrast to the general aspect of wildness afforded by this prospect is the woodland path leading to Indian Cellar. Within sound of the river one passes beneath a leafy arcade of pines and deciduous trees, now crossing a rustic bridge over a tiny rill fringed with airy ferns and stopping to drink at a hill-

side spring, now lost in a leafy maze of shrubbery as the path winds upward. Presently you come to an opening in the trees and approach the brink of a deep gulley.

The old Indian trail passes the head of the ravine and the name, Indian Cellar, is due to an incident in the time of the French and Indian war. A band of redskins hid themselves here to surprise in ambush a party of white rangers, under the leadership of the famous Indian fighter, Moses Emery, who were to pass by. But apprehensive of danger, they went another way and so escaped injury.

From where the ravine begins, natural stepping stones aid one's descent for a little way, then he must climb over boulders and jump from rock to rock over pools of water, to the outlet on the secondary strata of the river bank. A high and slippery cliff is on either side. By niches in the rocks at the left we climb to the broad shelf of granite overlooking the river. At a distance of several rods are the "Kettle-Holes." These range from saucer and kettle-shaped depressions to that of the Devil's Eelpot, a well six feet in diameter and 30 feet deep.

These depressions are thus accounted for: The Saco is a very old river and in course of time, probably on account of a landslide sending it over on the opposite bank, has abandoned one channel and pursued another, a little farther to the left. Since then, the stream has eroded a deep gorge, so that the bed of the river now is many feet lower than formerly, when the current flowed over the place where these holes now are. It constantly whirled pebbles as well as small boulders around and thus ground out places in the soft stratum which runs through the hard granite palisades. The Sokokis put these "pot-holes" to a practical use as mortars in which to grind their corn.

Of the bluestone formed by the old current of the river gathering sand into ground drops sheer off, a declivity of some 20 feet to the granite ledge and adown that some 30 feet more to the vortex below.

One April night in 1770, it is recorded that a gay party of cavaliers were returning from a dance in the neighboring town of Saco, when the horse of one of their number shied, veered, and suddenly rushed headlong over the bank and both horse and rider met death in the raging torrent.

The slight accumulation of soil that has been worked off from the solid rock furnishes a foothold for one of Flora's most fragile beauties, the harebell. It is the keynote of nature in this picturesque place, rocks growing mellow and springing in verdure.

Following still further the charming river side lane, whose verdant twilight is here and there lighted by gleams of sunlight coming through openings in the leafy canopy, one comes out upon a wooden bluff known as Lovers' Leap. Tradition says that an Indian youth and maiden forbidden to marry by the custom of their tribe threw themselves into the deep water of the cove beneath and so perished.

From this spot there is an enchanting view of riverside landscape. It is little wonder that the early settlers fom Devon, England, should liken this river scenery to that of their own shire and give to the city finally built near its mouth the name of their own Biddeford.

In June, when the resident birds are still in full song, the quaint, winding roads are most beautiful. The wayside hedges are tangled with luxuriant growths of fragrant wild roses banked against spicy clumps of creamy meadowsweet, and masses of dainty clovers clinging to the rioting elder thickets, over which trails in scented lengths the graceful wild clematis.

The desire simply to enjoy the wonderful diversity of its charming scenery brings to this village each year a select summer colony. Quillcote, Mrs. Riggs' delightful colonial mansion, is open from June to October and its talented hostess mingles again with her childhood friends and gives readings in "our meeting-house" to the very people about whom they were written. These readings and her annual lawn party are for the benefit of the Dorcas Society.

Many of her best stories have been written in the leisure of the silent fields and hills. The pastoral, "Rose o' the River" reveals the Salmon Falls of a past generation.

Fifty years ago, the busy hum of saw-mills and the whizzing wheels of the shoeshop filled the village with life and prosperity. Then came the turn of affairs, sweeping away the mill as swiftly as one of the turbulent river's own freshets. But even as the river lowers and reconstruction begins, so was there promise of a large manufacturing enterprise. Quickly arose the counting-room, the picker and numerous co-ordinate buildings. The site of the big cotton mill itself was planned. A hotel reared itself ready for the influx of foreign labor; and there arose the trouble.

The manager had failed to purchase the land needed for the flume; but he had the promise—unwritten. The owner, averse to "floating population," changed his mind, and refused to sell! The disappointed manager went his way, and developed his plans elsewhere; meanwhile selling the land acquired to the Saco Water Power company. Thus a Lawrence was left in the embryo, and business has stagnated ever since.

Salmon Falls has not been without its representatives in the world of art. Benjamin Paul Akers, Maine's famous sculptor, did his first noteworthy work at the old Akers homestead. A large room on the second floor is said to have been his atelier. Here he modelled a head of Christ, which art critics join in pronouncing "remarkable for its impressive style and originality." This study was afterward ordered in marble by the United States Minister at The Hague.

The village's personnel is made up for the most part, of substantial homes and good old families—people who have a definite local pride, and who guard their treasures of history and romance with keen appreciation. —Lucina Haynes Lombard in Lewiston Journal.

THE HERMIT OF OLD ORCHARD.

Full fifty years ago, and more,
He fixed his dwelling on the shore,
His early life we little know,
Some luckless shaft from Cupid's bow,
Or money lost, or houses burned,
He left his home, no more returned.
His gentle speech and courteous air
Bespoke a store of learning fair;
He understood the ways of men,
Could wield with grace a facile pen,
Would show with sense of beauty fine
His panorama of the Rhine.
With vision keen he saw the charms
Of wood and shore and seaside farms;
The level marshes spreading wide,
Swept by the breath of every tide.
He loved to walk the surf-beat strand,
No beach in all the world so grand.
And, like some oracle of old,
Far seeing, many times foretold,
"That great would be Old Orchard's name,
Some day, wide-spread Old Orchard's name."
At sunset hour he oft would play
The flute; and fishes on the bay
Might hear the strains of "Home sweet Home,"
Borne gently o'er the ocean foam
When wintry blasts were blowing chill,
And silent slept the frozen rill,
Beside some friendly farmer's fire
What social hours would he inspire!
With ready wit and tale and song,
Through all the winter evening long,
He, from his kindred far apart,
Would soothe the sorrow of his heart.
Alas! Misfortune followed him,
The years rolled on and hope grew dim.
Beneath the shades of Laural Hill
That weary heart has long been still.
How great the change of passing years!
And through the change how real appears,
In summer seasons bright and gay.
Vast throngs from near and far away,
And wealth and fashion's splendid show,
The Hermit's dream of long ago!

John Allen Guilford.

Old Orchard.

OLD SCHOOLHOUSE WELL IN SCOLLAY SQ.

Work on the East Boston Tunnel Brings to Light a Relic of Olden Days—Scollay Sq as It Appeared Years Ago.

While digging for the foundations for the Scollay-sq head house of the East Boston tunnel, a few days ago, the workmen were startled by coming on some large flat stones, which suggested buried treasure, or a continuation of Kings chapel burial ground.

On lifting the stones they were found to cover a circular opening, walled with stones, giving it the appearance of an unused well, which proved to be the case, as within the space was a pump log in almost perfect condition.

As no living Bostonian could remember a pump in that vicinity, other than the one that used to stand by the old state house, a few inquiries were necessary to establish its history.

Scollay sq was not always a waste. Several buildings adorned it within the last 60 years. In the first 50 years of Boston's history it was a pasture, whereon the cows grazed on their winding way to the "common pasture."

Boston has always been noted for its schools, and in 1684 John Cole was appointed to teach at £110 cash a year and £20 in produce of the farms. His schoolhouse was in Prison lane, now Court st, and in 1698 we find that the schoolhouse in that lane, "lately built on the side of the hill, against Capt Samuel Sewall's house, shall remain as it is fenced in."

Sewall was the hero of the story of the nine tree shillings, receiving as a marriage portion from his wife's father, John Hull, the mint master, her weight in the coin of the colony. He also received a more valuable consideration, her broad lands, which included the Pemberton-sq site, his house facing on Tremont row. This was first granted to Rev John Cotton.

Sewall was a very "fussy" and particular old gentleman. He had the schoolhouse accurately located, in feet and inches, from his own gatepost and that of his neighbor, on the other corner of Tremont and Court sts, Capt Legg's, and other estates on the square.

It is perhaps a "pointer" on the conduct of school children of those days to find that, in 1713 it was ordered that "the watch house near the town house (old state house) be removed and set by the easterly end of the writing schoolhouse in Queen st." Prison lane had been transformed to Queen st in compliment to Queen Anne, the reigning sovereign.

In 1715 the schoolhouse was enlarged. At this time water was furnished it by a Joseph Green, till Aug 19, 1720, when Messrs Noyes and Cushing were desired to take care of the fencing in of a yard, "digging a well and placing a pump next the schoolhouse, in Queen st, for ye accommodation of said schoolhouse and tenement belonging thereto."

It was at this time that the well, recently unearthed, was dug. At this period about 60 scholars received the benefit of its cool waters, but in 1753 an addition of 24 feet was built to the school and the attendance was more than 200. Onesiphorus Tileston did the carpenter work. The schoolmaster was Samuel Holbrook, at £60 a year and the privilege of "improving the school for his own advantage out of school hours, and to be entitled to the perquisites of the school, the fire money excepted."

The school was known usually as "the writing school in Queen st." On Bonner's map of Boston, issued in 1722, there are references on the margin "E." writing school; "F," writing school." "F" is readily found on the map on Tremont st, near West st. "E" cannot be found on the map, and antiquarians have been puzzled as to its location.

Dr Samuel A. Green, the librarian of the Massachusetts historical society, and ex-mayor of Boston, recently published a copy of Bonner's map, and in his notes places the school near King, now State st.

A sale to the town in 1717 of a warehouse on Merchants row, near Belcher's wharf, is referred to by him as proof. This warehouse was held by the town for many years after and only bought with school funds.

During the siege of Boston the scholars had quite a holiday, and the school in Queen st was not opened till November, 1776. At this time the attendance reached 260 or more. The scholars were of both sexes, between 7 and 14 years of age, and were taught writing and arithmetic in the various branches, including vulgar and decimal fractions.

In the "reading schools" they were taught to spell, accent and read both prose and verse and were also instructed in English grammar and composition.

In 1790, the school accommodations in that part the town being inadequate, the town decided to sell the Queen-st school and build a schoolhouse on School st, which was done. During the building the scholars had temporary quarters in Faneuil hall.

The purchaser of the old schoolhouse in 1793 was one of the selectmen, William Scollay, of Scotch descent, whose family came from the Orkney islands. He was a prominent citizen and active in building the Tontine buildings on Franklin st. He died in 1809. The building on the schoolhouse lot at his death was a wooden structure covering 1232 square feet, and occupied mostly by lawyers. Its value was $4000.

In 1816 a project was formed for cutting through the street, which is now called Cornhill, which was first known as Cheapside, then as Market st, and in 1829 as Cornhill. In the summer of 1816 the wooden building was torn down, as it extended across Tremont st, some little distance down Court, toward State st. The widow, Mrs Scollay, received compensation, and the tenants divided $200 for their damage and were moved free to new quarters.

The grade of the street was probably changed at this time, as the well was found several feet below the present grade.

Scollay sq was not so named till 1839, the buildings were so named earlier in the century. William Scollay owned at his death the brick building joining the schoolhouse on the west, which, with three other owned by the Gore and Russell families, had been built on land leased by the town to Joseph Belknap, leather breeches maker, in 1693, for 99 years.

The house next to Scollay sq toward Sudbury st was owned by Patrick Jeffrey, who had bought it indirectly from the Russells, who had married in with the Belknaps. The other two houses, one of brick, the other of wood, were owned by the Gore family, painters and color merchants, who had their paint shop here.

These houses were the substantial part of the block later known as Scollay's buildings, in the 18th century, but there were other wooden structures on the land running past Hanover st to the west.

The town in 1725 built some wooden tenements and shops on the part of the town plot toward Sudbury st. There were three tenements and as many shops. They were not pretentious structures, as the rents were low, and often spoken of as in need of repairs.

In one was "Dr" Crease, a barber surgeon; in another lived Thomas Moulin, who cared for the Granary and King's chapel burial grounds. Charles Henley, cordwainer (shoemaker) sublet to John Haldain, a brazier, against whom the barber complained, as his furnace "smoked him," while pursuing his tonsorial duties.

Tremont row in the 18th century was but 17 feet wide, and Court st, on the other side, so narrow that two carts could not safely pass each other. For this reason, in 1754, three feet was taken from the fronts of the shops on the Queen, or Court st side. This made two shops with 12 feet frontage and the third the balance of the town's land.

During the revolution, and after, the shops were rented at £2 or £3 a year, the tenants making all the repairs. Near the close of the 18th century they were disposed of and disappeared.

Consequently, then, previous to 1800 the row of buildings in the square was composed of the town's shops at the West End, next easterly were buildings erected on the lands leased to Belknap, and furthest east the town's writing schoolhouse lot.

With the history of Scollay's building in the last century we are very familiar. Its tenants have been mostly lawyers, agents and brokers. In the easterly end the Boston atheneum was located in its early days. In the middle of the century Frederick Gleason, publisher, had his office there and issued the Flag of Our Union, later removing to the old Horticultural hall site, where he published Gleason's Pictorial.

In the lowest rooms the waiting room of the Middlesex railroad was located till its demolition in 1871. At the Brattle-st end was located "Barnicoat No. 4," before occupying its present quarters in Bulfinch st. Here was also exhibited a section of one of the large redwood trees from the far west.

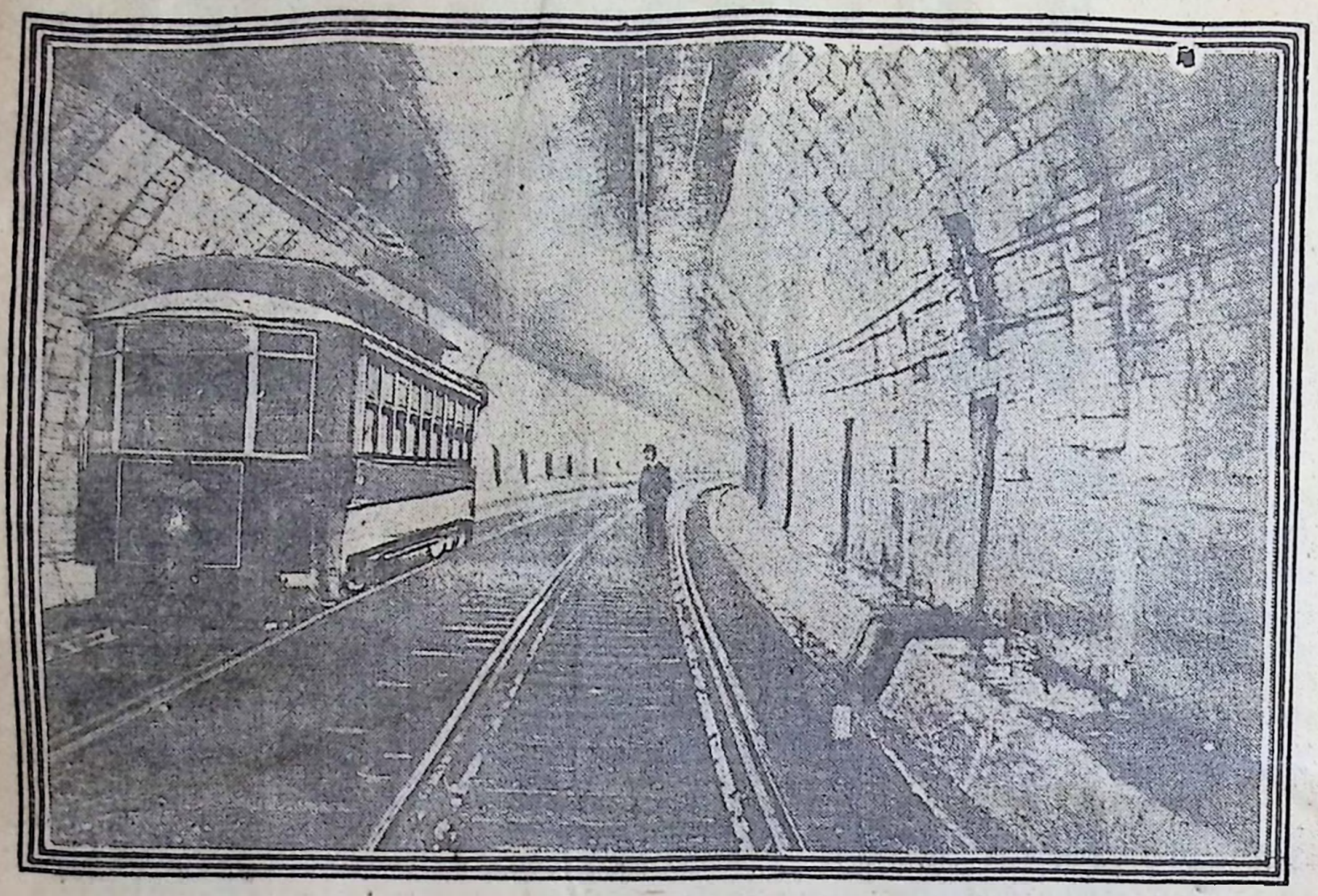
The accompanying illustration will recall to the minds of older Bostonians the Scollay building, the last of the rambling row of structures that once divided the present Scollay sq into Tremont row and Queen or Court st.

The taking away of the Scollay building caused a somewhat confusing arrangement of the numbers on the buildings. To strangers the mixup is a bit startling, as, for instance, 17 on the Tremont row side may possibly stare straight into the face of something between 70 and 80 across the way.

THE SCOLLAY BUILDING, DEMOLISHED SOME 30 YEARS AGO, AND THE LAST OF A ROW OF STRUCTURES THAT ONCE DIVIDED THE PRESENT SCOLLAY SQUARE INTO TREMONT ROW AND COURT ST.

Bernalillo	32.5	43.9	45.9	58.7	63.2	72.4	78.4	76.9	67.6	55.8	43.4	29.5	55.7	99	3	May 20	Oct. 20
Bluewater	27.0	33.8	35.9	51.0	55.0	66.2	70.8	68.0	59.3	47.1	34.3	24.5	47.6	100	— 8	June 5	Sept. 4
Buckmans	14.0	23.4	27.8	41.8	46.2	56.6	61.4	59.2	50.4	39.2	25.8	14.2	38.3	92	—30	June 9	Sept. 3
Clayton	36.6	43.4	41.8	54.0	58.5	69.4	72.6	75.0	67.0	55.1	40.6	30.4	53.7	100	— 1	May 9	Oct. 10
Deming (a)	36.0	50.6	51.5	60.2	63.5	75.3	78.2	79.0	71.1	61.4	50.4	37.0	59.5	105	10	.....	.....
East Lasvegas	31.2	38.8	40.8	50.4	57.0	65.2	68.3	66.4	58.8	49.8	37.0	28.1	49.3	92	— 6	May 25	Oct. 17

Emma. Leonora and I went through the tunnel Sat. Morning



IN THE TUNNEL UNDER BOSTON HARBOR.

OVER 60,000 RODE IN "TUBE"

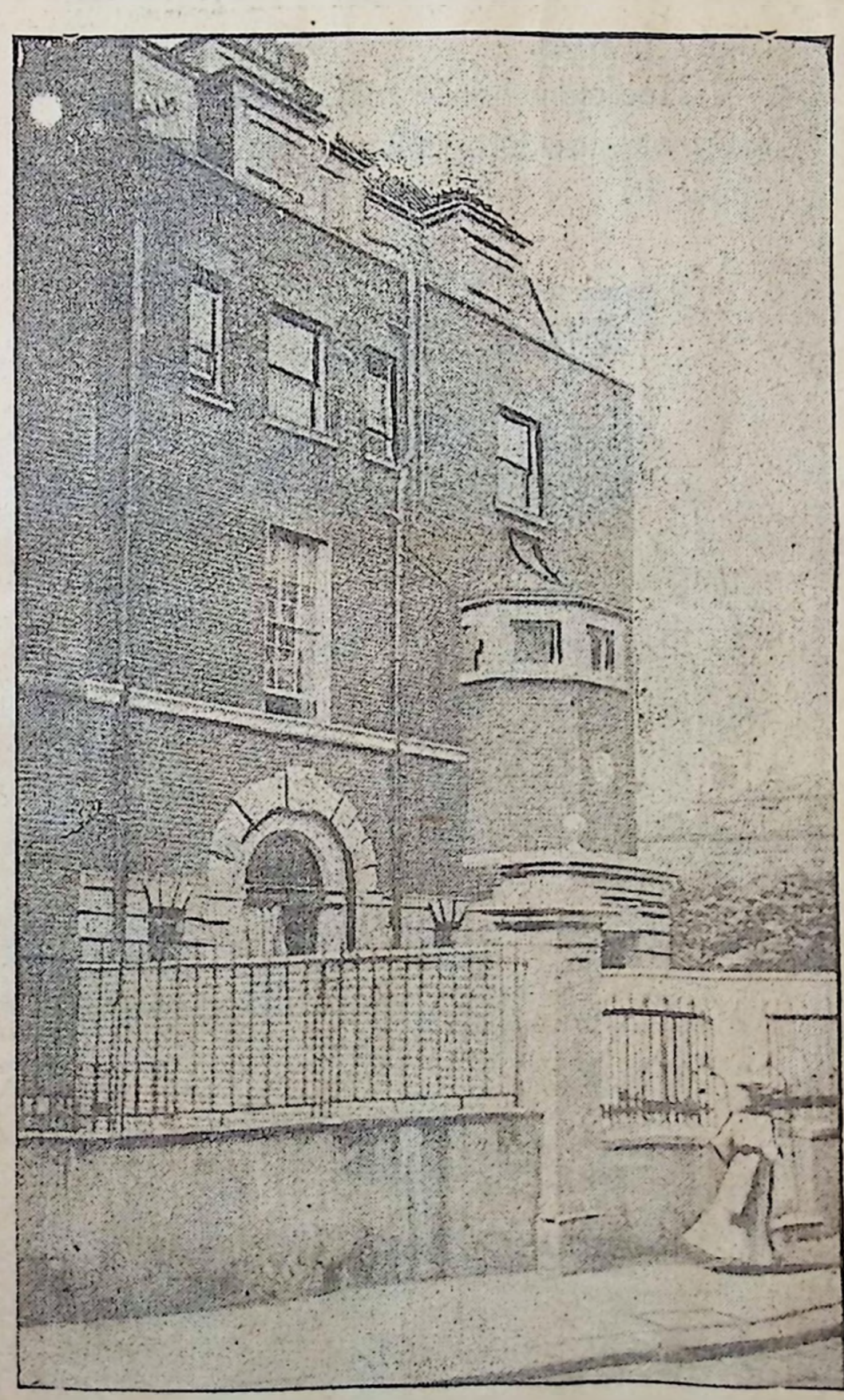
From the opening of the E. Boston tunnel at 5:30 a. m. yesterday until it closed at midnight, it was estimated that fully 60,000 people rode through the tube. With cars moving each way about every two minutes a total of 555 cars passed each way during the day. Each car carried an average of considerably over 50 people.

Elmira	28.6	28.2	43.7														Oct. 26
Fleming	26.4	28.7	41.9	43.1	56.4	68.4	74.6	71.4	66.8	53.0	39.2	28.4	49.9	95	— 4	Apr. 5	Oct. 18
Fort Niagara	28.3	27.1	40.2	43.2	55.8	67.0	72.4	.....	.....	53.4	39.6	29.4	.....	.....	— 2	Apr. 5	Oct. 28
Franklinville	24.8	24.6	40.2	39.2	55.5	64.2	69.2	67.6	62.0	50.0	36.5	24.9	46.6	90	—26	Apr. 28	Oct. 17
Garrattsville	24.2	26.1	37.7	40.4	53.7	64.7	68.8	67.7	.....	48.0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	May 11	.....
Glens Falls	18.1	23.4	36.2	.....	.....	.....	72.8	70.1	63.0	52.2	37.2	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Oct. 18
Gloversville (a)	19.8	23.8	36.2	41.8	55.6	65.9	71.4	68.9	62.4	49.2	34.7	23.9	46.1	94	—22	Apr. 27	Oct. 7
Greenwich	19.2	24.4	38.1	43.0	56.1	66.6	72.5	69.8	63.0	51.0	35.6	25.2	47.1	96	—22	May 9	Oct. 18
Hemlock Lake	.....	.....	.....	.....	55.8	67.8	72.7	70.6	65.6	52.6	39.2	28.7	.....	91	.....	May 8	Oct. 13
Honeymead Brook	25.4	26.9	41.5	43.1	56.2	66.9	71.7	70.2	63.4	51.7	36.8	27.8	48.5	96	—11	May 9	Oct. 17
Humphrey	26.4	26.2	40.8	41.0	56.2	65.0	70.8	67.2	62.6	50.1	37.0	25.3	47.4	89	— 4	Apr. 28	Sept. 11
Ithaca	26.1	28.0	41.2	41.7	56.3	67.5	73.7	70.9	64.6	52.2	39.0	27.8	49.1	96	— 4	May 9	Oct. 17
Jamestown	28.5	27.6	41.3	42.2	57.5	67.0	71.6	68.4	63.4	51.2	38.6	27.2	48.7	91	— 5	May 9	Oct. 24
Keene Valley	14.8	21.0	35.1	37.1	51.2	60.7	.....	65.8	60.1	47.8	33.2	22.5	.....	.....	—19	Apr. 5	Sept. 21
Lake George	18.2	24.6	37.9	43.7	55.8	66.0	71.2	69.2	62.4	.....	.....	26.8	.....	94	—22	May 9	Oct. 10
Lake Placid	17.6	23.7	35.0	37.2	51.4	61.7	67.2	.....	.....	.....	32.2	20.6	.....	.....	—20	July 11	.....
Liberty	.....	25.4	37.2	38.8	53.0	64.4	69.3	67.1	61.4	48.8	35.1	25.1	.....	90	.....	Apr. 6	Oct. 17
Littlefalls	20.0	22.4	36.4	41.6	54.7	66.1	72.0	69.8	62.7	48.6	37.1	.....	.....	93	.....	Apr. 20	Oct. 27
Lockport	28.5	29.0	41.5	43.6	57.4	67.4	72.6	70.0	63.6	51.3	37.0	28.0	49.2	92	— 1	Apr. 9	Oct. 27
Lowville	18.3	22.8	37.6	40.0	53.8	64.4	69.8	67.4	60.8	49.1	34.0	23.0	45.1	92	—29	Apr. 28	Oct. 17
Lyons	28.4	29.2	43.3	44.0	58.0	68.2	73.8	71.2	65.7	52.8	39.8	29.6	50.3	94	— 2	Apr. 8	Oct. 16
Madison Barracks	19.6	26.4	38.5	42.2	.....	.....	72.4	70.4	64.0	51.8	38.8	28.0	.....	.....	—28	.....	Oct. 10
Middletown	26.0	26.6	43.0	44.6	56.2	68.2	72.9	70.8	64.5	52.0	38.3	29.6	49.3	96	—10	Apr. 3	Oct. 17
Mohonk Lake (a)	25.2	27.2	39.5	42.2	54.9	67.8	72.2	71.2	.....	.....	.....	28.1	.....	.....	— 5	Apr. 8	Oct. 18
New Lisbon	21.4	23.2	36.8	38.6	52.4	63.0	68.6	66.5	59.6	48.6	34.6	23.7	44.8	93	—20	May 9	Oct. 17
*New York	32.2	33.0	43.7	40.8	56.6	68.9	74.1	74.3	68.9	57.6	44.0	34.4	52.9	99	5	Apr. 7	Oct. 28
North Hammond	18.0	23.7	40.6	43.4	56.5	66.4	72.9	70.2	64.6	49.4	36.5	25.6	47.3	96	—22	Apr. 19	Oct. 10
North Lake	13.0	20.2	33.2	36.6	51.2	61.4	67.2	63.7	58.4	47.2	33.0	.....	.....	87	.....	May 18	Sept. 21

WHERE DICKENS WROTE

Many of His Best Novels.

London County Council Has Placed a Memorial Tablet on the House Within Which "David Copperfield" Was Created.



DICKENS' HOUSE

While the London county council, bent on what has been termed the "Americanization of London's streets," has found it necessary to demolish many buildings that link the present with the storied past, on the other hand it does its best to keep alive the historic and literary associations attaching to houses that remain by placing memorial tablets upon them identifying them with the names of their former distinguished occupants.

One of the latest houses thus officially commemorated is No. 1 Devonshire terrace, Marylebone road, where Charles Dickens dwelt from 1839 to 1851. The premises are substantially in the same condition as at the time of his residence, except that a bay window has been added to the drawing room on the first floor.

The study in which so much of the great novelist's best work was penned is described by his daughter Mamie in "My Father as I Recall Him," as "a pretty room with steps leading directly into the garden from it, and with an extra baize door to keep out all sounds and noise . . . always, like himself the personification of neatness and tidiness. On the shelf of his writing table were many dainty and useful ornaments, gifts from his friends, or members of his family, and always a vase of bright and fresh flowers."

From the same source there is a description of "the little garret room . . . at the very top of the house," which Dickens made "as pretty and comfortable for his two little daughters as it could be made," though the adornment was decidedly primitive, the "unframed prints being fastened to the wall by ordinary black or white pins, whichever we could get."

The first pages of "Barnaby Rudge" were written at the house he had previously occupied in Doughty st, but it was completed at the Devonshire terrace residence.

Among other books written wholly or in part there were "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol," "Cricket on the Hearth," "American Notes," "Dombey and Son," and "David Copperfield," the latter being the last important work done at Devonshire terrace.

Apart from the fact that there were produced some of his latest literary triumphs, the house is of additional interest as the scene of the brightest and happiest period of his life. It was the first home of most of his children and the meeting place of the most famous persons of the literary world. He left it with regret because it had become too small for his family and took possession of Tavistock house.

.0	42.9	94	—21	June 16	Sept. 11
.4	44.1	95	—24	May 10†	Sept.13†
.0	43.7	92	—26	May 9	Sept. 21
.7	47.7	96	—23	Apr. 9	Oct. 28
2	45.4	92	—18	Apr. 22	Sept. 21
4	43.4	95	—30	May 10	Sept. 11
2	56.7	105	6	Mar. 20	Oct. 28
1	57.9	99	— 2	Apr. 7	Oct. 24
..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
..	.....	.....	.....	May 9	.....
4	57.9	103	7	Apr. 5	Oct. 23
4	56.1	97	— 5	Apr. 28	Oct. 19
7	.....	98	16	Apr. 2	Oct. 17
3	52.1	91	0	May 9	Oct. 16
2	55.7	.....	.....	May 8	Oct. 15
0	.....	.....	.....	Apr. 28	Oct. 16
8	57.8	95	7	Apr. 7	Oct. 24
5	59.7	102	18	Apr. 7†	Nov.26†
)	.....	95	.....	Apr. 7	Nov. 28
	54.1	99	8	Apr. 2	Nov. 28
	.....	.....	.....	.....	Nov. 28
	52.2	100	— 1	Apr. 6	Nov. 28
	.....	104	— 5	Apr. 28	Nov. 16
	.....	103	10	Apr. 3	Oct. 15

egion observer.

FAMOUS WORKS OF ART.

Napoleon and the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit by Gosse—Also a Portrait of the Queen by Richter.

THE two pictures presented herewith are familiar to many people because of frequent reproduction, and they are republished now, more because of that circumstance and of the pathetic story which they recall of the unfortunate Queen Louise, than as examples of great artists.

The larger picture, representing Napoleon and Louise at Tilsit, was painted by Nicolas Louis Francois Gosse, a French artist, born Oct 2, 1787, and who died Feb 9, 1878. Gosse's work is mostly historical and portraiture. One of the halls of the Louvre was decorated by him with scenes from Greek and Roman mythology. The original of the picture reproduced here is in the palace of Versailles.

The smaller companion picture, the portrait of Louise, is from one of the best known paintings in existence, and hangs in the gallery at Cologne. It was painted in 1879 by Gustav Karl Ludwig Richter, historical and portrait artist, who was born in Berlin Aug. 31, 1823, and died there Aug. 3, 1884.

The fair subject of both pictures is Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, who was born at Hanover, March 10, 1776. Marrying the crown prince of Prussia, who ascended the throne in 1797, she won the affections of her people and the admiration of the world by the spirit with which she encouraged the King in his resistance to Napoleon. In her presence her husband and the Czar Alexander, by the tomb of Frederick the Great, at midnight, swore they would maintain to the end an alliance against the French emperor. Napoleon ridiculed this meeting in his official press, and, appreciating the great influence of Queen Louise, pursued her in his bulletins with unmanly sarcasm and bitter caricature. At one time he likened her to Helen, whose faithless vices had involved her country in the calamities contingent on the siege of Troy.

By some Napoleon is accused of a deliberate purpose to incite her to counsel rash reprisals, and at last her king was moved to offer battle when quite unprepared, and which all but obliterated his kingdom.

Nothing is more pathetic in German history than the dignity and patience with which she bore the cruel personal assaults made upon her and the downfall of her country. With equal fortitude she accepted the most distasteful duty, pictured by Gosse, of meeting Napoleon at Tilsit in 1807, when the conquest was complete, and vainly appealing for magnanimity toward her stricken nation, which was dismembered and its king left with only the shadow of power.

The queen, broken by adversity, died in her husband's arms on July 19, 1810, only shortly after her 34th birthday, and it is recorded that she was mourned as no other queen of modern times. Beneath a beautiful monument she lies beside her king in the garden of the palace at Charlottenburg. Her son William I avenged her wrongs at the hands of Napoleon I, when he destroyed the empire of Napoleon III, and was crowned German emperor in 1871 in the conquered capital of France. The present German emperor is her great-grandson.

THE SAINT PAUL PIONEER PRESS: SUNDAY JUNE 16, 1901.

Dickensland is Doomed to be Wiped Out

HOUSES in WHICH LIVED LITTLE NELL, SAIREY GAMP and OTHER of HIS CHARACTERS MUST GO

THE ORIGINAL OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

PEOPLE who want to see the London of Dickens will have to hurry up and buy their tickets for the other side, for the real houses which the great author tenanted with the people of his imagination—people who became as real to us as the houses themselves—are in the process of demolition, or about to be demolished, and the streets and squares frequented by the beings of his fancy are being transformed. The world moves, even in London, and improvements are sweeping away the old literary landmarks. Even in the rural England, where "all the camp with Nell in English meadows wandered and lost their way," a change rapidly is taking place.

But it is in London that the change is greatest, for there new streets and new buildings will soon take the place of the houses at which American tourists used to look and say "Here liver Sairey Gamp; in that other house she watched 'turn and turn about' with Betsy Prig by the sickbed of Lewsome. Here lived Little Nell and down the street the rioters in "Barnaby Rudge" went, howling, to burn a church. All the world knows that Sairey Gamp lived in Kingsgate street, High Holborn, "next door but one to the celebrated mutton pie shop and directly opposite to the original cat's meat warehouse." The house once occupied by the estimable Mrs. Gamp and her famous umbrella has stood until now, almost unaltered from the day when Dickens discovered it and engaged lodgings there for the chum of Mrs. 'Arris. Now, even as then, a barber shop occupies the ground floor, but the successor of Poll Sweedlepipe does not add the selling of birds to his other occupations as Poll did. Otherwise it remains about the same as it was when the precocious Mr. Bailey astonished Mr. Sweedlepipe by asking there for a shave. This house is now about to come down to make room for the new Strand to Holborn avenue.

America's Interest Is Great.

Americans will regret the disappearance of this landmark of Dickens—and more than the Londoners themselves, who seldom appreciate their literary shrines until they have been discovered and exploited by the Americans. The well-known case of Shakespeare's house in Stratford-on-Avon is only one of many instances in which England failed to realize the value of her possessions until Americans aroused her from her apathy. To the old house in Kingsgate street more and more American pilgrims have gone every year to look up at the window through

H. AMSTERDAM
THE BARBER'S SHOP IN KINGSGATE STREET, HOLBORN, "NEXT DOOR BUT ONE TO THE CELEBRATED MUTTON PIE SHOP" WHERE MRS. GAMP LODGED.

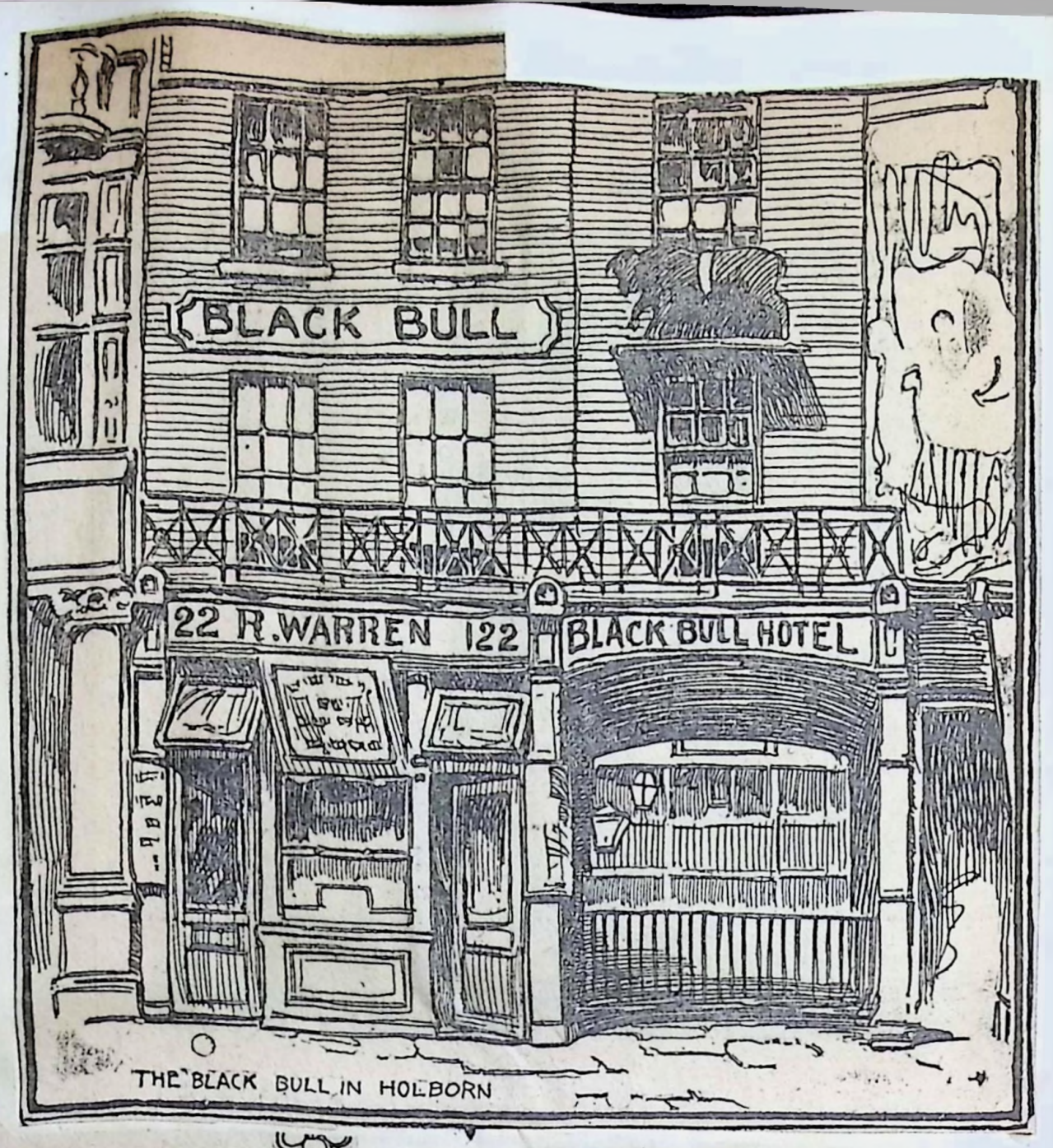
Little Dorrit Still Living.

Special Cablegram.

Copyright, 1906, The New York Times.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The original of Little Dorrit is still living at Islington and is 94 years old. She will open a sale of work at the Boys' Training School in Islington next Thursday.

SARDINIA STREET WHERE THE GORDON RIOTERS BURNT A CHURCH AS DESCRIBED IN "BARNABY RUDGE."



THE BLACK BULL IN HOLBORN

BARNARD'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF MR. MICAWBER

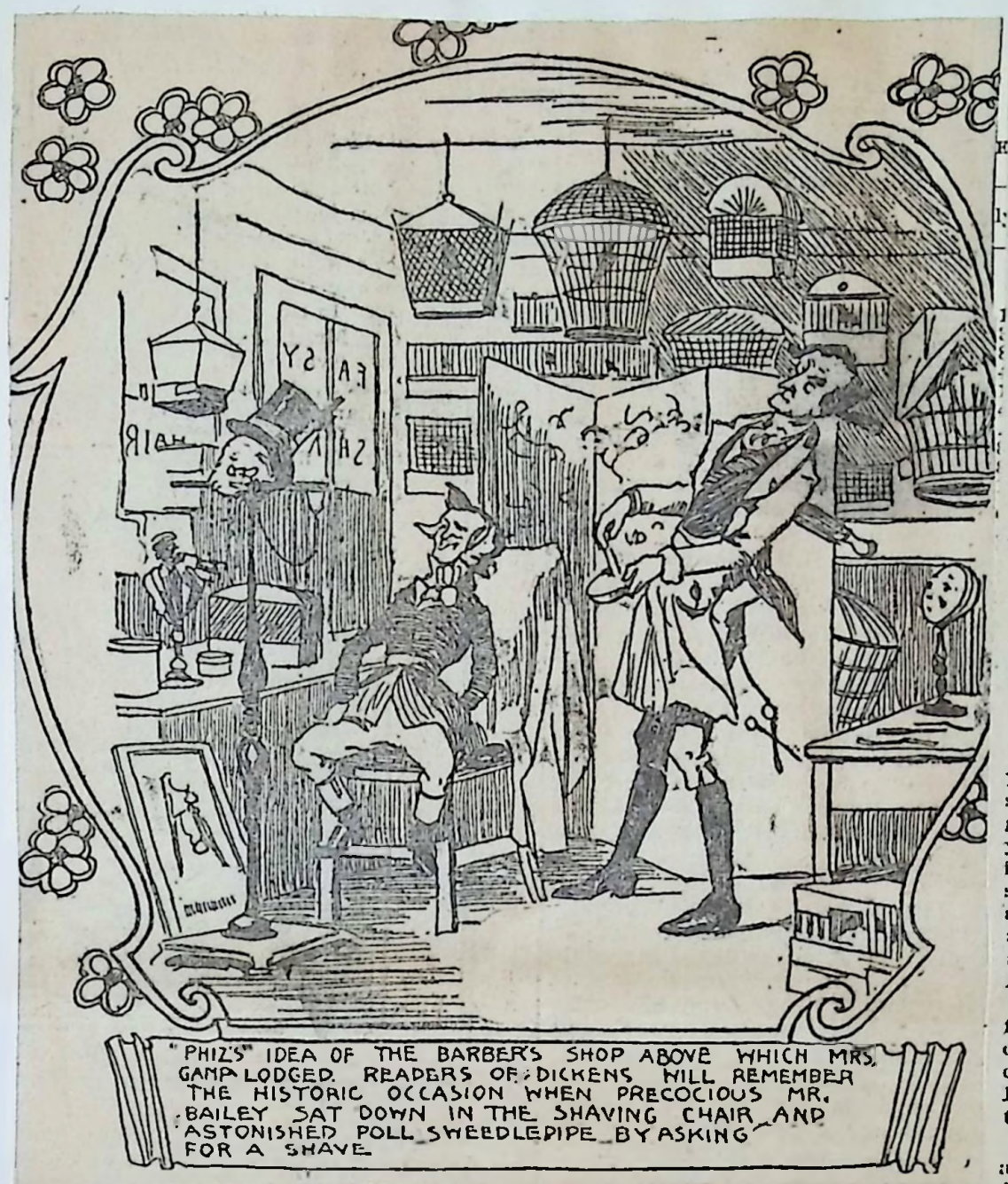
which Mrs. Gamp first made the acquaintance of Mr. Pecksniff and Poll Sweedlepipe's successor has had his business much increased by visitors from the new world who wanted to say when they got home that they had had a "Dickens shave" in the house of Sairey Gamp.

But the Kingsgate house is not the only one with which the worthy Gamp is associated which is shortly to vanish before the pick and spade of improving housebreakers. The Black Bull inn in Holborn is doomed. It was there that Sairey and Betsey Prig nursed Lewsome. It is just as it was in Sairey's time, and the "parapet" which was such a source of comfort to Mrs. Gamp (who anticipated an easy escape that way in case of fire), still adorns the front of the building. It was in the Black Bull that Mrs. Gamp so highly recommended the "cowcumbers" to her colleague, and the building to-day is redolent of the creature-comforts which, in forms liquid and solid, did so much to cheer Mrs. 'Arris' chum through her vigils. Was it there or in the Kingsgate house that Sairey uttered the historic injunction to Mrs. Prig: "Drink fair, Betsey! What ever you do, drink fair!"

Still another Dickens place is to be demolished. This is the Old Curiosity Shop in Portugal street. It is the real shop without a doubt of which Dickens wrote: "It was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town and to hide their treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust." It is now a wastepaper warehouse but on its front it bears the inscription, "The Old Curiosity Shop Immortalized by Charles Dickens." Dickens came across it in one of his rambles about the city, nobody knows when, perhaps when he was a boy working in the blacking factory, and often hungry for want of a meal. At any rate, when the poor little city waif, whose father was in the debtor's cell, became the great author he hired the house for the occupancy of Little Nell and her grandfather. From that house Quilp turned them out and thither came Dick Swiveller, Kit, Codlin and Short. It is a picturesque old shop in just the condition it was when the Dickens folk lived there, and it takes little imagination to repeople it with the characters of the story to which it gave a name. But its doom has been spoken.

A whole slice of Dickensland will disappear with the blotting out of Sardinia street. This queer little thoroughfare is associated with the description of the Gordon riots in "Barnaby Rudge." Never at any one time have so many literary landmarks in London been in the process of destruction or awaiting it as now. But what London will lose in sentiment it will gain in substantial street improvements. Besides, as Mrs. Gamp observed on the occasion of another "disappearance:" "It's what we must all come to. It's as certain as being born, except that we can't make our calculations as exact."

The reality of Dickens depends, after



"PHIZ'S" IDEA OF THE BARBER'S SHOP ABOVE WHICH MRS. GAMP LODGED. READERS OF DICKENS WILL REMEMBER THE HISTORIC OCCASION WHEN PRECOCIOUS MR. BAILEY SAT DOWN IN THE SHAVING CHAIR AND ASTONISHED POLL SWEEDLEPIPE BY ASKING FOR A SHAVE.

all, very little upon material things. Everybody has in his imagination an "Old Curiosity Shop" of his own which is more satisfactory, perhaps, than the real article would be. Frequently when one has built for himself imaginary houses and landscapes wherein live and move the creatures of the novelist's fancy it is a distinct shock to be brought face to face with the real place—the one the novelist had in mind—and find out how utterly different it is from his own. And as to the necessity of tearing down these landmarks of Dickens, why London needs street improvements about as badly as any city that can be mentioned. Still—still, it would be pleasing if the landmarks could be left standing. Even if Dickens' Salrey Gamp's house did fight with our own Salrey Gamp's house, it was the Salrey Gamp's house that Dickens knew, and his was the supreme right. In time our own Salrey Gamp's house would be bound to vanish before the spell of the original one. However, they might tear down all London and sow the site with salt without touching a hair of the delicate head of Little Nell, and Salrey Gamp's old umbrella and pattens defy the storms of time and the rains of oblivion.

BLACK BULL INN.

1901

The Haunt of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig To Be Torn Down.

London, April 6.—The Black Bull Inn, the last of the ancient hostelries in Coburn, is to be pulled down. It was here that Dickens laid the scene of the nursing experience of Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig and where the immortal Sairey perpetrated so many of her hysteric expressions. After standing over 200 years it is now to make way for modern buildings which will soon replace all the old haunts so dear to Dickens.

GREAT NOVELIST'S SON

Henry Dickens and His Daughters Visiting in Boston Sept 29. 01

Henry Dickens, K. C., son of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, is stopping at the Touraine, in this city. Mr. Dickens, who is a well-known lawyer in England, with his two daughters, Miss Olive and Miss Elaine, has been making a tour of Canada and the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. They leave Boston Monday for New York, and sail for home on Tuesday. Last evening the All Around Dickens Society entertained at the Thorndike as special guests Mr. Dickens and his daughters. Mr. Dickens recited the Christmas carol, recalling singularly his father's reading of it in this city. The Misses Dickens gave some music.

LOWELL.

Photographs in the Collection of Simon Towle.

Pawtucket Bridge Contest—Early Celebrations of St Patrick's Day.

Wigginville Annexation—Progress in New St Peter's Church.

LOWELL, March 16—Simon Towle is probably the oldest photographer in this section. He has not been regularly engaged in business here for a number of years. In winter he lives with his sister in North Chelmsford, and in spring, summer and fall he visits the seaside and mountains. He has probably made as many pictures of prominent people and places in New England as any resident of Lowell or vicinity.

Mr Towle came to Lowell in 1849 and found employment in the carding room of the Appleton company at 75 cents a day. Later he was employed in the Boott mills under Col George F. Sawtelle at 92 cents a day.

He was not satisfied with mill life, and manifesting an interest in making daguerreotypes, he was employed by his brother-in-law, G. C. Gilchrist, then in old Concert hall. Mr Gilchrist's competitor was A. J. Simpson, who had rooms in Wyman's exchange.

Mr Towle says the daguerreotype, 6½x8½, was known as the "whole size." There was a demand, he says, from people in good circumstances for ambrotypes. Ordinary size daguerreotypes, he said, when he first entered the business, sold for $1 each.

It was in 1855 or 1856, Mr Toyle believes, photographs were first made in Lowell. Group pictures, 13x16, were $25 for the first picture and $5 each for others. The cabinet size photographs, Mr Towle says, sold for $5 for the first picture and $3 each for copies.

During the civil war Mr Towle says there were many photographs made of soldiers and sailors. He made pictures of camp Chase at the fair grounds and of other places where large numbers of soldiers assembled.

Mr Towle was given the opportunity to make the first photographs of the interior of the building at the first jubilee in Boston in 1869 and sold 600 copies. By permission of all persons interested he made a photograph of the group at the marriage in Lowell in 1870 of Miss Blanche Butler and Gen Adelbert Ames.

By consent of President Harrison Mr Towle had the privilege of making a group picture in which are included Mr and Mrs Harrison, Sec Blaine, Walker Blaine, Senator and Mrs Lodge, and Maj Halford, private secretary of Mr Harrison. That group picture was made while the people in it were visiting in Bar Harbor.

A picture in Mr Towle's collection is that of Vice President Stevenson and Hon Frank Jones made at Sorrento, Me. Last summer Mr Towle made among other pictures one of the USS Kentucky and two of the inscriptions placed at the spots in the White mountains where W. E. Curtis and his companion were lost.

SALMON FALLS ON THE SACO

Stories of Old Times by O. H. Bradbury.

EARLY INDUSTRIES

How Place Was Named and Other Anecdotes.

In the early settling of the country the salmon came up the Saco river, to the great Falls, then called, (in the spawning season) and some succeeded in climbing to the river above. Then the Indians from the country around gathered there to feast on them, and lay up a stock for the future, and that was the origin of its name.

In 1770 the proprietors of Narragansett No. 1 (Buxton,) gave a deed for four acres of land, including the privilege for a mill site, to Capt'n John Elden, Dea. John Nason, Isaiah Brooks, Jabez Lane, on condition they build a saw and grist mill thereon, and they built the first mills on the Saco river, above Biddeford. In 1828 my parents moved to the Corner, and I lived at home, most of the time, till I was 19 years old, in 1841. There was no meeting house at Salmon Falls or at the Bar mills, and the people of those places came to the meetinghouse at the Corner for public worship, where I had an opportunity to see and notice the characteristics of many of them.

The first house on the Salmon Falls road was Joe Garland's, (it was the custom in those days to abbreviate the first name in speaking to or of persons, as Joseph was Joe; Samuel, Sam; Benjamin, Ben, etc., and not considered disrespectful to do so). Next below Garland's at the corner of the roads were two shoemakers, William Boyaton on one corner and Flanders on the other. The original road to Salmon Falls went down by the Elden farms, and crossed the Saco river, near Captain Marshalls'; later a cut-off was made from Garland's to the Falls but there were no houses on it till Sargent Foss built in the village. He was a trader and had a son named Frank, who went to Boston, and when Morse got his telegraph to work, Frank learned to operate it. He came home on a visit afterward and the people around there thought he was a wonderful genius, to talk to people that were many miles away.

Sargent Foss had a brother named William, who was a painter. He painted the meetinghouse at the Corner, three times over, inside and out, and it looked well for a long time after. On the hill near the bridge, lived a family named Warren, with several grown-up boys, who were a turbulant faction in the school at the Corner. That district included all on the Buxton side of the river down to the Saco line. The law allowed them at school till 21, and some of them took advantage of it to go and make a rumpus. They worked about the mills in summer and went to school in winter, for devilltry. Their only ambition was to lick the master and put him out of the house. The Warren boys were ringleaders in any disturbance until after a fight with the master. The committee held a meeting, expelling them and forbidding them to come any more.

Above the village on Buxton side was the Merrill farm that had an old mare, the breachyest critter I ever saw. Every little while she would appear on the commons at the Corner, cross fettered with chains from the near fore-foot to the off hind one, and the other feet in the same way, and all linked together where they crossed. Yet with all that hampering would get out and cross several lots to get there. I asked the Merrill boy how she could do it. He said she would go up to the side of the fence, throw herself against it, break it down and roll over to the other side. They drove her to the meeting every Sunday. The preaching was of the open door policy, in regard to creeds and doctrines, and it may have been that she became so imbued with the spirit of independence and toleration as to persist in breaking all bounds, to come up and graze on the commons in front of the old meetinghouse.

The mills were all on the Buxton side, and most of the workmen lived there. Across River bridge, (the shortest on Saco river), the residents were more high caste, or thought they were, made up of mill owners, storekeepers, the doctor, lawyer and the do-nothings. Moses Dunn kept a big store, with most everything from a spool of thread or pipe and tobacco to a barrel of flour, and there was Rumny's and Leavitt's. Dr. Swett was the medico, and an expert on the big fiddle. He had a mammoth one, so big he had to stand up to work it. He carried it to meeting Sunday morning, and home at night in front of his carriage or sleigh. It was a huge thing and could be seen from afar. There was no bell on the house but the doctor, as a musician, was supposed to be on time, and when he drove up, everybody hurried into the house. Dea. Brown had a big fiddle, and though not as big as the doctor's, no doubt, thought it made up in sweet sounds what it lacked in noise. I always thought there was a little rivalry between them, and when at the close of the meetings the parson gave out old hundred, for the doxology, they both came down so hard, sawing on the big strings, it made the old house tremble. The doctor had a daughter Anna that sat in the singers seats. I did not think she was quite up to Jenny Lind as a singer, but on a contest for beauty she would have captured my vote every time.

Samuel Bradley was the lawyer of the place, and always ready to take a case at law and show that his client was perfectly right in his contention. He was a native of Fryeburg, and when the river business ran down he migrated to Saco. He was a good lawyer, and in a class with Pitt Fessenden of Portland, Nathan Clifford of Newfield and McDonald of Limerick. I heard them all, once, in a case that was heard and decided at the old Corner. Some parties in Portland started a scheme for a big highway, to run from Portland to Limerick, and through to the New Hampshire line. It would have been great damage to the farmers on the route, with little corresponding benefit. They employed the big four that I have mentioned, to oppose it, at a meeting of the county commissioners of York and Cumberland counties, that was held at Buxton Old Corner, and they sat down on the scheme so hard it was put asleep and never revived, which was well, as fate had something in store much better. The railroads were not dreamed of at the time.

One of the most enterprising residents of Salmon Falls in those days was Moses Davis. Beside the farming and lumbering, he established a line of stage coaches, to run from Portland through Scarboro, Buxton, Hollis, Limerick, Newfield, and on to Center Harbor, N. H. But the business did not develop enough to support it and after a years trial it was pulled off. Another leading business man was Col. Lane and another was Jabez Bradbury, prominent in public affairs. On returning home from a trip away he was taken sick and the small pox developed. The disease had never been in that section of the country before, and the doctors knew little about it, and did not get a true diagonosis of it until it was too late. Many friends called to see him and unknowingly caught the disease that resulted in the death of some seven or eight. (I do not remember the exact number.) It was in a winter of deep snows and they were buried in the graveyard at the Corner. It required much shoveling to keep the way open. The roads out from Salmon Falls were fenced

across, but the one below the Garland house was opened when a burial took place, and we were warned to keep in-doors until it was over.

There were two Tom Lanes at the Falls. Long Tom was the colonel's son, so called on account of his height and slimness. He was well educated, and was chosen to go to the legislature. He had a promising start, but had little ambition, and got no farther. He was a victim of higher education, an idea that has grown and developed into a popular craze in the present day, and adding many to the army of do-nothings.

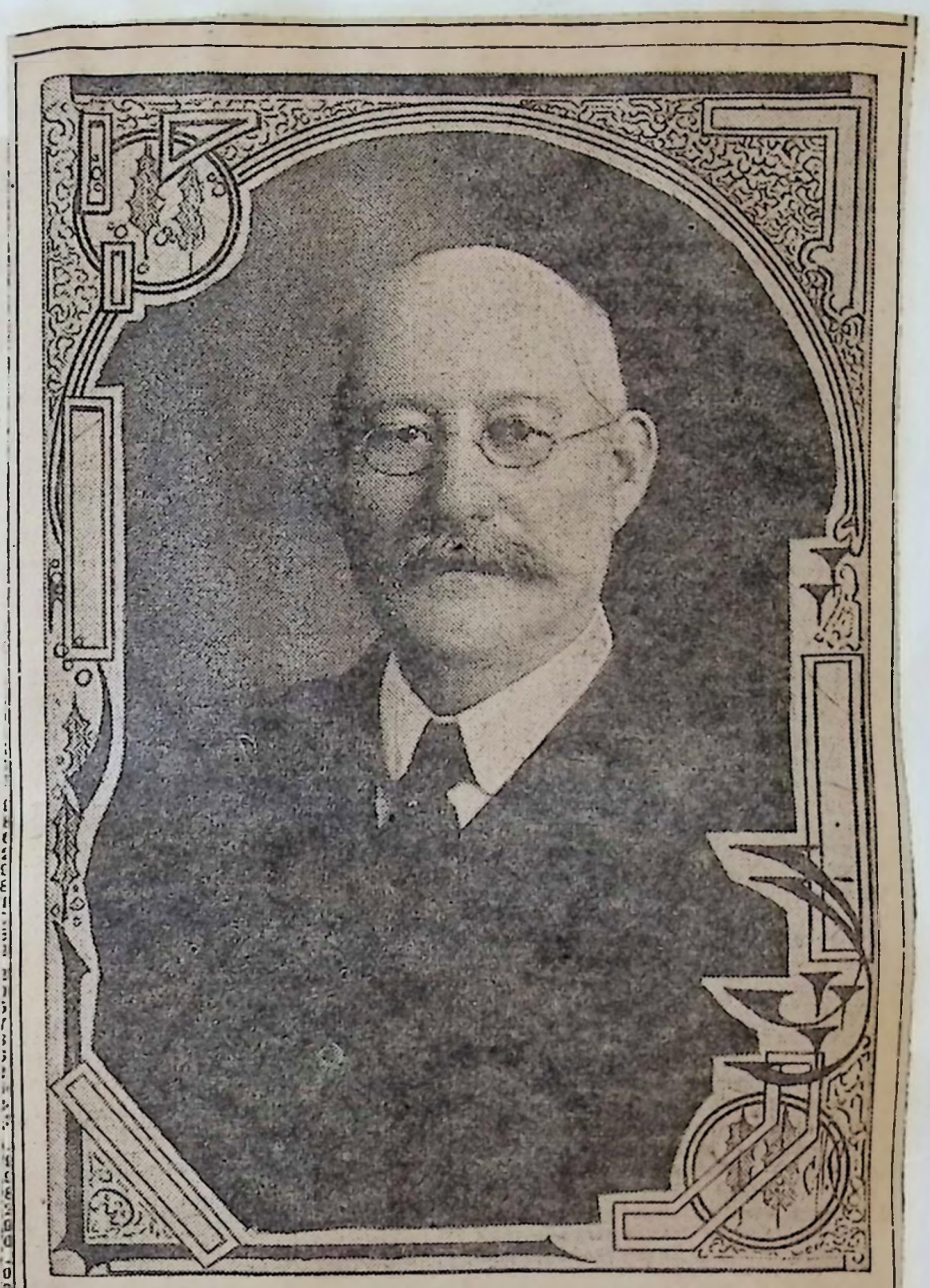
Tom K. Lane, a native of the village, caught the small pox. It was of a virulent character and he lived through it, but came out so terribly pitted in his face that his intimate friends did not know him at first, and he showed some traces of it as long as he lived. He afterward kept the Ferry House, a resort near the mouth of Saco river that was much patronized by Saco and Biddeford people, long before any house was built at Old Orchard beach.

When the saw mill business declined, a company at Saco bought all the water rights from Salmon Falls to Union Falls, and for awhile it was anticipated that the village would become a great cotton mnufacturing place. They went so far as to build a large flour and meal mill, but the cotton mills did not follow, for reasons that I never knew, but I have supposed that as the river below the village runs through a canyon, with high and rocky banks for a distance of about two miles, where there is no site for buildings, and the difficulty in making roads to it makes the locality impracticable for manufacturing plants.

In the report on water powers of Maine, by Walter Wells, the fall of the river from Salmon Falls to the foot of Union Falls is 86 feet, and has a capacity of developing over 3,000 horse power every 24 hours, at an ordinary stage of the river, an immense power running to waste, and useless now. But I have no doubt that some plan will be adopted in the future to harness it and make it useful.

Many of the people whom I have spoken of in this article, were of middle age or past it then, and have since gone to that bourn, from whence no traveler returns. But the old falls are yet there, and while men may come and men may go, will still roll on forever.

O. H. Bradbury.



JUSTIN M. LEAVITT.

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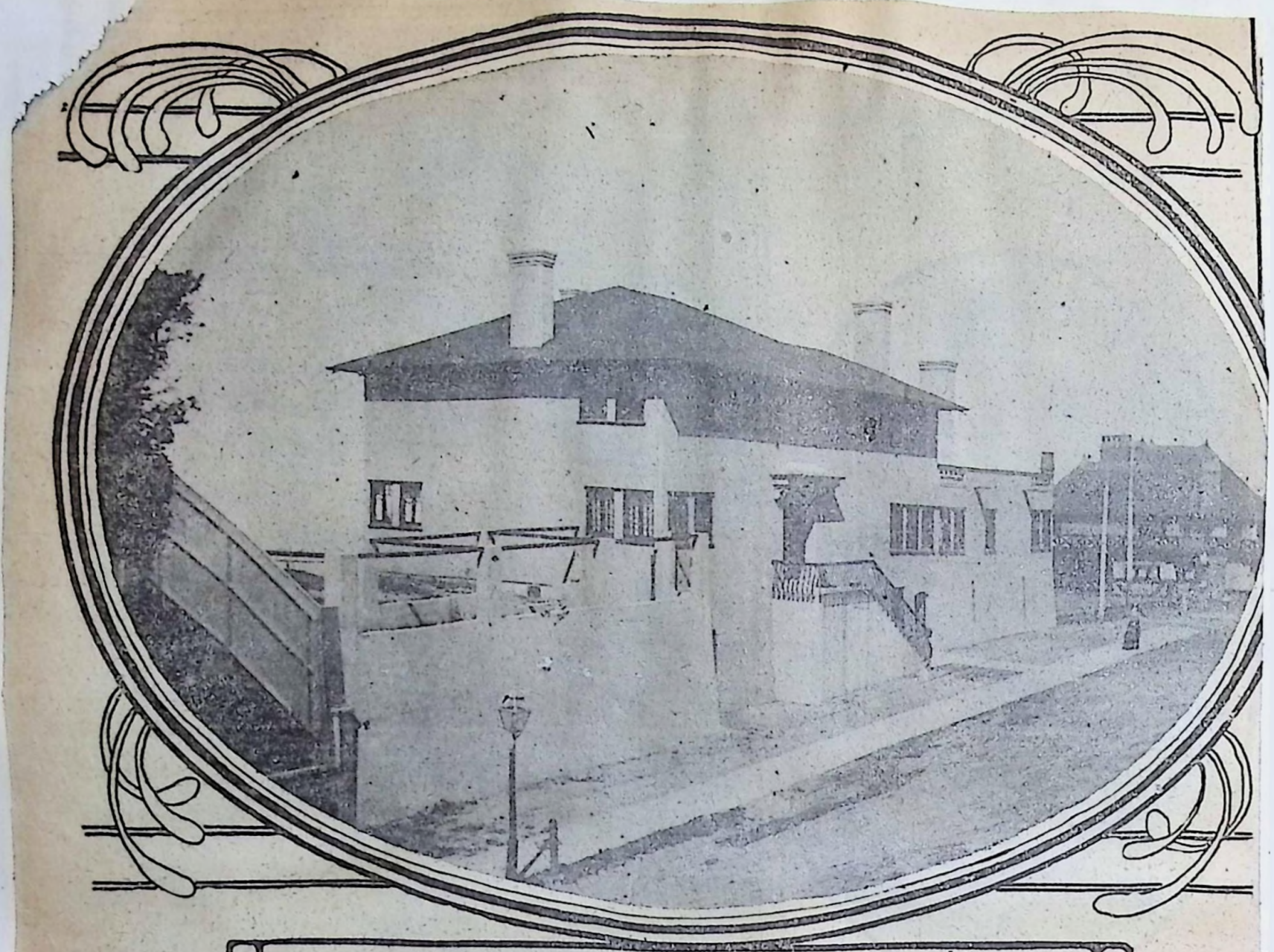
1.32	9.98	3.53	6.06	3.15	7.52	2.80	3.60	3.06	1.17	2.87	49.19
1.76	2.84	2.78	4.07	3.19	3.75	7.72	2.62	3.33	1.37	0.41	36.01
2.70	9.65	3.76	5.12	4.70	2.34	4.40	6.82	6.15	2.94	1.83	56.28
1.62	6.93	3.00	6.00	3.24	0.62	2.96	4.20	2.99	2.47	0.77	38.23
3.57	5.42	1.65	3.20	3.47	1.22	6.47	3.71	4.81	1.76	0.89	39.36
1.04	9.95	3.40	5.93	5.09	6.91	4.85	4.81	6.36	1.88	1.97	56.92
2.43	6.17	3.50	7.30	2.85	1.17	6.97	4.58	2.63	2.93	1.09	45.38
1.63	8.86	3.74	5.71	3.93	3.78	2.61	4.82	4.44	2.60	2.78	49.39
2.08	5.22	2.78	5.22	3.98	1.20	5.51	4.47	2.63	1.70	0.90	39.71
2.20	6.04	1.31	4.20	6.03	1.90	5.69	4.65	5.13	2.34	1.80	45.02
2.90	5.55	3.87	8.50	5.21	3.30	5.13	5.62	3.75	3.00	1.79	54.37
3.07	3.95	3.39	3.52	3.65	2.74	7.13	2.47	3.89	1.81	0.71	39.19
2.80	3.83	3.07	3.22								
1.56	6.59	2.49	4.66	1.61	3.46	4.86	2.56	4.47	3.32	2.04	41.73
2.59	5.92	0.85	3.61	2.18	3.91	4.10	4.36	7.90	4.66	2.17	45.98
1.73	5.88	1.63		1.21	4.67	2.50	3.41	3.89	[4]3.08	1.77	
		0.50				2.75	0.86				
2.15	10.30	1.86	3.94	3.03	2.69	4.43			3.13	2.90	
2.32	6.01	2.86	6.65	2.01	3.57	1.73	2.88	2.88	3.16	2.12	39.40
0.94	8.45	3.08	4.88	2.70	3.27	4.48	2.95	5.16	1.36		

15 miles northeast of Equality. [2] River observer. [3] Corn and wheat region observer.
uary and February made at Jordans Grove, 4 miles southwest of Tilden.



MRS STEVENSON'S HOUSE FROM THE SIDE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 28, 1902.

IN San Francisco, beloved of Robert Louis Stevenson, the city that saw the hardest of his early struggles, the city from which he drew the material for his first successes, the city which he loved best next to that town of the storied past that was his birthplace, the widow of this gentlest man of letters of these later days has just built a home that is both dwelling place and shrine to her husband's memory. And to it she has come to end her days.

It is fitting, after all, that the last part of Stevenson that lives—the friends of his mature years, the books that were his guides and inspiration, the manuscripts over which he labored, the fruits of that strange life of happiness drawn out of unhappiness and misery, should rest in San Francisco, even as his bones rest in the South seas, above the ocean of adventure. For he, the pilgrim and stranger, has given to the strange, intangible city of the West its fullest expression in letters.

Bret Harte interpreted for the world the spirit of the early days that are gone. Frank Norris in "McTeague" painted a picture of a very small corner of the city—did it well in its range, which was narrow and limited. Gertrude Atherton, also, wrote truly of a very small corner and a very short time. But the fullest expression of San Francisco as it is today is in the books and sketches of Stevenson, so that the region around the square where his monument stands is called today, "Stevenson's Country."

Mrs. Stevenson's House.

The house has only been occupied for a few months and few residents of the western addition who watched the low, curious structure growing under the hands of the builders on the seaward slope of Russian hill were aware that the place was building for Mrs. Stevenson.

A retiring woman by nature and absolutely devoted to the memory of her husband, she has gone about her preparations as quietly as possible. Yet the home builded and furnished with so little blowing of trumpets is interesting not only through its connection with one of the most remarkable men of the last century, but also as one of the most artistic dwellings, inside and out, in the West.

It is a double house, made in a mixed style in which the French Renaissance prevails, and stands on the corner of Hyde and Lombard street. The corner section is given up to Mrs. Stevenson, while the other and higher section is occupied by her son, Lloyd Osborne, and his family.

The houses occupy two sides of a square lot measuring 137 feet on each side, the rest being given up to a garden inclosed by a high double wall. The garden is in embryo as yet, but the house has taken its final shape as to exterior and furnishings.

The entrance to Mrs. Stevenson's part is made through a door set at the top of a flight of steps that lead up from Hyde street. The visitor enters at a nail-studded oak door leading into a tiny bit of a hall hung with tapestry paper in a rich effect of deep reds and blues and furnished in antique mahogany. This furniture is part of the old Scotch furnishings of the Stevenson and Balfour families. Indeed, most of the substantial treasures of the house come from the same source.

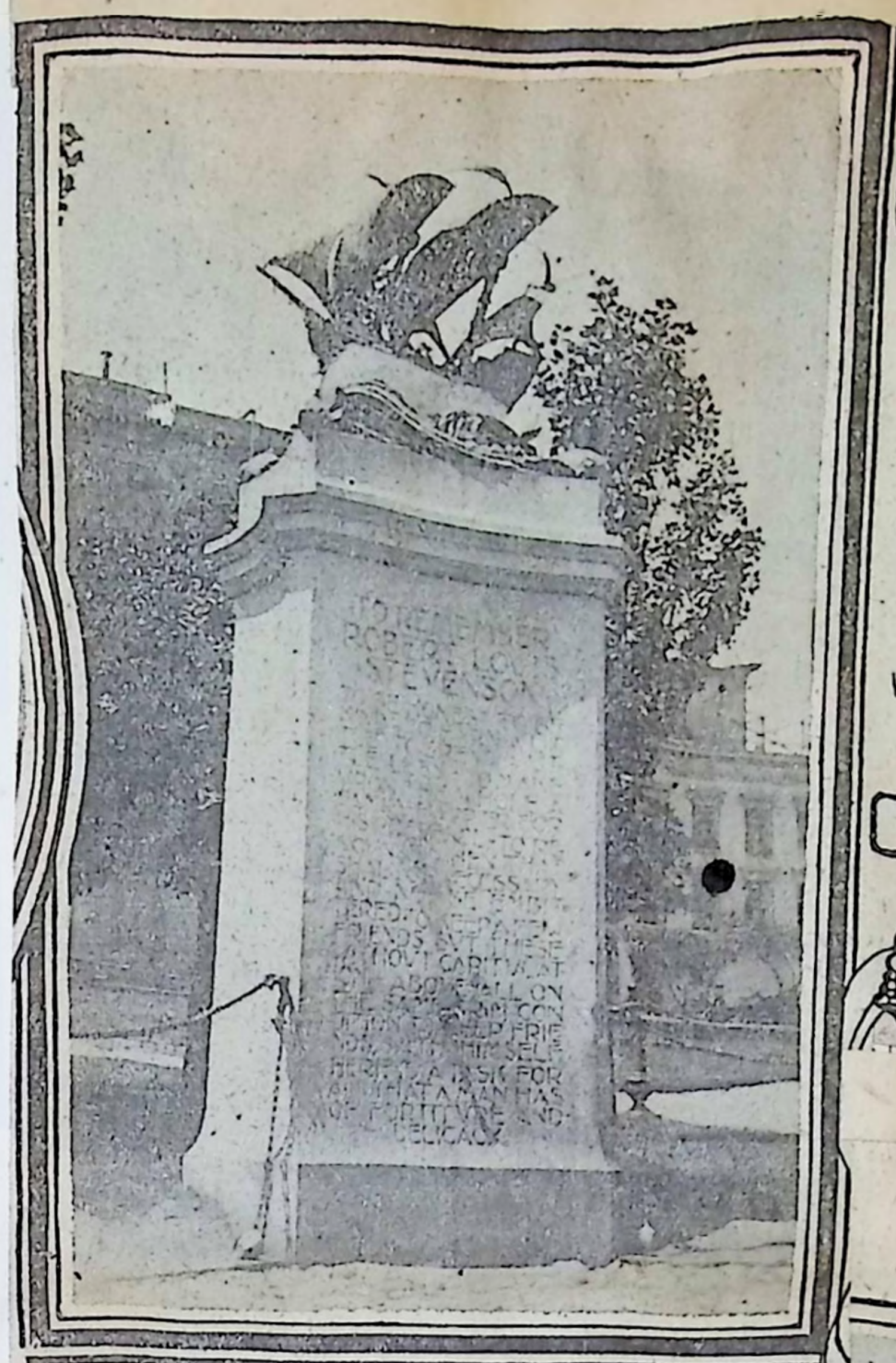
The hall leads into a spiral staircase that winds in two turns to a hall above, and is lighted from the street by a high vaulted window with leaded panes. It ends in an octagonal library, which is the true centre of the house and from which all the small halls that lead to the rest of the rooms radiate. Of this library, more will be said hereafter.

The living room, the most attractive apartment of the house, claims the first attention. It is a long room—36 feet in length, if we must have figures—and its side of greatest length runs along the bay view.

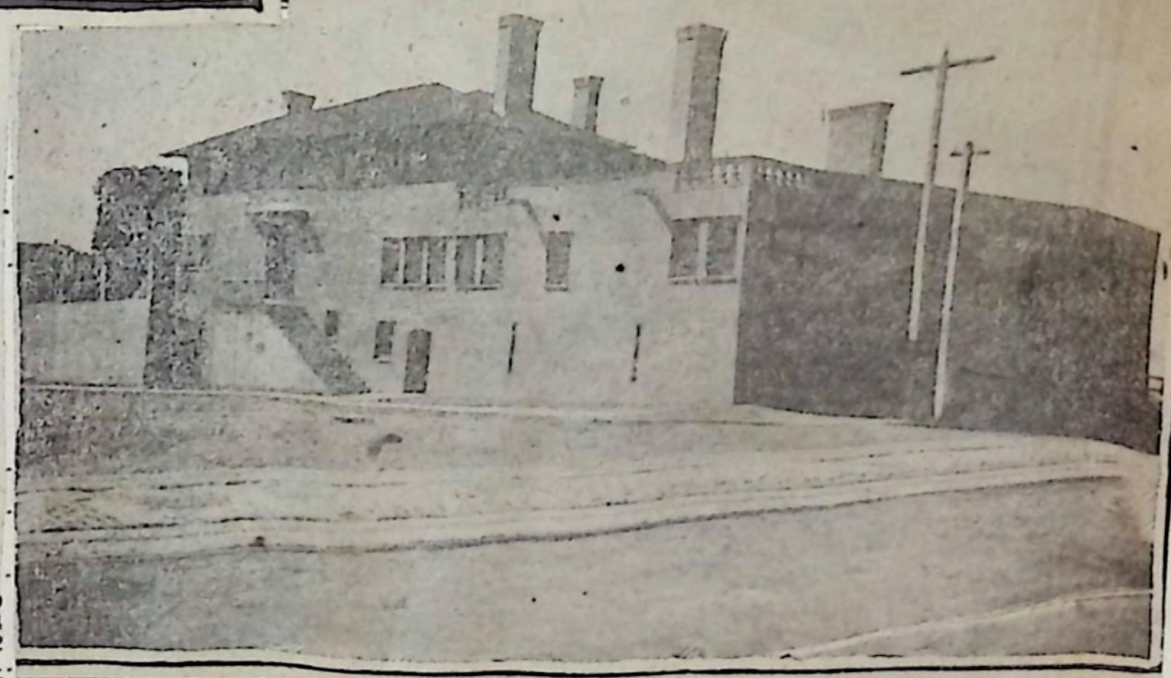
Shrine to Her Husband.

The room runs up to a dais at the end nearest the bay view, and here is the veritable spirit of the house, a sort of Stevenson corner—a little shrine to his memory, beautifully conceived and done. Two steps run up to this dais, which is thus elevated a few inches from the floor level of the room.

Set into the bricks of the chimney and so placed in the scheme of the room that it is the most conspicuous object, is a bronze cast of the St. Gaudens bas-relief portrait of Stevenson. On the mantel below this are a few ornaments, Persian and Samoan. At either side are a pair of old, massive wood carvings from Robert Louis' Scotch home. And before the fireplace stand two of the most curious chairs of those brought from the ancestral home of the Stevensons. On



FOUNTAIN ERECTED TO STEVENSON IN PORTSMOUTH SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO, WHICH USED TO BE HIS FAVORITE LOUNGING PLACE.



FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE

the opposite wall of the corner is set a mahogany bookcase, which contains a full set of Stevenson's works. This is topped by a beautiful cast of a Rodin statue.

Every object in this corner has a history intimately linked with the life of the master. But the most curious history of any belongs to the St. Gaudens bas-relief. The original was made, as all the world knows, while Stevenson was ill in New York. The artist had promised Stevenson a cast made by his own hands, but he delayed the work, and it was not finished until the author had taken up his residence in Samoa.

When the cast was done the sculptor shipped it to Apia by express. For some unknown reason the package went wrong, part of the direction was lost, and it ended up in Sydney, Australia, among the unclaimed packages of the express company. After lying in storage the legal time the package was advertised, put up at auction and sold for 2 shillings.

It was several years before the sculptor learned that the package had been lost, and an attempt to trace it brought out only the facts here related. The purchaser could not be traced. In consequence some one down in the antipodes has a St. Gaudens cast of great value which he purchased for 50 cents—if, indeed, it has not gone into the melting pot.

To take the place of his lost gift, St. Gaudens modelled a copy, the one that now holds the place of honor in this Stevenson shrine.

Story of the Rodin Group.

There is a story as interesting about the Rodin group that tops the bookcase. This is called "L'Embrass"—the kiss—and must not be confused with the familiar group of Rodin which bears the same name.

During the last visit of the Stevensons to Paris they visited much at the studio of Rodin, who was their intimate friend. Before they left he offered them the choice of any of the statues in his possession. They chose this one, and were informed that it was the only group in the artist's possession that it was not in his power to give. It was the sculptor's model for a part of a heroic decoration he was then doing for the French government, and the conditions were such that no copies were to be issued.

But the Stevensons were so much in love with the group that Rodin determined to secure it for them. He pulled wires and cut red tape for weeks, and in the end secured permission to give away the model on the sole condition that no copy should ever be made. This compact was made and kept, so that the only prototype of the group that now stands on the bookcase in the Stevenson corner is the marble group in the Sorbonne at Paris.

The Library's Contents.

From the living room a hall leads to the octagonal library mentioned before as the true centre of the house. This passage is hung with tapestry paper in the prevailing dark red hue, which is

STEVENSON'S WIDOW.

the color scheme of the whole house outside of the living room. The walls of this passage are decorated with weapons of all climes, in which some beautiful old Samoan arms, gifts from the chiefs of Robert Louis' island home, are conspicuous.

The library is simply eight ranges of books, reaching from floor to ceiling. The only natural light is admitted from a shaded skylight at the top. The conventional library table is absent, and the chairs are heavy pieces of old mahogany. The book treasures of the master, from his old Latin books studied in his university days to the cherished volumes of his later years, made precious by his notes, make up the collection.

From this library short passages lead to Mrs. Stevenson's own apartments, situated at the corner of the house, and just above the junction of the two streets and to the dining room, which faces toward the Osborne side of the house.

Mrs. Stevenson's own quarters are richer in furnishing than any other room in the place. The walls are smothered in heavy oriental tapestry, and the furniture is the richest of all the old mahogany. Conspicuous among the pieces is a dressing table nearly 200 years old, and as serviceable as the day when it was finished. Here also are some of the choicest of the pictures. One side, the only wall bare of draperies, is filled by a great fireplace in clinker brick, with deep settees filling the space between its sides and the wall.

But greater than all the treasures of art and art furnishings are the personal relics of Stevenson, the remains of his busy life—unfinished fragments, original manuscripts, all the chips from his workshops in all quarters of the globe. These are stored in a number of secret closets strewn through the house, for they are beyond price to Mrs. Stevenson, and she is taking every precaution to guard them.

In keeping with the Stevenson spirit of romance, the house is filled with secret passages, giving communication through sliding panels between the various rooms or leading to the Lloyd Osborne house adjoining. A secret vault is behind one of the fireplaces.

Here the widow of Robert Louis Stevenson, the woman who was the inspiration of his mature years, and who has never been thoroughly understood by the world outside, has come to end her days among the memories of her husband.

She has lived much alone; it is not likely that she will alter materially her way of living as the years go on. She sees only a few chosen friends of artistic tendencies, and she intends to live in this retirement, broken only by visits to her little ranch at Gilroy, until the end.

STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES.*

By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

No. 2.—BRAVE-HEARTED THACKERAY.

IN January, 1894, the daily press announced the death of Mrs. William M. Thackeray, at the age of seventy-five, and her interment at Kensal Green cemetery in the same grave where her illustrious husband had, just thirty years before, been laid to rest—a worn and world-weary man of fifty-two. So little has been written of Thackeray's marriage, so little, indeed, is known of it, that it was with a shock of utter surprise that the world read this announcement six years ago.

But for that matter the world knows little enough of brave-hearted Thackeray—so little that there are still those who, in ignorance and bitter injustice, call him a cynic and a snob, not knowing how he prayed that he might never write a word inconsistent with the love of God or the love of man; that he might never propagate his own prejudices or pander to those of others; that he might always speak the truth with his pen, and that he might never be actuated by a love of greed—all this "for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord." The world knows too little of the temptations he daily endured, for many hard, hard years, to be untrue to the spirit of this prayer—knows too little of the ocean of sorrow that rolled over him before he was thirty, and of the daily struggle that was his, without relief, so that when his giant frame was in its coffin Dickens said it was so shrunken and wasted that it looked like the form of a man of eighty, though he had no illness, but only slipped out of life into eternity while he slept, just tired, after a brave fight.

It is true that he had large meed of success and all that this brings to the heart—but it is equally true that he wrote:

"Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless heart or tender or true, and reckon among the blessings which Heaven hath bestowed on thee, the love of faithful women? Purify thine own heart, and try to make it worthy of theirs. All the prizes of life are nothing compared to that one. All the rewards of ambition, wealth, pleasure, only vanity and disappointment, grasped at greedily and fought over fiercely, and over and over again found worthless by the weary universe."

Early in 1836 Major Carmichael Smyth, Thackeray's step-father, bought a respectable London paper entitled *The Public Ledger*, transformed it under the title of *The Constitutional and Public Ledger* and gave young Thackeray the post of Paris correspondent.

No sooner was the thing projected than the newly appointed correspondent decided to take upon himself the cares and joys of married life. He was twenty-five years old, and his little patrimony had some time since become a thing of memory. He had tried to be an artist, and had failed of any encouragement, he had written only a few, furtive things of no promise above the most ordinary, and it might well have been a problem to him how he might expect to maintain a family. But if it was, we do not know it. History is very meagre, after all, in details about the man who, more than almost any other man who ever wrote, inextricably mingled the charm of his personality with that of his art. One may search with utmost diligence for records of his courtship and marriage and find little more than the register book of marriages in the house of the British Ambassador in Paris records. There, in the presence of three witnesses, M. H. Luscombe, Bishop and Chaplain, joined in matrimony William Makepeace Thackeray and Isabella Gethen Creagh Shawe, "of

* The story of the Hawthornes appeared in the February Number.

the Parish of Doneraile, in the County of Cork." This was on August 20, 1836.

Thackeray's first Paris letter to *The Constitutional* was published September 27; on July 1 of the following year the paper, which had been failing from the first, suspended publication, and in the wreck was lost most of the fortune of Major Smyth and what little was left of Thackeray's patrimony. One longs to know what the girl-wife said and did in those dark days; if she refused to be downcast like sweet Sophia Hawthorne and saw, like her, good in apparent evil; as when she said to Hawthorne, who dejectedly reported the loss of his position in the Salem Custom House, "Very well; now you can write your novel," and was rewarded for her heroism by *The Scarlet Letter*. One longs for a snatch of correspondence that passed between Thackeray and his Isabella in the few short years that they knew each other, or for some little detail of their life together; but history gives us none. It merely records the facts that Thackeray met Miss Shawe at his grandmother's and that he lost his heart to her when he heard her sing.

After the failure of *The Constitutional* the young Thackerays went to London and stayed with Thackeray's parents in Albion Street, Hyde Park, where, in 1838, their eldest daughter, now Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, was born. Afterward they moved to Great Coram Street, where was born another child, who died in infancy. About this time work began to be abundant with Thackeray, and the outlook was quite hopeful when, in May, 1840, a third child came to the young couple, and sweet young Isabella Thackeray was mortally ill. She rallied physically from the clutches of the Destroyer, but not mentally, and at the age of twenty-nine Thackeray was virtually a widower, with two little girls dependent on him not alone for support but for all the tendernesses which a mother might have bestowed on them. For twenty-three years he lived under this shadow, bravely, sweetly,—enjoying, as much as a lonely man may, the delights of his constantly increasing fame and the comfort she was able to afford himself and "the girls," as he so often referred to them. But the world never knew, and never will know, what he suffered in loneliness and grief, as triumph after triumph became his, and he heard the world's plaudits and tasted the joy of being almost worshipped by men of his craft—and remembered the poor little woman, shut away from all the interests of those who loved her and waiting, waiting for the long-delayed release that came to her only after the incredible period of fifty-four years of madness.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Etched from a rare photograph.

"I was as happy as the day was long with her," he said; and one day when Trollope's groom said to him, "I hear you have written a book upon Ireland, and are always making fun of the Irish; you don't like us," Thackeray's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his wife, and he replied, turning away his head, "God help me! All that I have loved best in the world is Irish."

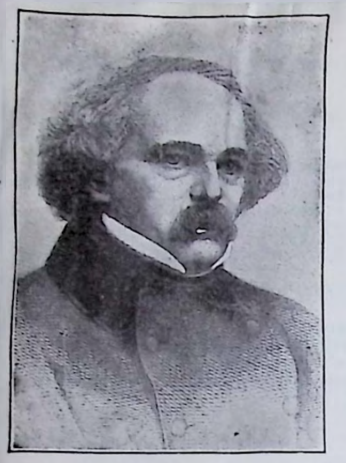
Shortly before his death he wrote to a young friend about to marry, "though my marriage was a wreck, as you know, I would do it again, for behold! Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good."

But while he longed so ardently for love and held it so sacred, he never cared for another woman than the Irish sweetheart of his boyhood, though he depended so on womanly ministration that in the early days of his desolation he said, as if apologizing for what his great need might sometimes drive him to, "I cannot live without the tenderness of some woman, and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore." If he ever felt the need—the utter, utter weariness of longing for "the touches of her hands," or the refuge of her breast or the comfort of her soothing voice—of some woman's tenderness, he never gave himself up to it, but was faithful to the end to the little Irish sweetheart and wife who was so much worse than dead to him.

She was the merest slip of a lassie, barely over twenty, when she ceased to know him and to be known of him—a blooming rose of Irish beauty, a tender little thing with all the passionate fervor of a loving Irish temperament, sunny and impulsive and lavishly unselfish. He was only twenty-nine when the cloud settled over her—twenty-nine and big, buoyant, *good* (always *good*, and always urging those who looked to him for guidance to just "*Be good, my dear*,") but quite unillustrious and perhaps not even very promising.

How was it that January morning, only six short years ago, when the Portals swung wide for Isabella Thackeray, and she was reunited to husband and two children? One loves to believe that all the four-and-fifty years of madness were as naught, as an evil dream that has no power to trouble in the glory of the morning; one loves to believe that it was the radiant Irish rose of his youth that came to brave-hearted Thackeray through the shining portals and brought to him for all eternity "the tenderness of a woman," in heaped-up reward for all the patient, faithful goodness of long, lonely years. And she is proud of *The Newcomes*, no doubt, and of *The Virginians* and of *Vanity Fair*, and proud of the love of thousands upon thousands for her husband. But most of all she is proud, not that he wrote great books, but that he was *good;* that in spite of many trials he kept his spirit pure and sweet, so that when she came to him again he was not alone, as Lord Tennyson said, "the head of English literature of the Victorian Era," but her own dear laddie still, the true heart of her girlish love, for all eternity.

"It is enough—
Enough—just to be good!
To lift our hearts where they are understood;
To let the thirst for worldly power and place
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mothers used to kiss.
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough!"



A ROMANCER'S LOVE-STORY.

By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

It is not always, nor often, that a great writer of romance has the sweetest romance in his own life. Every one knows of the terribly tragic shadow that hung over poor Thackeray's wedded life; of the no less pitiful wretchedness of Dickens's home; of the hope deferred which made the heart of Balzac sick with waiting, and which, when realized after many, many years, he lived but a few months to enjoy. Shy, plain little "old maid" Charlotte Brontë, who wrote with such passionateness of the woman heart that prudish Lady Eastlake assailed "Jane Eyre" as the work of a woman other than respectable, had a cold enough "romance" when she was nearly forty; her "love letters," or letters about her engagement and marriage, are, perhaps, the chillingest things of their kind on record. Poor little woman! She couldn't have had a real romance, perhaps; all the joys of happy women seemed to be so determinedly denied her.

And so one could go through the list of those who have made the world hold its breath over the passionate portrayal of love, and of most of the authors we should find it true that out of the uttermost depths of their longing for what was *not* theirs they drew their pictures of great love made manifest. But this is not so apparently odd or perverse as the fact that many of those writers who enjoyed in their own lives the supremest happiness of love are they who gave to the world the darkest tragedies and profoundest soul-stirrings of unhallowed or unrequited love. Perhaps the two sweetest, noblest love-stories in modern literary life are those of the Brownings and the Hawthornes; yet no other men of their generation wrote so powerfully of the darker, baser passions of the human soul, especially those which are awakened by unholy love. The standard of love these men knew in their own lives was so exalted, so pure, so ennobling that their minds seem to have been drawn by the world-old fascination of opposites to zealous, intense examination into all the causes, all the baseness and meanness that make men and women fall short of the supreme blessing in love.

MRS. HAWTHORNE.
FROM AN OIL PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF JULIAN HAWTHORNE, ESQ.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was thirty-two in 1836. He was living in Herbert Street, Salem, with his mother and sisters in a tall, ugly frame tenement, at which pilgrims by the thousand gaze reverently every year, pitying the beauty-loving soul that for years endured so mean habitation.

Hawthorne's father, a sea captain, died when Nathaniel was only four years old, and the bereavement was so crushing a blow to Mrs. Hawthorne that she practically never rallied from it, but kept her room in solitude nearly all the rest of her life—or for more than forty years of widowhood. The family was poor and proud, and the obloquy of the "witch Judge," who was their ancestor, and whom condemned Rebecca Nurse had cursed to generations unborn, weighed heavily on them, as they fancied it set them apart, in the estimation of their townsfolk, as reminders of a period which Salem is only too anxious to forget.

Nathaniel, the only son, had been out of college for more than ten years, but gave little promise, as yet, of being more than a dreamer, an idler, a proud solitary, who would not debase his dreams by under-stating them, yet w could find no fa for his best visi He was writing, n or less, all the ti sometimes under h own name, but oftene under a pen name; but so little difference did it make to the world then, that when Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Charter Street, Salem, summoned courage to go to Herbert Street and inquire for the author, of whose faint fame she had heard, she asked for Miss Hawthorne, because she felt sure there was no brother in the family.

Now, the Peabodys represented the most charming element in Salem society. They were a family of exquisite souls, and they attracted to themselves the choicest, rarest friendships of their day and their vicinity. The comfortably ample gray house, hard by the little Charter Street burying-ground where Hawthorne's accursed ancestor lies buried, was the rallying point for much that was best in Salem life, and thither came many visitors whose fame was just beginning to be noised abroad, though it hardly promised to be so world-wide, so deathless as, in many instances, it did eventually become.

It was a gracious courtesy, then, though quite without flavor or feeling of condescension on the part of Elizabeth Peabody, to present herself, unasked, at the inhospitable Herbert Street door to seek out the young writer resident there.

Miss Louisa Hawthorne presented herself in answer to Miss Peabody's request, and the caller broke forth into eloquent praises of "your sister's genius."

"My brother, you mean," said Miss Louisa. And that was

the first intimation the Peabodys had that in their near neighborhood there lived a man named Nathaniel Hawthorne.

One can imagine Miss Louisa repeating the scene for her brother at the supper table, to which their mother and older sister never came, and, perhaps, going later to the mother's room, where she ate always in heart-stricken solitude, to tell the story of Nathaniel's discovery—as a genius and as a person!

And, doubtless, when Elizabeth Peabody returned to the charming home circle on Charter Street she enjoyed the surprise of her family when she announced that the member of the Hawthorne family who had been writing the admired things was a brother—perhaps only occasionally incarnate. Elizabeth might have been tempted to add, so dearly did that family love a suggestion of the spiritually unusual.

Less wholesome-minded folk than the Peabodys—less gentle to "make allowances" and overlook apparent slights—might have thought the Hawthornes unappreciative of Miss Elizabeth's call and discovery, for some months passed and there was no further intercourse between Herbert and Charter streets.

But early in 1837 Hawthorne, aided by his college friend, Horatio Bridge, published *Twice-Told Tales*, and a prettily bound copy was sent to Miss Peabody, who hastened to reply, and there ensued a correspondence in which she enlisted the favor of the new author for the *Democratic Review*, then about to be started; and, having made a safe beginning on this basis, she followed up her slight advantage by asking Mr. Hawthorne and his two sisters to spend the evening at Charter Street.

To her astonishment, they all came. Miss Peabody was prepared to receive a bashful youth, but when she opened the door and confronted the noble-looking man of splendid presence, "handsomer than Lord Byron," as she said, her astonishment knew no bounds.

Miss Elizabeth entertained her guests with looking at pictures and simple conversation. She went upstairs once and tried to coax her sister Sophia to come down, but Sophia, who was a great invalid, refused. Perhaps because he found it so easy to "get on with" Miss Peabody, Hawthorne was emboldened to call again soon. This time the invalid came down stairs, in her simple white wrapper, and sat on the sofa.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE IN EARLY MANHOOD. FROM AN OIL PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF JULIAN HAWTHORNE, ESQ

"My sister, Sophia," said Miss Elizabeth, who, describing the scene afterward, remarked that as Hawthorne rose to acknowledge the introduction he looked at Sophia intently. "He did not guess how intently. As we went on talking she would frequently interpose a remark in her low, sweet voice. Every time she did so he would look at her again, with the same piercing, indrawing gaze. I was struck with it, and thought, 'What if he should fall in love with her!' And the thought troubled me; for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry and inflict on a husband the care of an invalid."

If the frail, lovely Sophia strongly impressed Hawthorne at first sight, no less did the splendid, luminous "Apollo," as she afterwards called him, impress her. She told her children, many years afterward, that from the very beginning Hawthorne had for her a magnetic attraction so strong that she instinctively drew back from it, in self-defence, as 'twere. But there was no drawing back possible; the great, the irretrievable thing was done. They both made every test of it, for years, to see if it were true, if it *could* be "downed," but it would not.

Hawthorne was wretchedly poor and terribly despondent over his prospects; and Sophia Peabody had been an invalid from childhood, with no reasonable hope of recovery, as she was then well out of her girlhood.

About the time that Elizabeth Peabody presented herself at Herbert street, Hawthorne had received from his dear friend, Horatio Bridge, a letter which suggests only too well to what kind of an outburst it must have been to reply, and makes plain for us the condition of mind into which love entered.

"DEAR HATH"—the letter ran, "I have just received your last, and do not like its tone at all. There is a kind of desperate coolness about it that seems dangerous. I fear you are too good a subject for suicide, and that some day you will end your mortal woes on your own responsibility."

Hawthorne had complained that at best he did not see his way clear to make more than $300 a year by his writings, and the cheery, hopeful Bridge returns in substance,

"What of it? you can, with economy, live upon that," he says "though it will be a tight squeeze. You have no family dependent upon you, and why should you borrow trouble? . . . It seems to me that you never look at the bright side with any hope or confidence. It is not the philosophy to make one happy."

Mr. Bridge stood guarantor for the publication of *Twice-Told Tales*, out of which, in the first eight years of its existence in print, Hawthorne realized the sum of about $100. But it brought him a princely appreciation from Longfellow, his college mate, in the *North American Review*, and in many quarters helped to establish his fame.

Still, it must have been with a heavy heart that he awoke to the realization that he loved frail Sophia Peabody. Poverty was bad enough before, but when it promised to shut him out from what suddenly loomed up before him as the crowning blessing of life, it was indeed a hard sentence.

It must have been in one of his sad moods, when only renunciation seemed required of him, that he wrote to Elizabeth Peabody, in Boston:

"Sophia is a flower to be worn in no man's bosom, but lent from Heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul."

He little dreamed, then, to what glorious degree she had been "lent by Heaven" to show him and to all the world the possibilities of his soul!

So things went on for about two years; then Hawthorne, casting all "prudence" to the winds, declared his love for

Sophia and was rewarded with a return declaration and a kind of engagement, contingent upon her recovery from her twenty years' illness.

"If God intends us to marry," she said to him, "He will let me be cured; if not, it will be a sign that it is not best."

This was a faint hope to hold to, for a cure would be little less than a miracle. But Hawthorne clung to it, and so did Sophia, and as if by the very might and purity of their love they began to get such control of circumstances as made their union possible—and from their union it was as if all things became possible to them.

The same year of the engagement Hawthorne was appointed weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, under George Bancroft, collector of the port—a dreary, dirty work, indeed, but it meant money, and money meant a home for Sophia and himself.

And from the grimy surroundings of unloading coal schooners he wrote to Sophia, in Charles street, some of the most exquisite love letters imaginable, and received, in return, from the love-

thought he saw an opportunity to make a home for himself and Sophia by joining the (now famous) Brook Farm community. So he invested his little capital of one thousand dollars in the communal undertaking, but left at the end of the first year, poorer by all his thousand dollars, but richer by the knowledge that communal life was not the life for him, and by the experience that eventually fructified in his great novel, *The Blithedale Romance*.

Before he left Brook Farm the Peabodys had removed to Boston to live, and Sophia had been, more than once, the short distance to Brook Farm to see her stalwart, princely-looking lover in ploughman's dress and about ploughman's occupation.

She was as glad as he, in spite of the sore financial loss, when he decided that the Brook Farm life was not the life for him, in spite of its luminous associations, including Margaret Fuller, George William Curtis, Charles A. Dana and occasionally Emerson.

On leaving, however, Hawthorne was so much the richer by a better sense of his abilities—an effect of rare friendship. It was Emerson who said that our friends are those who make us

THE HAWTHORNE RESIDENCE AT CONCORD.

it, safe-guarded home in Salem, such delicate outpourings of an exalted love as the post has carried to few men.

Thence he wrote:

"If you cannot grow plump and rosy, and tough and vigorous without being changed into another nature, then do I think, for this short life you had better remain just what you are. Yes; but you will be the same to me, because we have met in eternity, and there our intimacy was formed. . . . I never till now had a friend who could give me repose. . . . But peace overflows from your heart into mine."

And in another letter he says:

"How strange it is, tender and fragile little Sophia, that your protection should have become absolutely necessary to such a great, rough, burly, broad-shouldered personage as I! I need your support as much as you need mine."

And again:

"Worthy of you I am not, but you will make me so, for there will be time or eternity enough for your blessed influence to work upon me."

In another letter of this period he writes:

"I had walked those many years in darkness, and might have walked through life, with only a dreamy notion that there was any light in the universe, if you had not kissed my eyelids and given me to see."

In the spring of '41, Hawthorne's custom-house employment came to an end with the change in administration, and he

do what we can, and the friendships of that circle of which Emerson was the rare, sweet center and light, added to such love as Sophia gave him, constantly raising him to the level of her matchless ideals, enabled Hawthorne to face the prospect of a literary life with some hopefulness, perhaps augmented to a certain Divine *faith* by the fact that Sophia was vastly improved in health—the miraculous sign she had asked of Heaven in approval of her marriage.

In Concord, where Emerson and Thoreau and Alcott and Elizabeth Hoar and Channing and other rare spirits lived, there was then vacant a house known as "The Old Manse." Emerson was born in it, and all its tradition were brave and full of inspiration. It was isolated, even for Concord, and ideally situated in good grounds, near the river—a place in ten thousand for a honeymoon. So, brave of heart and full of hope and the courage of love, Hawthorne rented it and set about the few simple preparations of getting ready for his bride. They were going to take the future into their hands, so to speak, and trust supremely in their love and their labor to bless their union.

The rapture with which they approached the consumation of their hopes is hinted at (words can do only so much!) in a letter Hawthorne wrote to Sophia on June 9th, '42, just a month before the day set for their wedding.

"We can already measure the interval by days and hours," he says. "What happiness is! And what awe is intermingled with it! No fear, no doubt, but a holy awe as when an immortal spirit is drawing near to the gates of Heaven."

Now if this were a novel it would probably end with that rapt ecstasy of foretaste—as if that were the climax, and to add to it were to be guilty of that gross mistake of art, an anti-climax. But in the real story, as it is written in their letters and told by their children and friends, only begins here, really. Their courtship days were sweet, but the superlative sweetness and beauty, the radiant, ecstatic happiness and blessedness of the Hawthorne love-story practically has no culminating point on earth. For twenty-two years they lived together, in unrelenting poverty and many distresses of circumstance, and then he passed out of her immediate presence into an eternity of love, and in the hour of her widowhood she wrote such a pæan of thanksgiving as must support every woman who reads it in crushing sorrow of bereavement. Nothing could take him from her, she asserted; nothing could rob her of the past nor of the future

"I have no more to ask," she writes, "but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn as I am comforted. If I could bear all sorrow, I would be glad, because God has turned for me the silver lining, and for me the darkest cloud has broken into ten thousand singing birds as I saw in my dream that I told you. So in another dream long ago, God showed me a gold thread passing through each mesh of a black pall that seemed to shut out the sun. I can comprehend all now. Before I did not doubt. Now God says in soft thunders 'Even so.'"

Only the elect of Love shall say what is the culmination of this love story which began in the darkness of pain and poverty and self-distrust, but spread wings and dared to fly, like the soaring lark toward the sun, straight into the awesome radiance of the Eternal.

The Platonic Love Letters of Charles Dickens

The Novelist as a Matchmaker

THE love letters of Charles Dickens. The heading which caught the casual eye of newspaper readers lately did no more than herald a cautious statement that Charles Dickens wrote love letters (which no doubt he did) to Kate Hogarth, whom he married when he was very young; and that such love letters may be in existence and may therefore some day appear in print. It happens, however, that the lady from whom Dickens parted when he and she were in the prime of life—without a breath of serious scandal on either side—was very inarticulate. She never sought the traditional last word—nor did she offer the first. If she had the love letters she probably burned them. If her husband had resumed the ownership of them he certainly destroyed them. Never, therefore, need we fear that they will be read in the light of the after incompatibility by a public already done to death by disillusion.

But a little bundle of Dickens' letters there is, which no such impossibility and no such privacy interdict from publication. Nearly sixty years have elapsed since they were written by the novelist to a warmly attached friend of his and to a young girl of sweet beauty, to whom that friend was introduced by Dickens himself and of whom he became at once enamored. These letters show Dickens in a new and in an altogether delightful character—that of the man who, though his own love troubles took an early place in his life, was able to throw himself into the fortunes of his friends with an abandonment that is unique. One of this group of three is still living; and though the publication of familiar names might add to the interest of the story, a reticent anonymity seems rather to be desirable. Nor could any letters better bear to be judged on their own inherent merits. Though they deal with the attachment of a second and third person, they are themselves really love letters in their tenderness of touch, their exhilaration of tone. The novelist, who was thirty-two years of age at the time, and had been married for some years, gives us the idea that he could easily under other circumstances have been a very good pleader on his own part. As it is, Platonic love (that ambiguous force in life which has had little expression in letters) seems to illumine calmly—and not quite calmly, either—some of the following passages, directly devoted to the fanning of a ruddier flame.

Dickens' first meeting with the girl in question was in Liverpool. He was either reading or speaking at some sort of charitable entertainment, at which part of the program was musical. Dickens expected the usual kind of pianist, and was startled by the appearance of a young creature in a pale blue evening dress, trimmed with white fur. Though very young, she was a fine musician, and Thalberg's praises had almost decided her father to devote her to that profession.

During the evening, Dickens, the lion of the house, could hardly take his eyes from her face. He asked permission to call on her the next day, which he did, giving her copies of his books and two verses of his own composing about her, as well as a copy of Tennyson's poems which Tennyson had given to him. He did more. He introduced to her the friend who had come from London to hear him read.

Dickens returned to town, but his friend, whom fortune and talent made a particularly eligible visitor, lingered in Liverpool, and wrote thence a letter which has not been kept, but whose purport is plain from the novelist's response.

"Devonshire Terrace.
"Monday, Eleventh March, 1844.

"My dear ——: I swear that when I opened and read your letter this morning (I laid down my pen to break the seal: being just shut up in my own room) I felt the blood go from my face to I don't know where, and my very lips turn white. I never in my life was so surprised, or had the whole current of my life so stopped, for the instant, as when I felt, at a glance, what your letter said, which I did correctly. For when I came to read it attentively, and several times over, I found nothing new in it.

"This was not because it contained a word to astonish *me*, but because I never had imagined you remaining in Liverpool; or seriously admiring her. Forgive me when I say that I did not think it lay in your temper or habit to do so unless it had become a thing of pretty long custom. I supposed you had returned to Yorkshire. I expected you in town any day—and have often wondered within myself whether you would still have an interest in recalling, with me, her uncommon character and wonderful endowments. I know that in many points I am an excitable and headstrong man, and ride, Oh God, what prancing hobbies!—and although I knew that the impression she had made on me was a true, deep, honest, pure-spirited thing, I thought my nature might have been prepared to receive it, and to exaggerate it unconsciously, and to keep it green long after such a fancy as I deemed it probable you might have conceived, had withered. So much for my injustice, which I *must* release myself of, in the first instance.

"You ask me to write, and I think you want me to write freely. I will tell you what I would do myself if I were in your case, and I will tell you without the least reserve.

"If I had all your independent means, and twenty times my own reputation and fame—and felt as irresistibly impelled toward her as I should if I were in your place, and as you do—I would not hesitate, or do that slight to the resolution of my own heart which hesitation would imply; but would win her if I could. I would answer it to myself if any world's breath whispered me that I had known her but a few days, that hours of hers are years in the lives of common women. That it is in such a face and such a spirit, as a part of its high nature, to do at once what less ethereal creatures must be long in doing. That as no man ever saw a soul or caught it in its flight, no man can measure it by rule and rod. And that it has a right in such lofty development, to pitch all forms laid down by bodies to the Devil—the only Being, as far as I know, who was never in love himself, or inspired it in others.

"And to the father I *would* point out, in very tenderness and sorrow for this gentle creature, who otherwise is lost to this sad world, which needs another, Heaven knows, to set it right—lost in her youth, as surely as she lives—that the course to which he is devoting her should not be called her life, but Death: for its speedy end is certain. I saw an angel's message in her face that day, that smote me to the heart. He may not know this, being always with her; it is very likely he does not; and I would tell it him. Repose, change, a mind at rest, a foreign climate, would be, in a springtime like hers, the dawning of a new existence. I believe, I do believe and hope, that this would save her; and

that many happy years hence she would be strong and hardy. But at the worst; contemplating the chance, the distant chance in such a case, of what is so dreadful; I could say in solemn and religious earnestness, that I could bear better her passing from my arms to Heaven, than I could endure the thought of coldly turning off into the world again to see her no more; to have my very name forgotten in her ears; to lose the recollection of her myself but at odd times and in remorseful glances backward; and only to have the old thoughts stirred up at last by some indifferent person saying, 'You recollect her? Ah! she's dead.'

"As I live, I write the Truth, and feel it.

"So many ideas spring up within me, of the quiet happiness we might enjoy abroad, all of us together, in some delicious nook, where we should make merry over all this, that I don't know whether to be glad or sorry at my own hopefulness. Such Italian castles, bright in sunny days, and pale in moonlight nights, as I am building in the air!

"But time is precious, and Dick is (to a certain extent) a prosing Donkey if you give him the rein. So, as it is pouring very hard, and John will probably contract an asthma in running, at the rate of seven miles an hour, to the post-office to save the Post, I will go on with my building after I have dispatched this.

"I never was more in earnest, my dear ——, in my life.

"Always faithfully your friend,

"Charles Dickens.

"P. S. I don't seem to have said half enough."

Two days later the novelist wrote again to the hesitating aspirant for the lady's hand:

"Devonshire Terrace.

"Thirteenth March, 1844.

"My dear.——: 'Think of Italy!' Don't give that up! Why, my house is entered at Phillips's and at Gillows', to be let for twelve months; my letter of credit lies ready at Coutts's; my last number of *Chuzzlewit* comes out in June; and the first week (if not the first day) in July sees me—God willing—steaming off toward the sun.

"Yes. We must have a few books—and everything that is idle, sauntering and enjoyable. We must lie down in the bottom of those boats, and devise all kinds of engines for improving on that gallant holiday. I see myself in a striped shirt, moustache, blouse, red sash, straw hat, and white trousers, sitting astride a mule, and not caring for the clock, the day of the month, or the day of the week. Tinkling bells upon the mule, I hope? I look forward to it, day and night; and wish the time were coming. Don't *you* give it up. That's all.

"I feel what you say in respect of your old suffering, and quite understood it as being expressed in your former letter. No man can enter on such lists with one who has trodden them, if he only know them in imagination.

"At the father, I snap my fingers. I would leap over the head of the tallest father in Europe, if his daughter's heart lay on the other side, and were worth having.

"As to my chance of having it—well, I think I could make a guess about that (tessellating a great many little things together) which should not be very wide of the mark.

"But I would not tarry, where I could not resolve. For aught you know, you may deal a heavier wound than you receive; and you certainly will not salve your own by keeping it open. You will crucify nothing but yourself upon that Diamond Cross—unless it be *her*self too.

"If you come to town, I shall look to see you immediately. If you remain there, to hear from you. In either case, to go abroad with you, stay there with you, and come back with you.

"Always, my dear ——,

"Faithfully your friend,

"Charles Dickens.

"I'll send him those verses to-morrow."

The "him" was the difficult father, and the verses those composed by Dickens in the daughter's honor. A fortnight later, and the novelist's third letter showed that his friend had been better employed than in the mere building of castles in the air:

"Devonshire Terrace.

"Friday, Twenty-ninth March, 1844.

"My dear ——: I congratulate you with all my heart and soul, a million of times. It is a noble prize you have won. And I am sure you have won it in a noble spirit. A hearty God bless you!

"Good Heaven, what a dream it appears! Shall we ever forget that night when she came up to *the* Piano—that morning when Dick, the energetic Dick, devised the visit! Shall we ever cease to have a huge and infinite delight in talking about the whole romance from end to end—in dwelling upon it, exaggerating it in every possible way, form, shape and kaleidoscopic variety!

"Ask her to save the dress—the dress with the fur upon it. Let it be laid up in lavender. Let it never grow old, fade, shrink, or undergo millinerial alteration, but be a household god, immortally young and perpetually green. *Wasn't* it green? I think so.

"The father seems to have acted like a man. I had my fears of that, I confess: for the greater part of my observation of parents and children has shewn selfishness in the first, almost invariably.

"I swear, my dear ——, that I am as well pleased as yourself. I send you all manner of cordiality in this.

"Of course I shall see you, as soon as you arrive here. I rather expect to hear that you have been called to Yorkshire, for I received dreary accounts of poor S—— this morning and yesterday, through Alfred.

"Always faithfully your friend,

"Charles Dickens."

The last letter is addressed by the novelist to the young girl, who, it is more evident to us than perhaps it was even to herself, did not quite know her own mind. Dickens' fears for her health, one may add, were the result of his exaltation of feeling—a bit of early Victorian sentiment, perhaps. The lady is still alive—still blooming.

"Malton Abbey, Yorkshire.

"Monday, Eighth April, 1844.

"My dear Miss ——: I was exceedingly glad to receive your letter some weeks since; and should have written to thank you for it, if I had had anything to say. Not being one of those remorseless persons who look upon the Penny Postage as a General License to let fly with a paper pellet at all sorts of game, however, I waited in the hope that I might have something to say in the course of time. In which expectation I have been disappointed. Nobody's house, in whom I have reason to suppose you interested, has taken fire: nothing has changed for good or evil which is likely to concern you at all; and, unless the modest creature who sang about the ugly man at Liverpool has grown bold since I was there (which is not probable: considering his remarkable bashfulness at that time), no man or woman whom we both know is one bit the better or the worse since we parted, that *I* know.

"Yet, that is not so, either. For to my amazement, I have found one friend of mine very much the worse for a visit to your town. Something comes over the paper like the light of a blush from you; I don't know what is the cause of the effect, but it is very red. I mention it on account of its singularity—and losing the thread of my discourse in doing so (it is so very slight that it is hard to find) I must turn over leaf, and look back.

"Oh! My friend! I recollect. Yes. He went to Liverpool, and fell desperately, madly, irretrievably in Love there, which was so perfectly natural (the circumstances of his case being quite uncommon, and his provocation enormous) that I could not find it in my heart to remonstrate with him for his folly. Indeed, I rather encouraged him in it than otherwise: for I had that amount of sympathy with his condition, which—but that I am beyond the reach, the lawful reach, of the Wings that fanned *his* fire—would have rendered it the greatest happiness and pleasure of my life to have run him through the body. In no poetical or tender sense, I assure you, but with good sharp steel. He fell in Love, this man, and after divers misgivings and hesitations and deliberations, and all that, mentioned the fact—first to the winds, and to the gentle airs that blow in Mr. Radley's bedchambers; and afterwards to—to Her. Well. He thought he was getting on hopefully, gently, reasonably, smoothly, and wrote as much to me in London. I immediately threw up a small cap (sky blue) which I keep on a peg in my study for such joyful occasions as very seldom happen; and remained for some days perpetually casting it into the air and catching it again, in a transport of delight.

"In the midst of this enthusiasm I was summoned down here (he visits hereabouts) to attend a funeral: and at this funeral I found him, to my great amazement, acting as chief mourner to his own hopes, and attending them to an early grave with the longest hatband and the usefulest pocket handkerchief I ever saw in my life. At this I was very much surprised, and very sorry as you will believe; and the sky-blue cap (still in the air) fell down upon my head with the weight and velocity of a cannon-ball.

"For I found out, when I came to talk to him, that one wretchedness coming upon the head of another—they always make a pyramid; God knows why—he had heard in the very height of another distress, from Her: and She had told

him that he had been a little premature—and that there were other footprints in the field—and so forth.

"But by little and little, I got the cap up again—not very high, but *up*—and there it is now, over my head, as I write. For I told him that as to other footmarks being in that course, there might be a host, and yet the best flowers might grow up at last in the steps of the last man, if he were True, Unselfish, Manly, Honorable, Patient and Deserving. I told him that I had a faith in such strong qualities never being inspired in a man's heart for failing purposes—that I had a Faith in his possessing them, and carrying them gallantly into his attachment—and that I had as high and confident a Faith (oh, Heaven! what a boundless Faith it is!) in Her—and that whatever She worked out would be for Good, I knew. I *do* know it, as well as if I had known her from her cradle, as in the spirit, I have.

"In short, I went on as if I had a white head, a staff, a patriarchal beard, and a bent back—saving that I threw the sky-blue cap a little higher than an old man would have done perhaps, and kept it up as gaily as I could. Which I mean to do, unless you hold my hands; and that you won't do, I believe. Whatever happens in this case, of this I am quite sure—that it will all happen Wrong, and cannot happen otherwise than Wrong: the undersigned being excluded from all competition, and only throwing up his cap for other men, instead of cutting it up into Favors for himself. Not last among your faithful and admiring friends, my dear Miss ——, still; nor yet a cold spectator of the slightest thing that can concern your happiness.

"Faithfully your friend,
"Charles Dickens."

The sequel was idyllic. It was a love story that might have "been put in a book." The girl gave her heart to the friend who had so good a second in this duel of the affections. These letters remain to show the glowing heart of a man of letters with a genius for friendship. How far the lady felt the secondary influence one can only guess; but her marriage with the principal, which was celebrated after due delays, proved to be of the happiest, and the couple had two children whose careers, had Dickens lived to follow them, would have rewarded him afresh for the generous pains and risks of a third person's intervention in an affair of the heart.

John W. Jones

By Holman F. Day,

A sort of double-breasted face had old John W. Jones,
Reddened and roughened by sun and wind, with angular high cheek-bones;
At the fair, one time, of the Social Guild he received unique renown
By being elected unanimously the homeliest man in town.
The maidens giggled, the women smiled, the men laughed loud and long,
While old John W. leaned right back and he-hawed good and strong.
And never was jest too broad for him; for all of the quips and chaff
That assailed his queer old mug thro' life he had but a hearty laugh.
"Ho, ho!" he'd snort; "haw, haw!" he'd roar. "That's me, my friends, that's me!
Now hain't that the most skew-angled phiz that ever ye chanced to see?"
And then he would tell us this little tale. "'Twas one dark night," said he,
"I was driving along in a piece of woods and there wasn't a ray to see,
When all to once my cart locked wheels with another old chap's cart;
We gee-ed and backed but we hung there fast, and neither of us could start.
Then the stranger-man, he struck a match to see how he'd get away,
And I vum he had the homeliest face I've seen for many a day.
Well, just for a joke, I grabbed his throat and pulled my pipe-case out,
And the stranger reckoned I had a gun and he wrassled good and stout.
But I got him down on his back at last and straddled acrost his chest
And allowed to him he'd better prepare to go to his last long rest.
He gasped and groaned he was poor and old and hadn't a blessed cent,
And, almost blubbering, asked to know what under the sun I meant.
Said I: 'I've sworn if I meet a man that is homelier 'n what I be
I'll kill him. I reckon I've got the man!' Says he: 'Please let me see!'
So I loosened a bit while he struck a match; he held it with trembling hand
While through the tears in his poor old eyes my cross-piled face he scanned.
Then he dropped the match and he groaned and said: 'If truly you think that I
Am ha'f as homely as what you are—please shoot! I want to die!'"
And the story always would start the laugh, and Jones would drop his jaw,
And lean 'way back and slap his leg and laugh—"Ho, haw-haw-haw!"

That was Jones
—John W. Jones—
Queer, Gothic old structure of cob-piled bones;
His droll red face
Had not a trace
Of comeliness or of special grace.
But I tell you, friends, that candor glowed
In those true old eyes—those deep old eyes;
And love and faith and manhood showed
Without disguise—without disguise.
Though he certainly won a just renown
As the homeliest man we had in town.

He never had married—that old John Jones; he'd grubbed on his little patch,
Supported his parents until they died, and then had lived "old bach."
We had some suspicions we couldn't prove: for years had an unknown man
Distributed gifts to the poor in town on a sort of a Santa Claus plan:
If a worthy old widow was needing wood, some night would that wood be left;
There was garden truck placed in the barns of those by mishap or drought bereft;
And once when the night was clear and bright in the glorious month of June,
Poor, broken-legged Johnson's garden was hoed in the light of the great white moon.
And often some farmer by illness weighed, and weary, discouraged and poor,
Would find a wad of worn old bills tucked carefully under his door.

And the tracks in the sod, of this man who trod by night on his secret routes,
Were suspiciously like the other prints that were made by John Jones' boots.
And the wheel-marks wobbled extremely like the trail of Jones' old cart.
But whatever his mercies he hid them all in the depths of his warm old heart.
For whenever the neighbors would pin him down, he'd lift his faded hat—
"Now, say," he'd laugh, "can a man be good with a physog such as that?"
Then came the days, the black, dread days when the smallpox swept our town,
—With pesthouse crowded from sill to eaves—and the nurses "taken down."
And panic reigned and the best went wild, and even the doctors fled,
And scarce was there one to aid the sick or bury the awful dead.
But there in that pesthouse, day and night, a man with quiet tones
And steady heart kept still at work—and that was old John Jones.
While ever his joke was: "What! Afraid? Why, gracious me, I'm fine!
But if I weren't, a few more dents won't harm this face of mine."
Yet those who writhed there in their pain within that loathsome place,
Saw beauty not of man and earth upon that gnarled old face.
And when he eased their pain-racked forms or brought the cooling draft
They wondered if this saint could be the man at whom they'd laughed.
And thus he fought, unwearied, brave, until the Terror passed,
—And then, poor old John W. Jones—he had the smallpox last.
And, worn by vigils, toil and fasts, the fate he had defied
Descended on him, stern and fierce; he died, my friends—he died.
They held one service at the church for all the village dead;
The pastor when he came to Jones—he choked a bit and said:
"If handsome is as handsome does—and I now say to you,
I verily, I honestly believe that saying true!
If handsome is as handsome does, we had right here in town
A man whose beauty fairly shone—from Heaven itself sent down.
At first, perhaps, we failed to grasp the contour of that face,
But now with God's own light on it we see its perfect grace.
And so I say, our handsomest man"—the pastor hushed his tones,
With streaming eyes looked up and said—"was old John W. Jones."

That was Jones
—John W. Jones—
Queer, Gothic old structure of cob-piled bones;
His quaint red face
Had not a trace
Of comeliness or of special grace.
But I tell you, friends, we drop this shell,
Just over there—just over there!
Good deeds, good thoughts, good hearts will tell
In moulding souls serene and fair.
And Jones will stand with harp and crown
—The handsomest angel from our old town.

Thomas E. Watson's Pen Picture of Napoleon I.

This Remarkable Portrayal of the Appearance, Habits and Characteristics of the Great Emperor Forms a Portion of One Chapter of Mr. Watson's New Book, "Napoleon," Just Published by the Macmillan Co.

AT this period (1807) Napoleon was a strikingly handsome man. The "wan and livid complexion, bowed shoulders and weak, sickly appearance" of the Vendemiaire period were things of long ago. The skin disease of the Italian campaign had been cured. Not yet fat and paunchy as he became toward the end, his form had rounded to a comely fulness, which did not impair his activity. The face was classic in profile, and in complexion a clear, healthy white. His chin was prominent, the jaw powerful, the head massive, being twenty-two inches round, according to Constant.

The chestnut-colored hair was now thin, inclining to baldness on the crown. Worn long in his youth, he cut it short in the Egyptian campaign, and ever afterward continued to wear it so. His ears, hands, feet were small and finely shaped. The nose was long, straight, well proportioned. His teeth were white and sound; the lips beautifully moulded; the expression about the mouth, when he smiled, being peculiarly sweet and winning.

♣ ♣ ♣

HIS eyes were gray-blue, and formed the striking feature of his face. All accounts agree that his glance was uncomfortably steady and penetrating; or, at other times, intolerably fierce and intimidating; or, again, irresistibly soft, tender, magnetic. One is struck with the fact that so many who knew him, and loved him or hated him, feared him or defied him, should emphasize the impression made upon him by his eyes. Before that steady gaze, which seized and held attention, Lavalette said that he felt himself turning pale; Decres lost all desire to be familiar; Vandamme became a coward; Augereau and Messena admitted they were afraid; Mme. de Stael grew embarrassed; and Barras faltered into silence at his own table.

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GENERALLY, the expression of Napoleon's face was that of a student—mild, pensive, meditative, intellectual. In moments of good humor, his smile, glance, voice, were caressing, genial, even fascinating. In anger, his look became terrible; a rotary movement took place between the eyes, and the nostrils distended.

All agree that in conversation there was such a play of feature, such quick changes of expression, such mirroring of the mind upon the face, that no description or portrait could convey an idea of it. Only those who had talked with him could realize it. But it is also agreed that when he wished to banish all expression, he could do that also, and his face then became a mask.

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HE was inclined to be round-shouldered, and, when walking meditatively he slightly stooped. In talking he gesticulated freely, sometimes violently; when in repose the hands were folded behind him, or across the breast, or one would rest within the waistcoat and the other behind him.

It is doubtful whether any true portrait of Napoleon exists. He has been idealized and caricatured until the real Napoleon may have been lost. If the death mask claimed to have been taken by Antommarchi is genuine, one must surrender the belief that Napoleon's head was massive, his brow imperial, his profile perfect, for this mask exhibits a forehead which recedes, and which narrows above the temples.

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NAPOLEON was very temperate in eating and drinking. He preferred the simplest dishes, drank but little wine, and that weakened with water. Coffee he drank, but not to excess. He ate fast, and used his fingers oftener than his fork. He was very sensitive to cold, and could not bear the least light in his room at night.

He slept a good deal, from six to eight hours per day; and usually took a nap during the afternoon or evening. His standing order to his private secretary was a model of wisdom. "Never wake me to hear good news, that will wait; but in case of bad news wake me at once, for there is no time to be lost." Another rule of his was to sleep over a matter of doubt. "Night is a good counsellor."

While his nerves were very irritable, his pulse was slow and regular. He declared that he had never felt his heart beat. Medicine he detested and would not take. When ill, he left off food, drank barley water and took violent exercise. He could not bear the least tightness in his clothing. His garments were of the softest, finest material, and cut loose.

His hats were padded, his boots lined with silk, and both hats and boots were "broken" for him before he wore them. His favorite trousers were white cassimere, and a habit he had of wiping his pen on his breeches made a new pair necessary every morning. His taking of snuff consisted merely in smelling it. He used tobacco in no other form.

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EXTREMELY careful in business matters, he was disorderly in some personal details. In undress he flung his clothes all about the room, and sometimes broke his watch in this way. Newspapers and books which he had been reading were scattered around in confusion. In shaving, he would never allow both sides of his face to be lathered at the same time; one cheek was finished before the other was touched. He had a habit of poking the fire with his foot, and burned out many a pair of boots in so doing. Excessively fond of the hot water bath, he opened letters, read newspapers and received callers while splashing around in the tub. On leaving the bath, his valet rubbed him down, using the flesh brush and coarse cloths, and then dressed him.

The most self-helpful of men in matters of importance, he was one of the least so in this. He depended upon servants for almost everything connected with the care of his person. "Rub me hard! Scrub me as though I were an ass!" he would call to his valet, while he stood almost naked and with a red bandanna handkerchief knotted about his head.

He loved cologne-water and drenched himself with quantities of it. One of the privations he keenly felt at St. Helena was the lack of cologne. Other perfumes he detested, and Constant relates a curious incident of Napoleon calling to him one night to take out of his room a certain young lady who had been brought there, and who was "killing me with her perfume."

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IN one humor, Napoleon was brusque, coarse, overbearing and pitiless; in another he was caressing, elegantly dignified, imperially generous and gracious. Between these extremes ran the current of his life; hence the varied impressions he made on others. Charles Fox and Lord Holland knew him personally, and they risked political and social influence in England by defending him from the abuse which had become the fashion there.

Almost without exception the men who came into personal relations with him loved him. The rare exceptions are such people as Bourrienne and Remusat, whom Napoleon had to rebuke for ways that were crooked. Even to his valets he was a hero.

In public Napoleon trained himself to that majestic dignity, grace and thoughtfulness which his imposing position required. The Pope did not act his part better at the coronation, nor Alexander at Tilsit. He rarely, if ever, overacted or underacted a public part, but in private there was a difference. In familiar converse he would pace up and down the room, or twitch in his chair, or throw his feet up on the desk, and open his penknife and whittle the chair arm, or sprawl on the floor studying his big maps, or sit down in the lap of his secretary.

With the rough good humor of a soldier he would call his intimates "simpleton," "ninny," or even "fool;" he would pinch their ears, and lightly flick them on the cheek with his open hand. Whereupon his oversensitive biographers have unanimously shuddered and exclaimed, "See what a vulgar creature this Napoleon was!"

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IN his personal habits he was neat to the point of being fastidious. If he ever wasted any time at all, it was the hours he spent in the bath. Simple in his dress and in his tastes, no gentleman was ever more scrupulously clean. Generally he wore the uniform of a colonel of his guard; and his plain gray overcoat, and plain little hat with its cheap tricolor cockade, formed a vivid contrast to the gaudy dress of foreign diplomats, or of his own officers.

He pretended that anger with him never reached his head; that he had his passions under perfect control. This was all nonsense. His temper frequently burst all bounds, and for the moment he was as insane as other men in a passion. Madame Junot state:

that when he fell into one of these fits of anger he was frightful.

Upon at least one occasion of this kind he kicked the dinner table over and smashed the crockery; at another he put his foot, in a violent and tumultuous manner, against the belly of Senator Volney.

It is said that he threatened Berthier once with the tongs, and Admiral Bruix with his riding whip. On the road to Moscow he rode furiously into the midst of some pillaging soldiers, striking them right and left with his whip, and knocking them down with his horse.

But these occasions were rare. His control of himself was almost incredible, and he learned to endure the most startling and calamitous events without a word or a change of expression.

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IF you would see far, far into the heart of Napoleon, study his relations with Junot. Not much brain had this Junot, not much steadiness of character, but he was as brave as a mad bull, and he had shared his purse with Napoleon in the old days of poverty and gloom. More than this, he had believed in Napoleon at a time when Napoleon himself had well-nigh lost heart.

So it came to pass that Junot was the beloved of the chief, and remained so in spite of grievous faults and sins. Junot gambled, and Napoleon abhorred gaming; Junot drank to excess, and Napoleon detested drunkards; Junot was a rowdy, and Napoleon shrank from rowdyism; Napoleon loved order, and Junot was most disorderly; Napoleon loved a strict relation betweeen income and outgo, and Junot was a marvel of extravagant prodigality. Napoleon loved success, and Junot brought failure upon him where it hurt dreadfully—in Portugal, in Russia.

Yet through it all Napoleon never flagged in his indulgence to Junot. He made the hot-headed grenadier Governor of Paris, Duke of Abrantes, lapping him in honors and wealth. Sometimes Junot would be angry at his chief, and Napoleon would coax him back to good humor, as a father would a child. Sometimes Junot would run to Napoleon with his griefs; and the busiest man in the world would drop everything, take his suffering friend by the arm, walk him up and down some quiet room or corridor, soothing him with soft words, with caresses.

At last there did come something like a rupture between these two—and why? Junot had brought scandal on Napoleon's sister while the brother was off with his army in Germany. "To bring shame upon my sister—you, Junot!" and the great Emperor fell into a chair, overcome with grief.

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IN his rude horse-play Napoleon taught his gazelle to chase the ladies of the court, and when the animal caught and tore a dress, or caught and pinched a leg, his delight was precisely that of the mischievous, slightly malicious boy. In playing barriers he cheated, as he did at all games, and violated all the rules. When

NAPOLEON.
From a portrait by Lassale.

In the evening he loved to have the room darkened while he threw the ladies into a gentle state of terror with a ghost story.

Napoleon's penetration in some directions was wonderfully keen; in others remarkably dull. For instance, it was almost impossible to deceive him in matters of account, the number of men in a mass, or the plan of battle of a foe.

He would converse with an engineer in reference to a bridge he had been sent to build and which Napoleon supposed he had built; after a few words he would turn away and say to the prefect, "That man did not build the bridge—who did it?" The truth would come out; an obscure genius had planned the work and Napoleon would say to this genius, obscure no more, "Come up higher."

He could scan a list of political prisoners, pounce upon the name of a surgeon, decide at a flash that this man could not be a fanatic. "Bring him to trial, order him to be shot, and he will confess." And it so happened.

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BUT it is marvellous that Napoleon, who revolutionized the strategy of war, improved nothing, invented nothing, in the instruments of warfare. A Prussian offered to him the original of the needle-gun, and he totally failed to grasp the terrible effectiveness of the weapon. True, he experimented with it, ordering that specimens should be made and shown him.

But when his armories turned out clumsy models, as at first they were almost sure to do, he seemingly lost interest. The Prussian carried his invention to Germany; and the Austrians and French of a later day melted like snow before this new and fearful gun.

When Fulton came to France with his steamboat discovery, offering a means by which Napoleon might have destroyed with ease England's all-powerful navy, his invention was not appreciated. True, Napoleon gave him encouragement and money, and urged the wise men of the Institute to look into the thing; but Napoleon himself did not "take hold."

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DURING all of his campaigns prior to 1812 Napoleon gave personal attention to everything; no detail was neglected. He saw with his own eyes, taking nothing for granted, nothing on trust. As far as possible he followed up his orders, seeing to it that they were executed.

Thus on the night before Jena he risked his life and came near being shot reconnoitring the Prussian position, and after he had selected positions for his batteries and marked out the path up which the guns were to be drawn to the heights, he could not rest until he had gone in person and seen how his orders were being executed.

It was fortunate that he did so. The foremost cannon carriage had got jammed between the rocks of the passage and had blocked the way of all the others. The whole battery was at a halt, and

Thomas E. Watson's Estimate of Napoleon.

WITH a grand requiem chant, the funeral ends; but the silent procession of mourners coming in endless lines to view the coffin lasts more than a week, bringing people from all parts of France, from Belgium, and from other lands.

Nor has that procession ended yet. Around the great man, lying there in his splendid tomb, with his marshals near him and the battle-flags he made famous drooping about him, still flows the homage of the world. The steps of those who travel, like the thoughts of those who are students of human affairs, turn from the four quarters of the earth to the tomb of this mightiest of men.

His impress lies upon France forever, in her laws, her institutions, her individual and national life; but his empire does not stop with France—is cramped by no "natural limits" of Rhine and Alps and Pyrenees.

By force of genius and of character, by superior fitness to do great things, he was the chief usurper of his time. He is the usurper yet, and for the same reasons. He did the work kings ought to have done—doing it in spite of the kings. He does it yet, in spite of the kings.

His hand, as organizer of the Revolution, which was greater even than he, is at the loom where the life-garments of nations are woven. Listen to this voice, coming out of Italy: "Within the space of ten years we had made (under Napoleon)) more progress than our ancestors had done in three centuries. We had acquired the French civil, criminal and commercial codes; we had abolished the feudal system, and justice was administered with improved methods."

So wrote General Pepe; and what he said of Italy was equally true of every other portion of Continental Europe which had come under the imperial sway. It was this work Napoleon was doing from the very first day he grasped the reins of power; it was this work the allied kings dreaded; it was this work they meant to stop.

In that he strove for himself and his dynasty, Napoleon failed miserably, for to that extent he betrayed his trust, was false to his mission, wandered from the road. But so far as his toil was for others, for correct principles, for better laws, better conditions, productive of happier homes and better men and women, he did not fail.

No Leipsic or Waterloo could destroy what was best in his career; no William Pitt could pile up sufficient gold to bribe into the field kings strong enough to chain peoples as they had once been chained. In vain was Metternich's Holy Alliance, his armed resistance to liberal ideas; his savage laws, his inhuman dragoonings—the immortal could not be made to die.

nothing being done to forward the guns. Angry as he was, Napoleon at once took command, ordered up the sappers, held a lantern while they were at work and showed them how to widen the road. Not until the first gun had passed through did he leave the place. The failure to look after such things was one cause of the disasters of his later years.

He spared himself no fatigue in war. Sensitive to cold, to evil smells, to ugly scenes, to physical discomfort of all sorts; the Sybarite of the palace became the Spartan on the campaign. He could stand as much cold, or heat, or hunger, or thirst, camp hardships and camp nastiness as any private.

He could stay in the saddle day and night, could march on foot by the hour in snow or mud, could stand the storms of rain, sleet and wind, made no complaint of filthy beds and disgusting surroundings, and could eat a soldier's bread out of the knapsack with all of a soldier's relish.

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IN later years he carried his habits of luxury to the army, and with them came defeats. The general who in Italy could have taken all his baggage in a cart was followed in 1812 by a train of seventy wagons. He went to war then like Louis XIV., and the luck of Louis XIV. overtook him.

On the field of battle his aspect was one of perfect composure. No turn of the tide broke through his absolute self-control.

At Marengo, when the great plain was covered with the flying fragments of his army, and fugitives were crying: "All is lost! Save himself who can!" he was as calm as at a review. Berthier galloping up with more bad news, Napoleon rebuked him with, "You do not tell me that with sufficient coolness." When Desaix arrived, Napoleon took all the time that was necessary to make proper dispositions for the attack, exhibiting not the slightest nervousness under the galling Austrian fire.

In the retreat from Russia he was stoically serene, save on the rarest occasions. Only a few intimates knew how much, in private, he gave way to his immense burden of care, of grief, of impotent rage. To the army he appeared as cold, as hard, as unyielding as granite. When a general brought him some unusually appalling news, Napoleon turned away as though he did not wish to hear. The officer persisted; Napoleon asked, "Why do you wish to disturb my equanimity?"

If his fatigues had been excessive in the preparation for battle, and his dispositons had been made, and all was going as he had foreseen, he could slumber restfully while the combat raged. Thus at Jena, Segur speaks of Napoleon asleep on the ground where his great map was unrolled—asleep with the grenadiers standing in hollow square about him.

He was unbent, when he was at Malmaison, he could take a joke as well as any.

One very rough piece of horse-play he took a good deal more placidly than many a private citizen would have done. Passing through a gallery at Malmaison, he stopped to examine some engravings which were lying upon a table. Young Isabey happening to come into the gallery behind Napoleon, and seeing the back of the stooping figure, took it to be Eugene Beauharnais. Slipping up softly, Isabey gave a jump, and leaped upon Napoleon's shoulders, astraddle of his neck. Napoleon recovered from the shock, threw Isabey to the ground, asking, "What does this mean?"

"I thought it was Eugene," cried Isabey.

"Well, suppose it was Eugene—must you needs break his shoulder bones?" Without further rebuke Napoleon walked out of the gallery. Through the folly of Isabey, the secret leaked out, and there was just enough of the ludicrous about it to embarrass both the actors, and Isabey went to play leap-frog elsewhere.

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FOR facts, events, his memory was prodigious; for names and dates it was not good. Sometimes he would ask the same man about court three or four different times what his name was. In his later years his memory became very fickle, and he was known to forget having given the most important orders. He could not remember a charge he ordered Segur to make in Spain; nor could he recall that he had ordered the charge of the heavy cavalry at Waterloo.

Noted at school for his skill in mathematics, and using that science constantly in his military operations, it is said that he could rarely add up a column of figures correctly.

He could not spell, nor could he write grammatically; and he took no pains to learn. A busy man, according to his idea, had no time to waste on such matters.

He loved music, especially Italian music; was fond of poetry of the higher sort, and appreciated painting, sculpture and architecture. He loved the beauty and quietude of such country places as Malmaison, never wearied of adding to their attractions, and was happy when free from business, and taking a solitary stroll along garden walks amid flowers and under the shade of trees.

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HE compared his mind to a chest of drawers, where each subject occupied its separate space. In turn he opened each drawer. No one subject ever got mixed with another. When all the drawers were shut, he fell asleep. Of course this was not literally true, but during his best years it came as near being literally true as is possible to the human brain.

After the day's work was done, he would enter into the amusements of his domestic circle, would play and dance with the young people, would read or listen to music, or would entertain the circle by telling some romantic story which he composed as he talked.

WHERE his plans were not involved, he frequently manifested the human virtues in their highest form; where those plans were involved, he practised all the vices without scruple or pity. Naturally he was humane, charitable, kind, indulgent, sympathetic, generous; if policy required it, he became as hard as steel. He left no debt of gratitude unpaid; ignored none of the claims, however slight, of kindred and old association.

See how he behaves toward Madame Permon, how tolerant he is of that intolerable woman, how he forgets her snubs, how he forgives her a public insult, how he follows her with respectful consideration all the days of her life—and why? She had been kind to him when he was a poor boy, had nursed his father on the deathbed. "It is a devil of a temper, but a noble heart;" and the noble heart makes him forget the devil of a temper.

He gave place and pension to early sweetheart, to boyhood friends, to schoolmates, to teachers. The son and daughter of General Marbeuf found him delighted to serve them in remembrance of their father. The widow of the Duke of Orleans who had chanced to be the giver of a prize to him at Brienne, and who had forgotten all about it, was happily surprised to find that he had remembered.

He restored her confiscated pension, and gave a relative of hers a place in the Senate. To the daughter of Madame de Brienne he proved himself a vigilant guardian. So the record runs throughout his life, and his last will is little more than a monument of gratitude to those who had at any time done him a service.

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HE was not free from superstition. What people called "omens" made an impression upon him. He sometimes made the sign of the cross, as though to ward off impending evil. When in Italy, the glass over Josephine's portrait was broken. Marmont says that he turned frightfully pale, and exclaimed that his wife was either dead or unfaithful.

He was a man of insatiable curiosity. He wished to know everything, and to have a hand in everything. His police infested every nook and corner, and over his police he set spies, and over the spies he set the informer. Thus he had two or three systems going at the same time. He not only sought to know all about public affairs, but private matters also.

He delighted in gossip and scandal, hugely enjoying his ability to twit some man or some woman with an amour which he had discovered. Theatre talk, street talk, drawing room talk, were reported to him regularly. Copying the Bourbon example, he opened private letters to ascertain what correspondents were saying to each other.

He allowed no freedom of the press, and no real freedom of speech. Journals which showed the least independence he suppressed. Authors, actors, orators, who ventured upon forbidden ground felt the curb at once.

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HIS temper was despotic; he could not brook opposition, nor tolerate independence. Hence he banished Madame de Stael, suppressed the tribunate which had the power of debate, and frowned upon voluntary movements of all kinds, whether clubs or schools.

His treatment of Toussaint was atrocious, filling the honest biographer with anger, disgust and shame; but, after all, Toussaint was a rebel, and the way of the rebel is hard. In his own eyes the insurgent, striving for national independence, is a hero; in the eyes of the world he is an incendiary, unless he whips his master and becomes free.

From the grave of Robert Emmett, Ireland can speak of England's treatment of rebels; from Cuba comes a voice choked with blood, which vainly tries to do justice to Spain's treatment of the rebel, and from Siberia, Hungary, Poland, Finland, Hindustan, Crete, Italy, South Africa, come awful reminders of the well-known fact—the way of the rebel is hard.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, regarded as a rebel, was cast into prison; Jefferson Davis, regarded as a rebel, was cast into prison; Davis, the white man, was put in irons and came near dying; Toussaint, the black man, was ironed, and died. In each case the motive was the same—to degrade and to punish an alleged rebel.

Great has been the outcry made by the literary Scribes and Pharisees against Napoleon because of his cruelty to the hero of St. Domingo and to Andreas Hofer, the hero of the Tyrol; until these indignant people indict also the kings and cabinets who have slain their hundreds where Napoleon slew his dozens, we cannot feel much sympathy for the prosecution.

Relentlessly selfish in the pursuit of power, it will be admitted by those who impartially study his career that he used his power, not for personal and selfish pleasures, but for the future welfare of the peoples over whose destinies he presided. The laborious manner in which he worked out the revolutionary principle of lifting the despised Jew into full citizenship will always be a striking illustration of the liberality of his statesmanship.

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HE loved to tour the country, to see with his own eyes, to hear with his own ears. He loved to meet the people face to face, to talk with them familiarly, to get at the real facts about everything. The man never lived who had such a passion for making

things better. Harbors must be widened, deepened, made more secure.

Trade routes must be improved, rivers linked to rivers, or rivers connected with seas. Mountains must be conquered by broad, easy-grade roads, and villages must be planted along the route for the convenience of the traveller.

He tore out old buildings to make way for new ones—larger, better, grander. Crooked streets—narrow, nasty, the homes of squalor, of crime and of pestilence—he replaced by broad avenues and handsome buildings. Churches, schools, town halls, arsenals, dockyards, canals, highways, bridges, fortifications, manufactories, harbor works, new industries, sprang up at his touch throughout the realms he ruled. Had he never been known as a warrior, his work as administrator and as a legislator would have made his name immortal. Had he never been heard of as a legislator, his work in Europe as a developer of material resources would have made it impossible for the world to forget him.

He rid Paris of the periodical nuisance of the Seine overflow, and along the river ran his magnificent embankments. At St. Helena he expressed a wonder that the Thames had never been thus controlled, and England afterward embanked her river as the great Emperor suggested.

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HIS natural instinct was to make improvements. The first thing he did in Spain was to establish free trade between her provinces, abolish feudal burdens, suppress one-third of the monasteries where "those lazy beasts of monks" lived in idleness at public expense, and to give the people the right to be heard in fixing taxes and making laws. The first thing the Bourbons did, on their return, was to restore all the abuses Napoleon had abolished.

In Italy, the first thing he did, after overturning the temporal power of the Pope, was to suppress the papal monopolies by which the Albani family had the sole right to manufacture pins, Andrea Novelli the exclusive privilege of selling oil for lamps, Alexandro Betti the monopoly of ferry boats, and so forth. To these benighted Romans he gave the Code Napoleon, trial by jury, home rule in local affairs, equality before the law and relief from all feudal abuses.

The first thing the Pope did when in 1814 he was restored to temporal power was to abolish all things Napoleonic, and to re-establish the hateful monopolies, feudal burdens and papal customs.

In Egypt he projected the mighty work of adding millions of acres to the cultivable area by the construction of vast storage basins on the Nile. England has but recently carried to successful completion the magnificent plan he suggested.

In Milan he finished the gorgeous cathedral which had been commenced hundreds of years before. To stagnant, pestilential Venice he gave new life, dredging her lagoons, decreeing a Grand Canal, deepening her harbor, overhauling her sanitary system—spending $1,000,000 during his one visit. And the story is the same for almost every portion of the huge empire.

Bad? Lord Wolseley says he was not only bad, but "superlatively" so. Perhaps he was; but here is one publican and sinner who dares to say that were the good men to work half as hard as Napoleon did to improve the condition of this world, its moral and material situation would more nearly approximate the imagined perfection of that heavenly abode in whose behalf this poor planet and its poor humanity are so often neglected.

* "NAPOLEON." A Sketch of His Life, Character, Struggles and Achievements. By Thomas E. Watson. The Macmillan Co.

James Whitcomb Riley. The People's Poet and His Work.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

TO have written that which has appealed to the hearts of the common people as well as to those in the higher walks of life is worth much. To James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier poet," has been given this pleasure and distinction. He has had his largest and most appreciative audience among the rank and file of his countrymen. And yet he has not lacked readers and admirers among those in the higher walks of life and those of the highest intellectual attainments.

Very few writers have attained the high degree of success attained by James Whitcomb Riley without any special experience or training for literary work.

He was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in the year 1852. His father was an attorney who traveled about the country taking his boy with him on many of his journeys when other boys of his age were in school.

In this way the boy acquired a roving disposition and soon became restless when compelled to remain long in one place. His after life gave proof of the fact that the boy was alert in his journeyings and that his youthful mind received impressions that were of value to him in the literary career he chose when his wandering was done.

When he was yet in his teens young Riley left school to adopt the nomadic career of a wandering sign writer, and later on he became connected with a strolling theatrical company for which he wrote songs and re-cast plays beside appearing in the various dramas and farces given by the company in the small western towns.

It was about the year 1875 when Riley began to contribute poems in western dialect to the local papers.

These early efforts found many admirers and were widely copied and led to the young poet becoming regularly connected with the Indianapolis Journal. Many of his best poems have appeared in this paper and his reputation has been made while writing for the great popular audience the newspaper gives its contributors.

Few authors can read their own compositions as Mr. Riley reads his, and no one can give some of his poems as he gives them. His delivery of some of them is so delightfully natural and unaffected, so far removed from the manner of the average "elocutionist," and so irresistibly funny that he never fails to please his audience. He is never more pleasing than as an after dinner entertainer. The writer will never forget Riley's rendition of his uproariously funny prose sketch entitled "An Object Lesson."

It was at a little dinner at the Parker House in Boston after Riley had read to an audience completely filling Tremont Temple. On this occasion and at a reception given in his honor Riley said that his favorite poem was one of but three stanzas by an unknown author. He preferred reciting it to reciting any of his own poems and I remember that the first verse was as follows:

"He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song:
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
We often supped on dewberries,
And slept upon the hay,
And oft at eve the farmers' wives
Came out to hear us play
The dear old songs, the sweet old songs,
We could not want for long
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love song."

The moral of the poem is that young people who wait to accumulate wealth before marrying are unwise, for the last lines are—

"They who wait for houses and lands,
For riches and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere
And love and beauty tine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin
And I my song, my dear."

While it is undoubtedly his dialect poems that have made James Whitcomb Riley's reputation, many of his other poems strike a high note and have the ring of the true poet. Exquisite in its tenderness and pathos is the little poem entitled "Away" and beginning with the couplet—

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away!"

His poems "Knee-deep in June," "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Jim" and "Little Orphan Anny" are among the Hoosier poet's best dialect poems. One has only to read them to understand the secret of James Whitcomb Riley's large audiences and the hold he has on the affections of so many of his readers.

ROMANTIC RISE OF TOLSTOI

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The following curious story of the Tolstoi family is retailed in one of the society papers: The founder of this family was, in Peter the Great's time, a simple doorkeeper before the apartments of the Emperor. One day as he was standing at his post a nobleman approached and asked to be admitted. The doorkeeper, however, refused to let him in, declaring that the Emperor had given positive orders that no one that afternoon was to be admitted to his presence.

"But," said the noble, "I am the Prince ——."

"Still, I cannot admit you, sir," said the doorkeeper.

Exasperated, the nobleman struck the doorkeeper across the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, your Highness," said the other; "but, nevertheless, I cannot let you in."

The tumult had been overheard by the Emperor. He now opened the door and asked what the trouble was. The noble told him. He listened in silence, and then he said: "You, Tolstoi, were struck by this gentleman for obeying my orders. Here, take my stick and strike him back."

"But, your Majesty," exclaimed the noble, "this man is a common soldier."

"Then I make him a captain," said the Emperor.

"But I am an officer of your Majesty's household."

"I make him a colonel of my life guards."

"My rank, as your Majesty knows, is that of a general," protested the nobleman.

"Then I make him a general, too, and thus the beating you are to get will come from a man of your own rank."

The noble then took his punishment philosophically. As for the young soldier, he was next day commissioned a general, and made a count. From him the present family of the Tolstois is said to be descended.

1902

PAUL L. FORD SHOT.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

NOVELIST ALMOST INSTANTLY KILLED BY HIS BROTHER, MALCOLM, WHO THEN SHOT HIMSELF DEAD—FRATRICIDE HAD ASKED THE AUTHOR FOR MONEY.

PAUL L. FORD, THE MAN.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 23, 1865.

Father, the late Gordon L. Ford, publisher of the New York Tribune during Greeley's day.

On his mother's side a direct descendant of Gov. Bradford of the Plymouth Colony, great-grandson of Noah Webster.

His nursery, primary school and college were the four walls of his father's library.

His characterictics, love of books, and particularly old manuscripts; a spirit of restlessness during his work; his power to work upon a number of widely differing literary productions at the same time.

Brilliant in conversation, more so in controversy; witty, polished, ironical.

By no means a poseur, and yet one who impressed through individuality.

Married Sept. 18, 1900, to Grace Kidder of Brooklyn, N. Y.

New York, May 8.—Paul Leicester Ford, the novelist, was shot and killed today by his brother, Malcolm Webster Ford, writer and athlete, who immediately sent a bullet into his own breast, dying instantly. The shooting occurred at 10.20 A. M. in the handsome new mansion which Paul Leicester Ford had built at 37 East Seventy-Seventh Street, and had occupied for about a year.

At the time of the shooting there were in the house, besides the two brothers, Mrs. Paul Leicester Ford, Miss Elizabeth R. Hall, the novelist's secretary, and the servants.

The novelist was sitting at his desk in one corner of his library, a large, attractively appointed room at the back of the house on the second floor. It is supposed he was busily engaged at some literary task. Miss Hall was at her desk in another corner of the room, about 30 feet from Mr. Ford.

Mrs. Paul Leicester Ford was in her own room at the front of the house on the third floor.

Called to Her as He Fired.

Malcolm W. Ford called, as he often had done, and went to his brother at his desk. Words were exchanged in a tone so low that Miss Hall could not hear what was said, though she says that possibly she might have distinguished the words if she had been paying any attention to this particular meeting of the brothers. Suddenly there was a revolver shot and Miss Hall, jumping up, darted from the room. Then, according to the statements of the police, Miss Hall said to herself that she must act more bravely and re-enter the library.

Meanwhile Malcolm Ford had called her. As she turned toward him, he placed his revolver to his heart, fired and fell, dying instantly.

Died in Twenty Minutes.

When Miss Hall turned to look at Paul he still was standing at his desk, but rapidly losing strength. She helped him to a sofa, and then ran next door for Mr. Paul Ford's physician, Dr. Emanuel Baruch. In less than five minutes Dr. Baruch arrived, and the dying man, still conscious, was carried to a room beside his wife's and placed on his bed.

He spoke to his wife and asked the doctor for his opinion, showing that he expected death and was going to meet it calmly and bravely. A few moments later, about 20 minutes after he was shot, Mr. Ford died.

Wounds Almost Identical.

The bullet which killed Paul Leicester Ford just grazed the top of his heart and passed through a large artery ascending from it.

The bullet which killed Malcolm Ford was fired with the same accuracy of aim, for it made a wound scarcely an inch lower than the one which killed his brother. In fact the wounds were almost identical.

Just what disposition of Malcolm Ford's body was made, immediately after the shooting, could not be ascertained, but it appears from the statement of certain persons acquainted with the details of the tragedy, that the body lay where it fell, on a rug in the library for some time, possibly several hours, so great was the excitement in the house. In fact the murder and suicide were not known to the Coroner until about 2.30 P. M., and not to the police until 4.25 P. M.

Dr. Baruch said that the time between 10.20 A. M. and 2.30 P. M. passed so rapidly that no one in the house realized it. Much of the time was occupied in trying to telephone to the father of Mrs. Paul Leicester Ford, Edward H. Kidder of Brooklyn, who was the first person to arrive, after the physician.

Refusal of Money the Cause.

Mr. Kidder refused to make any statement in regard to the shooting

except a brief memorandum which was given to the police. In this it was said that the cause of the shooting could only be surmised. Information from other sources makes it appear that Malcolm Ford called to get money from his brother, and meeting with a refusal, shot him. Dr. Baruch said that the murder was a result of temporary mental aberration on the part of Malcolm Ford, due to nervous exhaustion.

Malcolm Disinherited.

It is said that there was enmity between the two brothers, and consequent bitterness, and that it was of 11 years standing; that never since the death of their father have they been on intimate or brotherly terms. This alleged enmity on the part of Malcolm is said to have been brought about by the fact that the father of the boys disinherited Malcolm and that this action on the father's part was because he did no wish Malcolm to devote himself to an athletic career.

Sues His Relatives.

Mr. Ford, the elder, left a will in which he made no mention whatever of Malcolm, but divided his large estate in equal parts among his six other children. Malcolm did not contest the will and it was admitted to probate shortly after his father's death. He told his friends at the time, however, that an agreement had been entered into between him and his brothers and sisters by which they had promised to share with him their father's estate.

In May, 1891, Malcolm Ford brought suit against his brothers and sisters in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn to compel them to live up to the alleged agreement. The case was heard in the special term before Justice Gaynor. The alleged agreement was a verbal one, and as Malcolm Ford was unable to adduce proof of it, the Court decided against him.

When Malcolm was caleld to the stand to testify in his own behalf he said that shortly after his father's death his brother Paul had spoken to him about the will of his father and said: "I think you are left out of the will, but we will take care of you as long as you do not make any trouble. There is no disgrace in it for you, for both Washington and Catherine were left out of a former will."

Father Gave His Life for Him.

Paul Ford was called to the stand, and when under cross-examination testified that there was a sentiment among the brothers and sisters that Malcolm should have a share of the estate of his father if his future life was such that he would command respect. Paul Ford explained that he meant by this that his brother should give up all athletic sports. After testifying that his father had died from typhoid fever he said:

"I do not see why Malcolm should get any of the estate, as my father laid down his life to save Malcolm. He gave a worthy life to save an unworthy life."

Paul Ford denied that he had entered into an agreement to share the estate with Malcolm, and said that the sentiment to share the estate provided Malcolm gave up athletics originated with his mother, who has since died.

Police Captain Brown said tonight that Malcolm W. Ford had for some time been causing much uneasiness to the family through evidences of an unbalanced mind, and declares that in his opinion he attacked his brother during a period of temporary insanity, then taking his own life.

"The case of Malcolm Ford's action," said Capt. Brown, "can be explained by inference. For some time past his financial affairs have been pressing him, and he has repeatedly asked and received material assistance from his brother. It is presumed that his importuning had been such and his demands so excessive that his brother had been forced to refuse further aid."

Paul Leicester Ford's father, Gordon Lester Ford of Brooklyn, died 11 years ago, and left an estate of some $2,000,000, divided between his children, with the exception of Malcolm W., who was disinherited by the will.

To Be Buried Together.

It was decided tonight at a family council that the two brothers should be buried together. The funeral will be held Saturday morning from the residence. Tonight the bodies were laid out together in adjoining rooms of the house.

Malcolm Ford leaves a son of about seven years.

It was said tonight at the apartment house in which Malcolm lived that he had talked frequently of late of being in financial difficulties and that things were "going wrong down town."

Business Failure.

There it was known that he was the editor of the "New Centaur," a monthly devoted to the interests of the automobile, and published by the New Centaur Publishing Company. It could not be learned whether or not Malcolm had any financial interest in the publication. On Tuesday the company failed and a Receiver was appointed.

The failure of the company would explain to an extent Malcolm Ford's pressing need for funds and would tend to corroborate the presumption of Miss Hall when she said she presumed that the conversation between the two brothers just before the shooting was concerning money matters and that Malcolm had again asked for financial aid.

The Brother Summoned.

Soon after the tragedy a telegram was sent to Worthington C. Ford, who is connected with the Boston Public Library, but up to midnight he had not arrived here.

HIS LIFE STORY.

Paul Leicester Ford as Author, Biographer and Man—The True Romance of an "Untold Love."

PAUL L. FORD'S WRITINGS.

FICTION.

"The Honorable Peter Stirling."
"The Great K. and A. Train Robbery."
"The Story of an Untold Love."
"A Collection of Short Stories."
"Janice Meredith."
A Work Not as Yet Published.

HISTORICAL.

His first work, a "Webster Genealogy," in 1876, when a boy of 11.

"Websteriana" in 1885, and "Bibliotheca Chauciana" in 1887.

Many books and pamphlets of a historic-biographical nature in 1888-89, including a comprehensive series upon Benjamin Franklin, his life and works.

In 1892, "The Writings of Thomas Jefferson," "Essays on the Constitution," and "Writings of Columbus."

"The True George Washington," "The Many-Sided Franklin," "The New England Primer," with explanatory material, between 1896 and 1900.

WRITER OF MANY BOOKS.

Few of the younger American writers achieved so much of fine quality and permanent value in a few years of rapid yet thorough work as did the author of "The Hon. Peter Stirling" and "Janice Meredith," Paul Leicester Ford.

Although Mr. Ford's fame has been fixed now for some years, and his publications—ranging from history to bibliography, and from political economy to historical fiction—are notable in number as well as quality—he was a young man, for he was born in Brooklyn, March 23, 1865.

He was the youngest son of the late Gordon L. Ford, for many years the publisher of the New York Tribune during Greeley's day, a successful lawyer and a man of affairs, a scholarly student of American history, a lover of books, and a collector of one of the largest and most remarkable libraries in America. On his mother's side Mr. Ford came in direct line from Gov. Bradford of the Plymouth Colony, is a great-great-great-grandson of President Charles Chauncey of Harvard College, great-grandson of Noah Webster, and grandson of Professor Fowler of Amherst. His brother, Worthington Chauncey Ford, is the statistician and publicist, equally distinguished in his professional work, whom, when politics thrust him from Government service at Washington several years ago, Boston was fortunate and shrewd enough to secure for its Public Library.

His Early Education.

A delicate boy and youth, Paul Leicester Ford received no regular education in school or college, acquiring his learning through private teachers, and under the direction of his cultivated parents in his father's library. But this was an exceptional training, in a bookish atmosphere, and its effectiveness was demonstrated by the production of good historical work when he was yet in his teens.

While yet a child he learned [illegible]

ting. Researches in American historiography, stimulated by his father, constituted his earliest literary work. Subsequently the father and the two sons formed the "Historical Printing Club," which issued a number of books and pamphlets relating to American history and bibliography.

His First Publication.

Mr. Ford's first publication was Noah Webster's "Webster Genealogy," with his own notes and corrections. That was in 1876, when he was a boy of eleven. Then followed a long list of historical and biographical pamphlets and belles lettres.

In 1892 were edited "Essays on the Constitution of the United States, Published 1787—88;" and "Writings of Columbus Descriptive of the Discovery and Occupation of the New World." In 1896 appeared his striking pamphlet, "The True George Washington;" the next year his little history of "The New England Primer," with reprint of its earliest known edition and fac-simile illustrations and reproductions; and in 1899 his "Washington and the Theatre," for the Dunlap Society.

His First Fiction.

His first essays in fiction were with short stories, which found his public through the magazines. Then "The Honorable Peter Stirling" was launched, and as this worked its way into wide circulation, the author's fame as a novelist was established. Possibly somewhat of its fame was due to the general belief that it was founded on the life of Grover Cleveland. Afterward came "The Great K. & A. Train Robbery," "The Story of an Untold Love," "A Collection of Short Stories," and next "Janice Meredith." Meanwhile the historical work had been kept up, and while "Janice Meredith" was progressing the author kept a-going his "The Many-Sided Franklin," published serially in the Century, 1898-99.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

Of Mr. Ford's characteristics and methods of work his friend Lindsay Swift, of the Boston Public Library, has given the best and truest estimate. A great organizing capacity, a power of maintained effort, and a willingness to take unstinted trouble, says Mr. Swift, render the large volume of his achievements as acceptable as the small bulk of another's work. When he is hardest at work, "a spirit of restlessness took hold of him," and he "shifted at pleasure from one to another of his several desks or tables" in his great workroom. "I should imagine," Mr. Swift adds, "that the curiosity hunter of the future who might wish to possess the desk at which or the chair on which the author of 'Peter Stirling' sat when he penned that book might comfortably fill a storage warehouse van with his new-found joys." He possessed almost superhuman capacity for work, and often, like many a plodding penman, was at his desk or table far into the night.

"Free, if he so wished, to follow his own devices and to take the joys of life without undue exertion," continues Mr. Swift, "he was wise enough, at an age when most youth sows an unprofitable crop on stony ground, to plant in the fertile furrows which a far-seeing father had sedulously made ready for him. As for education and the discipline of school life, there was for him literally none of it. His nursery, his primary school and his college all may be found within the four walls of his father's library. The books held within the quiet residence in Clark Street, Brooklyn, must be nearer 100,000 than 50,000 in number."

His Methods.

One who did not know Mr. Ford, on entering the room and beholding for the first time the Sierras of books, fronted by foot-hills and drumlins of unfinished work, sale catalogues, letters and other detritus, might well have supposed him to be the most careless of mortals. This would have been to misjudge; for though no one else could fathom his methods, Mr. Ford turned readily to what he wanted, and given the right haystack found his needle with astonishing ease. Like many another man of ability, he did not enslave himself to organization, but used method only in proportion to direct needs.

Regarding one work, since published, he has put himself on record that, having already pushed a long way toward the end and finding that the affair went slowly, of a sudden it was borne in upon him that he was on the wrong track. In a moment he swept 30,000 words of manuscript into his basket and started anew, and with a good heart. A great organizing capacity, a power of maintained effort, and a willingness to take unstinted trouble, render the large volume of his achievements as acceptable as the small bulk of another's work.

The secret of his astonishing capacity for work and production is not far to seek. He was, by nature and by predilection a man of affairs and of business. The accident of life directed his energies toward books and letters. But he was not a literary man, in the sense that he is to be identified with a class, for in the best sense he was of all classes. The between-times were not spent in dreams or vain imaginings, but in almost relentless absorption in some historical or editorial task, requiring fidelity and energy rather than fitful moods.

Cerebrally Mr. Ford was many-sided. He could be busy with a play, a story, a biography, and with editing some historical work during the same interval of time—the real marvel of it all being that, when these came to publication, the world, which is said to know clearly what it wants, accepted the results with apparent satisfaction. The power of driving a quadriga of new books around the popular arena amid no little applause is given to but few writers.

HIS ROMANCE.

The marriage of Paul Leicester Ford and Miss Grace Kidder of Brooklyn, in September, 1900, marked the culmination of as dainty a bit of romance as ever graced the pages of a book.

As children Paul Ford and Grace Kidder were lovers. In all the events of their childish existence these two were together.

In older life they were separated for a time, but as it afterward appeared, the author had not forgotten his childhood sweetheart.

After an extended absence the author went back to Brooklyn as the guest of his sister. While there he met the love of his youthful days. He recognized her at once, but she made no sign and he thought she had forgotten. It could not be wondered at, he doubtless thought; for so many years had gone by and so much had occurred since then.

The bashful author, scarce daring enough to speak his mind, decided to tell of his affection in a book, and accordingly "The Story of an Untold Love" appeared. In many ways this was a counterpart of his own life.

The hero, as a boy, loved his father's pretty young ward. They were separated while still children, and when they met again years later Donald Maitland, struggling to pay his father's debt to her, was unrecognized in his guise of "Dr. Hartzman," a literary man.

An "Untold Love."

He writes as though to her in the form of a journal after she has refused to see the son of the man who robbed her. The embezzlement feature is, of course, for purposes of plot, enabling the hero to win the woman he loved while his love remained "untold."

"There is not a moment of my life that you have shared with me which I cannot recall with a distinctness fairly sunlit," he wrote. "My joys and my sorrows, my triumphs and my failures, have faded one by one from emotions into memories, quickening neither pulse nor thought when they recur to me, while you alone can set both throbbing. * * * I have loved you truly, and whatever I have been in all else, in that one thing, at least, I have been strong. * * *

"You were only a child of seven; (the first meeting of Donald Maitland and Mazie Walton)—to others, I suppose, immature and formless; yet even then your eyes were as large and serious as they are today, and your curling brown hair had already a touch of fire, as if sunshine had crept thereinto, and, liking its abiding place, had lingered lovingly. * * * I loved you from the first." * * *

Their Courtship.

Miss Kidder read the book, and believed. She had seen in the author her lover of years before on the day they were introduced, but, womanlike, she said nothing.

If he felt as he did when they were children together, he would have to make his feelings manifest. Ford did so, and all the rest is public property.

Their courtship was an ideal one. Shortly after they became engaged Mr. Ford wrote "Janice Meredith," with Miss Kidder as the heroine, in part.

Those who know her intimately say that only her beauty has been drawn, her character having none of the willful tendencies of the capricious beauty, Janice.

The blonde of youth has changed into a brunette of maturer years. Ford thus describes her in "Janice Meredith:" "A young girl, with a wealth of darkest brown hair, * * * and a straight, nose, with just a suggestion of a tilt to it, giving the mignon face an expression of pride that the rest of the countenance by no means aided. For the remaining features, the mouth was that of a child, the short upper lip projecting markedly over the nether one, producing not so much a pouty look, as one of innocence; the eyes were brilliant black, or at least were shadowed to look it by the long lashes, and the black eyebrows were slender and delicately arched over a low forehead."

A Delicate Compliment.

He paid her a delicate compliment in the bit of verse, "To Thalia," which appeared in the book as coming from the hero, Brereton.

These lines to her my passion tell,
Describe the empire of her spell;
A love which naught will e'er dispel,
That flames for sweetest Thalia.

The sun that brights the fairest morn,
The stars that gleam in Capricorn,
Do not so much the skies adorn,
As does my lovely Thalia.

The tints with which the rose enchants.
The fragrance which the violet grants
Each doth suggest, but ne'er displants
The charms of dainty Thalia.

To gaze on her is sweet delight;
'Tis heaven whene'er she's in my sight.
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night—
All's dark without my Thalia.

I vow to her by God above,
By hope of life, by depth of love,
That from her side I ne'er will rove,
So much love I my Thalia.

The romance began so many years ago is now completed, but the unexpected ending is filled with tragedy and heartache—the quick, sharp pang of separation that lies behind all human love stories, be they the imaginings of the novelist or the sterner, grimmer realities of life as it must be lived.

A BROTHER IN BOSTON.

Worthington C. Ford Is Statistician at the Public Library.

Worthington C. Ford, a brother of Paul Leicester Ford, is the distinguished statistician and economist at the Boston Public Library, where he has been since his resignation, in 1898, from the position of Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department in Washington.

Early yesterday afternoon Mr. Ford received a telegram from New York saying that his brother, Paul Leicester Ford, had died suddenly and requesting his immediate presence in New York.

The message gave no particulars whatever of his brother's death, and Mr. Ford left Boston in ignorance of the tragedy.

Some little time ago Paul Leicester Ford's physicians had given the family to understand that, while he might live for some years, death might be expected any time at short notice. It thus happened that Worthington C. Ford left the city with no suspicion that his brother's death was due to any other than natural causes.

Worthington C. Ford had been very busy of late, being deeply interested in the meetings of the National Municipal League, which he had attended since their opening in Boston Wednesday.

It is rarely that two brothers are so distinguished as Paul L. Ford and Worthington C. Ford. The fame of the former has, perhaps, carried farther with the general public, but among statisticians and econimists the name of the latter is equally famed.

In 1881 he prepared a revised edition of Wells's "Natural Philosophy," for many years, and even now, a standard text book, and in 1883 he compiled the "American Citizens' Manual," a work of much scope and value. In 1884 appeared his "The Standard Silver Dollar," followed by several other economic essays that won him a high place as a writer on that line.

For a year and a half he was a member of the editorial staff of the New York Herald, and in 1885 he was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department in Washington, which position he held until May, 1898. Mr. Ford then came to Boston to take charge of the Bureau of Statistics and Economics in the Boston Public Library, one of the most important of the bureaus conducted by that institution, and which consists of thousands of books and reports, all carefully arranged and indexed.

Mr. Ford has just been selected by the Merchants' Asociation of New York and Mayor Low to devise a system of bookkeeping for New York city.

THE FRATRICIDE.

Malcolm Ford Was Greatest All-Around Athlete of Modern Times—High Records in Many Contests.

Malcolm W. Ford was undoubtedly the greatest all-round athlete of modern times. He captured the all-round championship of America four times, in 1885, 1886, 1888 and 1889. In 1887 he was barred from competition and "Aleck" Jordan won the honor. The next year Ford defeated Jordan. Among others who were defeated by him in these competitions were "Mike" O'Sullivan and George Gray. He was also international all-round champion, defeating John Purcell of Ireland in a match for that title, in 1885.

His full name was Malcolm Webster Ford. The middle name was handed down from his great grandfather, Noah Webster, the compiler and author of the Webster Dictionary.

CUT OFF WITHOUT A CENT.

Though Malcolm was cut off without a penny by his father's will, he always lived with his mother in the family mansion, till he married, in the autumn of 1892. His wife was Miss Jennie W. Graves, daughter of a rich paper manufacturer.

He was a sturdy, athletic looking man, with light, wavy hair, always combed high on his forehead. He had bright, clear brown eyes and was pale but not delicate looking. He wore a light moustache and had a firm mouth and a strong, determined jaw. He was well set up and was the ideal picture of an athlete, without an ounce of superfluous flesh.

He had turned 40, having been born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1862. All of his people were literary and not at all athletic. His grandfather was a professor at Yale and Amherst.

Ford was inclined to athletics even as a boy, so much so, in fact, that his father took him from school when he was only 15 years old, because of his love and inclination for athletics rather than study.

Achievements Abroad.

In the '80's of the past century he figured in all the big athletic meets of this country and Canada. In 1891 he went to England with the famous Manhattan Athletic Club team and competed in the British championships, tying with Bulger, the great Irish jumper, in the running broad jump. He also competed at Paris on the celebration of Independence Day that year and astonished the Parisians with his hurdling skill. That was before the athletes learned to "selssor" the timbers, and so his performance of 17 1-5, while it does not seem remarkable, was at that time quite a feat.

Excelled as a Jumper.

It was as a jumper, however, that he excelled, and three of the records he established stood for years. His mark of 23 feet 3¼ inches in the running broad jump stood the test for years and years, until Reber of St. Louis came along. His best running hop, step and jump mark, 41 feet 1¾ inches, was also a record for years.

His performance of 34 feet 4½ inches in the three standing broad jumps was broken only recently by Doherty, Boston's athletic policeman; Ray Ewry and Milligan and others. And, though it was made years ago, one record, that in the standing broad jump, still survives. He cleared 10 feet 9¾ inches in this event.

Athletic Director.

Ford was suspended by the Amateur Athletic Association in 1890 for alleged professionalism, but the charges were never proved and on March 10, 1891, he was reinstated. He became a professional when he accepted the position of athletic director for the Manhattan Athletic Club in 1892.

He had a collection of over 250 prizes, consisting of medals, cups and silverware. He won at least one first in every national championship from 1885 to 1890.

He established his running hop, step and jump record at New York in May, 1884, and in the following September made his standing broad jump record. In 1885 he won the national athletic championships at 100 and 220-yard races, and broad jump and running hop, step and jump, and established his three standing jumps record. In 1886, when he was again declared all-round champion, he scored 45 out of a possible 50 points. He made his running broad jump record that year.

He first became prominent as an athlete in 1883, winning the running broad jump with a performance of 21 feet 7½ inches, and the running high jump with 5 feet 8½ inches, at the national amateur athletic championships. In 1884 he won the 100-yard race and the running broad jump at the national championships.

He was on the staff of Turf, Field and Farm for several years, and also on the Outing staff. In 1895 he joined the new Knickerbocker A. C. of New York and started in to train again, but nothing ever came of it. In 1897 he coached the Columbia College athletes.

His Records.

His best performances follow:

100 yards run, 10¼ seconds.
220 yards run, 22 1-5 seconds.
440 yards run, 52 1-5 seconds.
120 yards high hurdles, 17 1-5 seconds.
Standing broad jump, 10 feet 9¾ inches.
Running broad jump, 23 feet 3¼ inches.
Running high jump, 5 feet 11 inches.
Three standing jumps, 34 feet 4½ inches.
Standing hop, step and jump, 29 feet 9½ inches.
Running hop, step and jump, 41 feet 1¾ inches.
Putting the shot, 37 feet 2 inches.
Throwing the hammer, 91 feet 10½ inches.

FISK'S SLAYER DYING.

"NED" STOKES, WHO SHOT NEW YORK'S POPULAR IDOL, AND WAS CONDEMNED TO BE HANGED, JUST ALIVE— ABOUT JOSIE MANSFIELD.

New York, Oct. 17.—Edward S. Stokes, better known as "Ned" Stokes, is dying. Literally he is dying of old age, for in his life there has been crowded so much sorrow and tragedy and strife that the years he has lived do not begin to measure his experience. For nearly 30 years "Ned" Stokes has lived in the shadow of a crime. The face of "Jim" Fisk has always been before him. Since his release from prison in 1877 he has never slept in a dark room, nor has he ever been alone at night. He has had enemies on every hand and most of his time has been spent in fighting.

Somewhere in Europe the woman who made "Ned Stokes a murderer is living in contentment and comfort. The name of Josie Mansfield is seldom heard nowadays, but time was when it was so linked with that of the man who now lies dying that one was not mentioned without the other.

THE NOTORIOUS JIM FISK, JR.

A generation ago by far the most prominent man in New York was James Fisk, Jr., known everywhere as "Jim." He had come out of New England a few years before, and by his audacity and business acumen had accumulated millions. He was a partner of Jay Gould. He was the controlling spirit of the Erie Railway, and the owner of a line of Sound steamers.

He, with Jay Gould and a few others, precipitated the panic that resulted in Black Friday. He was a man utterly without scruple. His saving grace was a sublime egotism that made him enjoyable. None knew better than he his own power.

Josie Mansfield, a born adventuress, met "Jim" Fisk. She was beautiful, but uncouth; she was a "good fellow," just the sort of a woman to appeal to a man of his nature. He had a wife in Boston, but that fact did not deter him from presenting to Josie Mansfield a fine cottage at No. 359 West Twenty-third Street, where he made his home.

Sketch of Stokes.

In Philadelphia, just after the war, there appeared on the business horizon a promising figure in Edward S. Stokes. He was very young, very handsome, a born gambler, and, withal, a money maker of rare ability. He came of the best blood in the Quaker town, and his family connections were of the highest.

The field in Philadelphia was too narrow for young Stokes. He came to New York, looked over the field and calmly went into Wall Street.

With cool head and steady nerve he made his way into the speculative field so steadily that he was not long in attracting the attention of the big men in finance. Among those who came to know him and like him was "Jim" Fisk.

Fisk invited Stokes to the house in West Twenty-third Street, and there the impressionable young Philadelphian met Josie Mansfield. She was 26 years old and in the prime of her beauty. He was younger and a strikingly handsome figure. His hair was jet black, save for a single blotch of white that was most attractive in the eyes of women.

Stokes became a fixture in the house of Josie Mansfield. He was her friend and the friend of her protector. Fisk, blinded by his own egotism, was a long time learning the truth. When he did learn it he took characteristic action.

Fisk's Revenge.

He threw Josie Mansfield overboard with a suddenness that made her gasp. All New York knew of it and all New York wondered what he was going to do with Stokes. Fisk did not leave New York in suspense.

He laid careful plans and ruined Stokes financially. It was his intention to make the handsome young man who had stolen Josie Mansfield from him a beggar. In this design he reckoned little of the power of the woman. She had in her possession piles of letters and telegrams that Fisk had written. In these letters and telegrams were the secrets of financial deals that had made financial history.

When he showed that he intended to exert his power to the utmost in the crushing of Stokes, Josie Mansfield sent him word that it was her intention to give his correspondence to the press for publication. For the first time in his life Fisk was staggered. The publication of those missives would mean not only his ruin, but the ruin of men of millions associated with him in his schemes. He went into court and secured an injunction prohibiting her from making them public.

Then Stokes Shot Him.

Lawsuits followed and the trial of one of them was set for Jan. 4, 1872, in Yeraville Court. The court room was crowded, for Josie Mansfield was to go on the witness stand to tell of her relations with "Jim" Fisk. His lawyers took hold of Josie Mansfield and cross-examined her. Never were more brutal questions put. There was innuendo in every one of them. Even though she did not answer, she left the witness chair a woman more discredited than she had been before.

Among those who heard the torturing cross-examination was "Ned" Stokes. His face was livid when he left the court room and there was a look in his eyes that had never been there before. He went home with Josie Mansfield and what she said to him has never been revealed. Whatever it was it sealed the fate of Jim Fisk.

In the afternoon of the next day Fisk appeared in the Grand Central Hotel. Stokes was there, waiting for him. As Fisk walked up the stairway Stokes stepped out and shot him. Fisk lingered for a time and died.

Sent to Prison.

The feeling against the prisoner was intense, for Fisk had been an idol of the people. As Colonel of the Ninth Regiment his progress down Broadway on parade was an ovation. The people cried for the blood of Stokes, and it looked as though the clamor would be heeded.

On January 6, 1873, Stokes was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Fisk. He secured a new trial and again was convicted. Another trial resulted in a verdict of manslaughter, and Stokes was sentenced to serve four years in Sing Sing.

In the meantime Josie Mansfield had sued the widow of Fisk for $200,000. The audacious suit was thrown out of court and Josie Mansfield went to Europe.

Seven years ago, in London, she married Robert Livingstone Reade, the young son of a New York millionaire. Three years of life with her made him insane.

Made a Recoup.

"Ned" Stokes came out of prison a white-haired man, but his form was erect, his health was good and his energy undiminished.

In course of time "Ned" Stokes met John W. Mackay, the Western millionaire, who advanced him capital. His personality was so winning that he had little difficulty in living down the memory of his crime. He became associated with Cassius Reed in the ownership of the Hoffman House and carried through many deals on his own account. Wealth came to him because he was a natural money maker.

For years past much of the time of "Ned" Stokes has been spent in the offices of lawyers and in courts of law. He has been continually suing somebody or somebody has been suing him.

The Hoffman House is tied up in litigation that appears to be endless, and other deals in which Stokes is interested are in the courts. Nevertheless he is a millionaire.

1.02	4.92	*3.10	10.74	4.30	.....
0.07	0.52	0.11	0.41	0.06	3.03
.....	.....	4.42	7.33	5.78	.....
0.38	4.24	1.60	5.92	4.73	35.58
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	2.20	4.90	8.40	9.20	.....
0.31	6.29	6.47	10.95	9.24	65.87
0.18	2.89	1.84	5.48	4.49	.....
0.38	3.37	2.23	6.25	4.21	34.53
0.22	0.56	1.09	3.74	0.85	16.34
0.91	0.83	T.	1.55	1.00	8.21
5.74	0.81	*1.93	1.36	1.48	.....
10.06	2.30	6.29	4.74	4.13	66.05
6.15	3.15	6.36	3.02	2.25	.....
8.96	3.79	6.02	3.79	3.45	61.14
8.21	1.52	5.05	1.95	2.55	46.78
7.42	3.52	4.19	3.64	2.56	51.93
9.33	2.89	4.89	2.59	2.37	50.28
8.33	1.89	2.69	1.00	2.15	48.25
5.67	4.22	4.25	2.84	2.60	50.02
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
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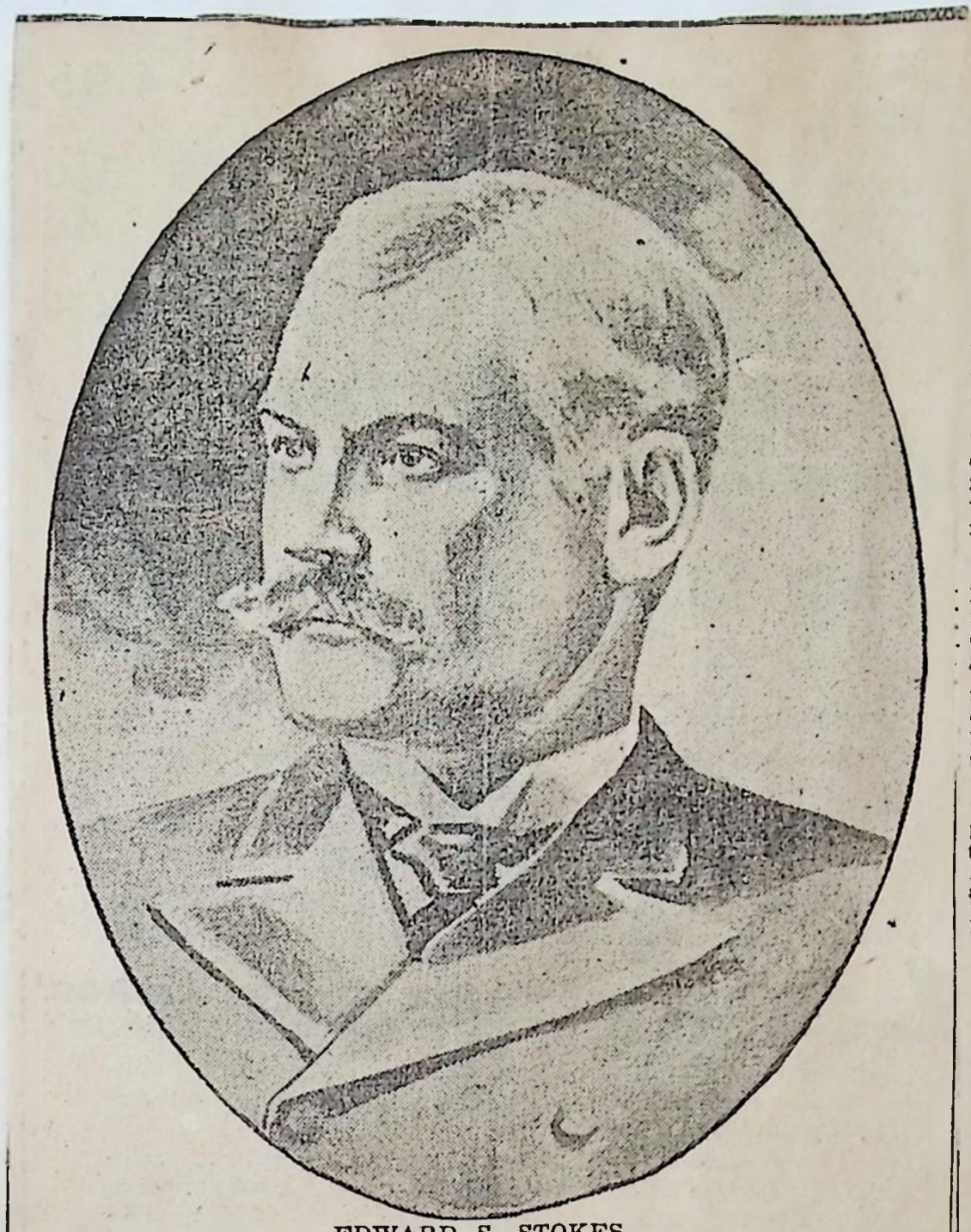
7.73	3.89	4.01	3.03	3.81	55.62



EDWARD S. STOKES.

EDWARD S. STOKES DEAD.

1901

Life of the Slayer of James Fiske Jr Slowly Ebbed Away.

He Had Always Been an Enigma to His Most Intimate Friends—Never Recovered from Physical Shock of Incident That Blighted His Career.

1901

NEW YORK, Nov 2—Edward S. Stokes died this afternoon at the home of his sister, Mrs McNutt.

Succeeding a severe attack, which came while he was traveling in Canada, Stokes had for some time been in failing health. He was low 10 days ago, but rallied, only to sink again. He began failing Friday, his strength slowly ebbing away to the end this afternoon.

Stokes was born in Philadelphia April 27, 1841. He was educated in Pennsylvania and won fame as a sportsman and athlete in his college days. He came to New York in 1860 and organized the firm of Budlong & Stokes, which quickly won attention for its bold, successful operations in the produce exchange. The firm dissolved in 1865 and Stokes began the erection of the Brooklyn oil refinery.

It was while organizing the project that Stokes met Fisk, whom he shot later. Reverses on oil and a fire at his refinery ruined Stokes, but when he emerged from bankruptcy he promptly formed another company and rebuilt the refinery. With Fisk, Jay Gould and the others who operated the Erie railroad he made an agreement as to oil rates that proved highly lucrative.

Edward S. Stokes came of a family of prominence and wealth, and had all the advantages of a first-class education. He was handsome and gentlemanly, attracting attention wherever he went. When he first appeared in New York he was welcomed and admired.

He soon became a man about town, well supplied with money, and with the prestige of an honored and aristocratic name he was a favorite in all circles, especially with women. His personal appearance was so striking that he was known as "the handsomest man in town." This physical attractiveness led to the incident that marred his life, made him a criminal and closed jail doors upon him for having taken a man's life, and drove his young wife and her child into exile.

After his marriage young Stokes made the acquaintance of Josie Mansfield, the mistress of James Fisk Jr, partner of Jay Gould in his Wall-st deals, colonel of the 9th regt, NGSNY, and one of the most prominent figures in the gay world of New York at the time. On this woman Fisk had lavished his wealth. He had bought her a house on 23d st, where he made his headquarters and entertained his friends.

When the refined, well-educated and gentlemanly Stokes appeared on the scene he quickly won the favor of the Mansfield woman, who could not help contrasting him with the coarse, money-grasping Fisk, who still carried the manners he acquired on his pedler's wagon.

Her beauty and grace captivated Stokes, just as they had before turned the heads of older and more staid men, and he almost forsook wife and child for her company. His intrigue was carried on so quietly that Fisk, with whom he had become associated in Wall-st deals, did not notice anything for some time, although Stokes was a daily visitor at the Mansfield house.

When Fisk began to doubt the reason for these visits, he hired detectives to watch the pair, and for months traced their every movement. Once convinced of Stokes' treachery in stealing the affections of his mistress, Fisk determined to ruin him financially, knowing that the Mansfield woman would have no use for a man who could not support her in affluence. There is no doubt that Fisk had a love for the woman whose black eyes, rosy cheeks and perfect form had led him from the wife who had shared the hardships of his early days as a pedler of Yankee notions, and he hoped to win back her affections when he had ruined his rival.

Fisk's Systematic Revenge.

He set about his work of revenge systematically. On the night of Jan 7, 1871, Stokes was arrested in public in

the Hoffman house, then owned by Cassius M. Reed, on a charge of embezzling money from the Brooklyn oil refining company. The arrest was made on complaint of a third party, but was instigated by Fisk, who was Stokes' partner in the company. Fisk had already quarreled with Josie Mansfield over Stokes, and she cast her lot with the latter. Fisk then openly threw her over, and she determined to have revenge, as well as to save her handsome paramour.

She knew all Fisk's secrets in connection with the Erie railroad and the Tammany ring, told them to Stokes, and put in his hands all Fisk's letters to corroborate her revelations. This gave Stokes weapons of defence and attack that Fisk had not thought of, and when Stokes sued him for $200,000 for the arrest, and threatened to publish the correspondence if it was not paid, he bought the letters at an immense price.

As her part of revenge the Mansfield woman sued Fisk for $50,000 which she claimed belonging to her. She had him arrested Jan 6, 1872, and after an exciting scene in court, she and Stokes returned to the house on 23d st that Fisk had given her. They were seated together waiting for luncheon when a messenger came to tell Stokes that Fisk had secured a bench warrant for his arrest, and that he had been indicted by the grand jury.

Shortly after Stokes armed with a revolver, went to the Grand Central hotel on Broadway. As he went up the stairs he saw Fisk coming down, and without a word of warning shot him dead.

Stokes was arrested, and after three trials was convicted of manslaughter in the third degree. He asserted the crime was committed in self defence. He was assisted in his defence by his father, whose affection for his son and devotion to him in his troubles is recalled by the case of Roland B. Molineux. When the son's trial was over, the father's wealth had been almost spent in his efforts to save him from the gallows. But he was successful, a sentence of four years in prison being the decision of the court.

Stokes' wife and child sought refuge from notoriety in exile. His wife was a member of a prominent family and an heiress in her own right. They remained away until death relieved them from the stigma that the husband and father's crime had put upon them.

Deserted by His Paramour.

While Stokes was serving his four years in prison the woman for whom he had sacrificed his home was living in Paris as one of the gayest of the gay, and reigning over men of wealth who cast themselves at her feet as he had done. Neither by word or letter did she let him know that he lived in her thoughts for a moment.

His sentence served, Stokes returned to New York and became a partner of Cassius H. Reed in the Hoffman house. This was in the early 80s. It was not long before Reed and Stokes quarreled, and Reed was forced out.

On his first trial Stokes was sentenced to death for murder in the first degree. When the verdict was announced he sprang to his feet and shouted: "Jay Gould has done this."

While he was in the city prison awaiting the result of the trial he continued his operations in Wall st, Cassius W. Reed being his agent. With the money he made he got a second trial, but when it opened he was penniless. Reed let him have $1500. Again he was convicted and sentenced to death. Then his cousin, W. E. D. Stokes, to save the family honor, came forward, and after spending $60,000 a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree and a four years' sentence was rendered. He was restored to citizenship by Grover Cleveland, then governor, in 1884.

While in prison after shooting Fisk he met Richard Croker and John J. Scannell, who were awaiting trial on charges similar to his own, and the trio formed a friendship which lasted to the end.

In his new venture as a hotel keeper Stokes met with success. The Hoffman house became famous as a resort for financiers, theatrical men, politicians and men about town. It was said that almost any night $100,000,000 was represented by the men who gathered there, and when one of the richer operators like William H. Vanderbilt, dropped in the total swelled to $300,000,000.

The cafe was filled with paintings of great value and statuary. Bronzes and brass ornaments by masters and antiques filled niches and stands and brought visitors from all parts of the country. It was the resort of politicians, and in all the campaigns was the headquarters for the democracy as the Fifth av hotel, hard by, was for republicans.

Beside the Hoffman house Stokes conducted two downtown cafes and a summer hotel. In 1897 he sold out his interest in the Hoffman house on account of his health, and has since been living quietly.

Stokes was ever a mystery to those who knew him most intimately. Genial and generous to his employes he had hosts of friends, and at the same time scores of enemies of those who had been his best friends and strongest admirers. Although his cousin saved his life at the cost of a small fortune, lawsuits finally separated them. When he left prison John W. Mackey became his friend and backer, but lawsuits later made them enemies. Friends who stood by him in his adversities fell from him one by one; all claimed that they were pecuniary losers by their friendship.

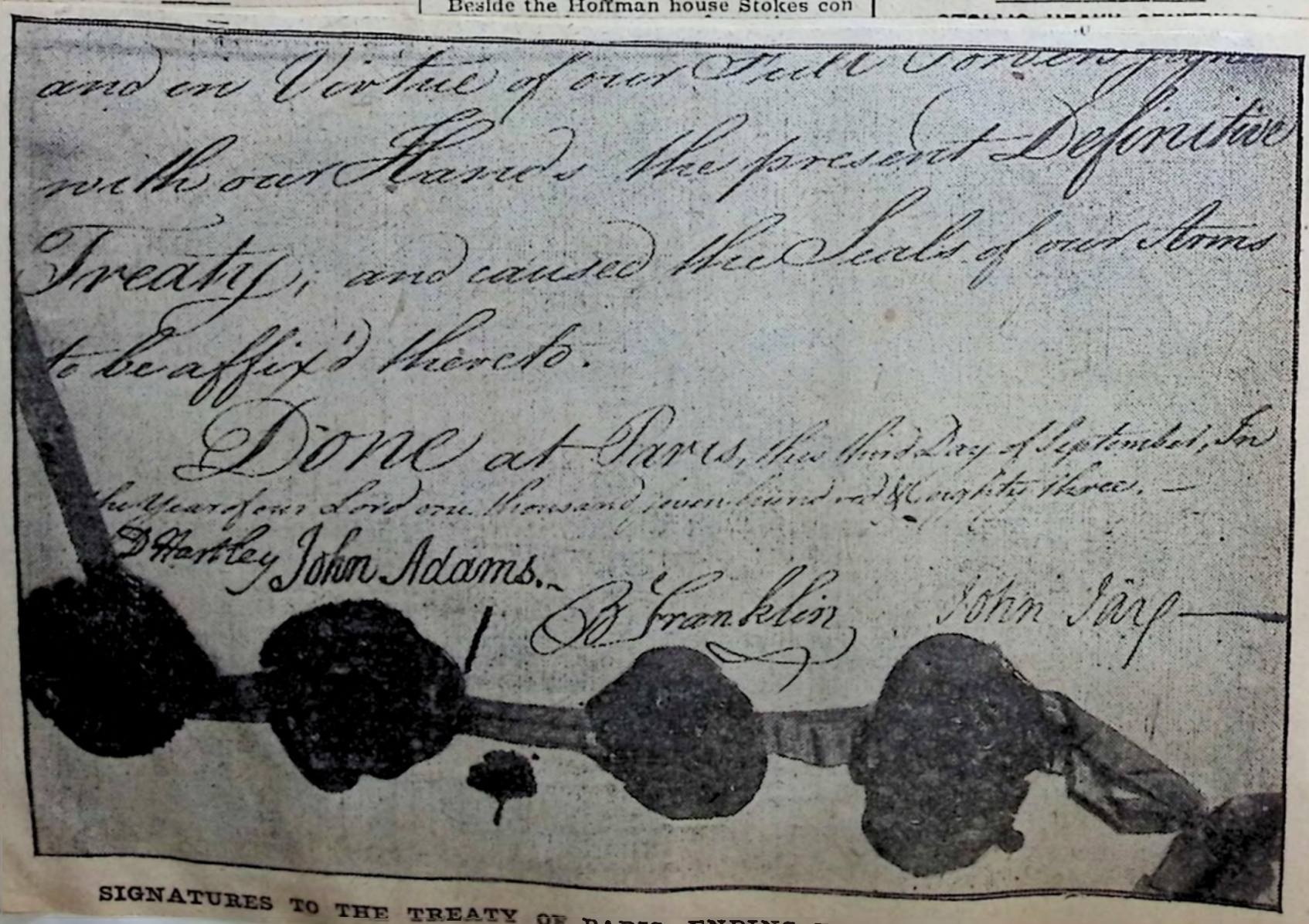
Of all the people that gathered at the Hoffman house while he was there, no one was so unostentatious and retiring as Stokes. His business increased, yet he never seemed happy.

Wealth Brought No Joy.

Wealth poured in on him, and brought no enjoyment with it. For years, it is said, in fact, from the time he left his prison cell, he was a changed man. Before the killing of Fisk he was a debonaire, jovial man of the town; after leaving prison, it was said by intimates, that he would never sleep except in a room well lighted, and would not eat except at a table where he had his back to the wall, so as to prevent an attack from behind. Detectives, it was also said, were always near him to protect him against enemies, whom he knew not, but nevertheless feared. It is said that his rooms, while the Worth house stood near his hotel, were strongly locked and the windows barred with heavy iron bars.

When he went to prison his hair was black; when he returned it was as white as that of an old man. Even in his sickness he was said to fear that death would come, and would never go to sleep unless he had near him someone whom he felt he could trust. For more than 20 years a negro attendant, Dennis, was his shadow and kept watch at his bedside while he slept.

In the closing days of the life of Stokes a woman, who gave the name of Rosamond Barclay, advanced the claim that she was married to him.


and on Virtue of our Said Powers
with our Hands the present Definitive
Treaty, and caused the Seals of our Arms
to be affix'd thereto.
Done at Paris, this third Day of September, In
the Year of our Lord one Thousand seven hundred & Eighty three.
D Hartley
John Adams.
B Franklin
John Jay

SIGNATURES TO THE TREATY OF PARIS, ENDING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Chicago Dec 30-1903. Nearly 600 lives lost

MAINE MAN'S STORY

Railroad Commissioner Peaks Writes of His Experience

IN THE IROQUOIS THEATER FIRE.

Scenes Were Almost Too Horrible for Consideration.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF PANIC

Which Followed When Blaze Was Discovered.

The Portland Press prints the following as a special from Augusta, Maine:

Francis M. Peaks received a letter this afternoon from his father, Col. J. B. Peaks, railroad commissioner, who with his brother-in-law, was one of those having narrow escapes from the Iroquois theater fire in Chicago. The letter says in part:

"The scenes were too horrible for description, yet I did not see, I presume, a tenth part of the fearful efforts of the crazed and maddened throng to escape from a horrible death. we had seats on the floor in the eighth row from the stage, and about midway from side to side of the theater. The house was packed. The seating capacity was less than 1,700 I am told, yet it is said over 2,200 tickets had been sold. I know that when we went to the theater 'standing room' only was being sold at the ticket office.

"We took our seats just as the orchestra commenced the overture. Two-thirds of the audience seemed to be women and children. I saw but few men in front of us. The first act went off with a jolly eclat. The audience seemed to appreciate to the fullest the catchy music and the holiday spirit of the play. Young women and children all about us applauded enthusiastically and seemed especially merry and happy.

"The curtain had been rung down upon the first act before an audience of delighted people. The second act was begun. The scenery was gorgeous, the music delightful, the costumes magnificent. A double quartette of male and female voices commenced to sing 'In the Moonlight.' I was looking at the moon showing just above the clouds in the scenery, when, at the left of the stage, about two-thirds up from the floor, I noticed a little puff of flame. It seemed to go out but sparks kept falling to the floor. I was somewhat startled, but kept my seat. It flashed again, a little further up, and I became aware that the scenery was on fire.

"People grew uneasy. I feared a panic so I stood up and said to those about us, 'Don't be alarmed, this will be out in a moment.' William also said to those in front of him, 'It is better to be calm and not create a panic.'

"One woman sitting in front of us, a lady of some 60 years of age, who apparently had a party of young girls in charge, behaved heroically. She had risen from her seat but on hearing William's reassuring words she called to her young ladies with a smile I shall never forget and said: 'Now be cool and keep your wits and shall get out safely.' (I afterwards had the satisfaction of seeing these women go out of the theater ahead of me.) By this time the scenery was well aflame on the left hand side of the stage, but we felt no heat from it.

"Some of the stage hands were attempting to lower the asbestos curtain, but it would not lower. It stuck on its way down and they could not move it. Eddie Foye, the comedian of the play, with sparks and portions of the burning scenery falling upon him, stepped to the front of the stage and said something which I could not understand. By this time every person who had been sitting in front of us had gone out into the aisle and were pushing their way to the back of the theater. The confusion was indescribable.

"The screams of the women, the cries of the children and the stampede of the whole audience created a bedlam of the place. The stage was all on fire and burned like a dry brush pile. Up to this time William and I had not left our seats. Though we had not exchanged a word we seemed to be of one mind, that we would not get into the vortex and have our lives crushed out in the mad frenzy. Suddenly, as though someone had opened wide a door in the rear, the wind blew the flames out from the stage into the theater so that our faces were burned and our clothes were scorched.

"I said to William, 'We can't stay here any longer.' I looked behind me and to my amazement saw the seats empty and the people struggling in aisles. We jumped to the tops of the seats. The floor was strewn with clothing of all kinds.

"Furs, capes, coats and hats were left in confusion. We walked on the backs of the seats to the rear of the theater and instinctively started for the main exit. (Horrible misnomer) But ah! What a sight! For some reason there were no lights and I could see only the light from the burning scenery which showed diagonally across.

"The exit was choked with bodies piled six or eight deep where mature women, young women, girls and children had been tumbled in a heap at what seemed to be a landing at the bottom of some stairs, while hundreds were jumping upon and climbing over them only to increase the horror and the impossibility of escape.

"I could see no escape in that direction unless I trampled upon the bleeding forms of those women and children and I involuntarily turned back, saying to myself, 'I am too old now to die the coward.'

"I saw things that are too awful to believe. I saw one man kick another who was in his way, when each was endeavoring to assist some loved one from that human death trap. I saw men strike each other and women catch each other by the hair in their agonized efforts to free themselves from the crowd. Awful as this is to relate, it is nevertheless probable that those very persons were for the time bereft of reason, and knew nothing but the instinctive law of self-preservation.

"As I turned back from this scene of horror I heard William saying to me: 'This way; I think there is an exit on the other side.' I followed him across the theater where we found an exit opening into an alley. This exit at that time was not blocked at all. In fact, William and I were, I think, the last two persons who went out of the lower floor of the theater except those who were struggling in the exit near the main entrance.

"As I followed William out of the theater I took a last look at the burning stage. The roar of the fire was something awful. The flames seemed to be bellowing out their fearful wrath from the stage, and leaping to the balconies, as if they were determined to visit their vengeance upon the poor victims confined there.

"The shrieks above me were benumbing. No words can tell of them, and now as the door opened and I could feel the delicious atmosphere from the outside I was inclined to go back and try to help some less fortunate victim to safety. But I could not get into the balconies if I would. I could not even see into them, as I was beneath them.

"So I went out of the building and here again was an appalling sight. Scores of bodies lay upon the ground, some lifeless, others writhing in agony. I saw bodies, mostly of women, falling from above us. We hugged the wall of the building to avoid being struck by them and also to keep from stepping on those which had already fallen.

"The fire escapes from the balconies were high, narrow and dark and in the crowd many women were pushed over, while others jumped to the ground below. It was not 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but that narrow alley between high buildings, the smoke pouring from the windows to add to the gloom, seems to me as I think of it now, to have been as dark almost as night. We made our way as quickly as possible to the street, urged on by the firemen, who were endeavoring to lay a line of hose through the alley.

"The whole experience I have detailed from the time we saw the first flame did not exceed seven minutes. I do not think it exceeded five minutes. The tragedy in the balcony I cannot tell you of because I did not see it. I am glad I did not. I feel as it is that I can never be entirely relieved of that hideous nightmare.

"For two hours afterward policemen and firemen were occupied in removing the crushed and mangled bodies from those balconies. No one can even imagine the sufferings of the people imprisoned between thick walls of brick on one side and a roaring sheet of flame on the other.

"I can tell you only of my own experience. Of the rest you can read and try to imagine for yourself. You cannot of course appreciate their situation as I do, for I can never tell and I shall never try to tell what I endured in mind during those few fateful minutes."

BIDDEFORD, MAINE, FRIDAY MORNING. AUGUST 21, 1903

HE SHOT TO KILL

Harlan Hanson Is Charged with Intent To Murder.

Sends Two Bullets from a Revolver into Frank Hagerman.

Trouble Grows Out of a Quarrel Concerning Hanson's Daughter.

Frank Hagerman, aged 35, and unmarried, employed as a fireman by the Biddeford & Saco Railroad company, was shot and seriously wounded last Friday night by Harlan P. Hanson, aged 65, motorman, also in the employ of the railroad company.

The shooting took place in the dooryard at Hanson's home at the top of Wharf hill in Saco.

Two shots were fired by Hanson from a 38 caliber revolver and both took effect.

The first bullet entered the top of Hagerman's right arm and buried itself in the flesh at a depth of six inches or so below the shoulder.

The second bullet pierced Hagerman's breast bone, severed several arteries and lodged somewhere in the man's chest.

Neither bullet was extracted by the physicians. The second caused internal hemorrhage.

Hanson was taken into custody by the police within ten minutes after the shooting and is confined at the Saco jail. His wife and daughter, Louise, aged about 32 and unmarried, and Abel Guessnor, aged about 30 and unmarried, were also locked up and held as witnesses to await the outcome of Hagerman's injuries.

The affair grew out of a quarrel, however, and while Hanson says that he shot in self defence, the statement of Policeman George E. Elliot, who was a witness of the shooting, contradicts this.

The officer says that Hagerman made no attempt to assault Hanson, but that after the men had exchanged hot words for a few minutes, Hanson went into the house, came out again with the revolver and deliberately fired twice.

Hagerman also told the officers that he made no threat or threatening movement against Hanson and that the latter shot without warning.

As nearly as can be learned the evidence indicates that Hanson did the deed in a fit of anger, losing control of his temper, and without any act on the part of Hagerman that would warrant shooting as a measure of defence.

Hanson asserts that Hagerman drew a knife and said he would kill him, at the same time rushing towards him. A knife was found in Hagerman's pocket, but the officers do not believe that it was opened at any time during the quarrel.

Officer Elliot stood close beside Hagerman when he was shot and his testimony is that no knife figured in the affair.

As related by the officers the facts of the shooting are substantially as follows:

Hanson, who finishes work on the electric road at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, had been out on the street during the evening. He was at some place playing cards and came home about 10.30 or 11 o'clock. He was perfectly sober and there was no indication whatever after the deed that he had been drinking.

Hagerman is employed as a day fireman at the railroad company's power house on Beach street. Ordinarily he does not work at night, but that night he was due at the power house about midnight to clean out the flues of the boilers after the engines had shut down for the night.

Hagerman had been boarding at Hanson's home for the past three months. Early in the evening he was out on the street and came over to Biddeford. He bought some whisky and drank part of it.

Later he went back to Saco and reaching his boarding place gave Hanson's daughter, Louise, some of the whisky he bought. The liquor was in a bottle that he carried in his pocket.

After drinking together Hagerman and Miss Hanson sat on the lawn at the right side of the house, between the building and the Boston & Maine railroad track.

About 11.30 Hanson stepped to the door and in an angry tone demanded that his daughter and Hagerman should come into the house. This was what started the quarrel.

Hagerman refused to go into the house and so did the daughter, although she evidently was too much under the influence of liquor to realize to any great extent what was taking place.

The quarrel soon grew hot and loud words were exchanged by Hanson and Hagerman.

Hanson, after finding that Hagerman

would not go into the house, went in himself and a moment after appeared at the door again with the revolver in his hand.

Despite Hanson's statement that Hagerman then threatened to kill him with a knife, it is doubtful if this is so. Anyway only a few seconds elapsed before Hanson stepped into the yard and at close range not more than six or eight feet, discharged the two bullets into Hagerman's body.

There is some uncertainty as to whether Hagerman was sitting down or had got to his feet when he was shot. He did not lose consciousness nor did he make any outcry. Instead he pulled himself together quickly and walked into the house where he laid down in the sitting room.

Drs. H. A. Weymouth, L. E. Willard and W. J. Maybury were summoned and arrived within a few minutes after the shooting. It was at once seen that Hagerman was in a very serious condition and after a more careful examination had been made the doctors agreed that he was fatally wounded. They probed for one of the bullets, bandaged the wounds and gave him a stimulant. He was kept in the house for two hours and then removed to the Cottage hospital.

In the meantime there was great excitement in the neighborhood and a crowd quickly gathered. The officers placed Hanson, his wife and daughter and Guessner, another boarder, under arrest, and took them all to jail. They then went to work to getting the circumstances of the affair together.

The first officer on the scene was Officer Elliot, who arrived just before Hanson fired the shots. He was instructed by City Marshal Bradbury to make no talk for publication regarding what took place, but County Attorney Emery, who heard his story, said that he was summoned to the Hanson home by somebody who heard the quarrel going on between Hanson and Hagerman.

Elliot immediately went to the house and tried to settle the dispute and got Hanson and Hagerman into the house.

Eliot told County Attorney Emery that he stood close to Hagerman when Hanson came out of the door with the revolver. He did not know that Hanson had the revolver and had just reached out to take hold of Hagerman, with the idea of getting him to stop quarelling and go into the house, when Hanson stepped up and opened fire without any warning.

As Hagerman sank back after being shot he fell full into the arms of the officer.

The officer hardly knew what to do for a few seconds, so sudden did the shooting take plane, but not much time elapsed before City Marshal Bradbury and Officers Henry Johnson, James Scott and Special Officer George Dineen came running to the scene.

County Attorney Emery, who was sitting in the office of the Saco House when the shooting happened, also arrived at almost the same time.

As soon as City Marshal Bradbury arrived Officer Elliot warned him to be careful, saying that Hanson was somewhere in the dark with the revolver still in his hand.

According to the county attorney Hanson, as soon as he had fired, rushed excitedly back into the house, went out the front door, around the house and back inside. He went into the kitchen and was just coming out the back door, still with the weapon in his hand, when the city marshal encountered him.

The marshal at once grabbed Hanson and attempted to take the revolver away from him. Hanson made some objection and held on to the weapon. The marshal then grabbed Hanson by the throat, the other officers seized him and he was handcuffed, the marshal taking possession of the revolver.

County Attorney Emery was seen at the Saco House on Saturday and asked what the circumstances of the affair were. He said that he was unable to tell accurately, but that in a general way they were substantially as related by the officers.

Mr. Emery was sitting in the office of the Saco House smoking a cigar at 11.30 that night. Someone rushed into the building and said that a murder had been committed down in Pepperell square. Mr. Emery left at once.

He arrived at the Hanson house about the time that City Marshal Bradbury did and before Hanson had been taken into custody. He was close to the city marshal when the latter encountered Hanson in the back doorway and grappled with him. He did not think that Hanson had any intention of running away, but resisted owing to the excited condition of his mind.

The county attorney said that Hanson made a brief statement regarding the shooting. All of this he did not care to give out for publication, but said that Hanson contended that he was compelled to shoot in self defense because Hagerman made a pass at him with a knife.

Mr. Emery said that he was pretty positive that Hanson had not been drinking. There was no doubt, however, that Hagerman and Hanson's daughter had been drinking. The woman, especially, he said, acted as if she were badly intoxicated. There was no question, he said, but that she was very drunk when the shooting took place.

Just exactly what words were exchanged by Hanson and Hagerman the county attorney said he did not know. He expected to hear further from Officer Elliot and others, if there were any, who overheard the quarrel, as to what was said. So far as he had ascertained, however, this morning, Hanson tried to get Hagerman and the woman to go into the house and when they would not he got the revolver and shot without warning.

County Attorney Emery talked with Hagerman, both while he was at the house and after he had been taken to the hospital.

Mr. Emery said that Hagerman denied any intention of assaulting Hanson. He said that while he was sitting down with Miss Hanson her father came to the door, and ordered them to go into the house. Hagerman replied that he was not going into the house, because he was going to work in a short time.

Hagerman told Mr Emery that Hanson went back into the house and in a second or two afterward came out again. Without warning Hanson then fired at him, Hagerman said.

Soon after he had been shot Hagerman sent for Tristram Greene, engineer at the railroad power station, where he was employed.

To Greene Hagerman told practically the same story that he did to County Attorney Emery. He said Hanson wanted him to go into the house and he replied that he didn't want to go into the house; he had got to go to the power station in half an hour.

Hanson said, "We'll see," so Hagerman said, soon reappeared and stepping into the yard shot him without warning.

The physicians heard the statement that Hagerman made to the county attorney and said that he disclaimed all intention of assaulting Hanson.

The doctors said that Hagerman never lost consciousness at any time and that he showed remarkable strength of mind and constitution. He never complained of pain during any time that they were at work on him. Nine men out of ten, Dr. Maybury said, would have died within an hour after the shooting.

At one time Hagerman seemed extremely solicitous for the welfare of Hanson and asked that nothing be done to "the old man."

At the hospital, when Hagerman was told that he could not recover, he said "I am a soldier and will die like one"

Hagerman is a native of Germany and came to this country to settle about three months ago. Previously for a number of years he had been a fireman on steamships between Europe and America. He has no relatives except a brother who lives in Germany. He and Guessner, another German, landed in Portland about three months ago and drifted to Saco, where they were arrested for vagrancy.

City Marshal Bradbury learned that they were firemen and acting on his advice they secured positions at the power house of the railroad company. Guessner worked only one day, but Hagerman has kept to his job since. Both have been boarding at Hanson's house for the greater part of the time since they came to Saco.

Hagerman was well liked by Hanson and in fact by nearly everybody who knew him. He was inclined to drink some, but was agreeable in his behavior and good natured. For a short time he boarded with a woman who is a neighbor of Hanson. She told a reporter that he did not drink at all that she knew of while he was at her house. She said he was an excellent fellow, kind hearted and well behaved.

The officers have been at work going over the case and straightening out the facts, but have not ascertained anything of especial importance.

Gnessnor, who with Hagerman boarded with Hanson, did not witness the shooting. He was not in the dooryard at all when it occurred, but was in an upstairs room.

County Attorney Emery had a talk with Louise Hanson who was, it seems, at the bottom of the quarrel between Hagerman and Hanson, but she was unable to give any connected story of the shooting. She did say, however, that Hagerman did not brandish any knife during the quarrel.

The knife and the revolver were both seen at the office of City Marshal Bradbury in the city building.

The knife was found in Hagerman's pocket before he was taken to the hospital. It was a large sized jackknife, having a blade about four inches long. When taken out of the pocket a match was wedged between the blade and the sheath, indicating that the knife had not been opened.

The revolver was a five shooter of cheap make. In it were three cartridges containing bullets and the two empty shells from which were discharged the bullets that found lodgement in Hagerman's body.

Hanson has secured Lawyer George F. Haley to act as counsel for him. Lawyer Haley was sent for Friday night at the request of Hanson and was admitted to the prisoner's cell at the jail where he had a long conversation with him. Prisoner and counsel also had another conference Saturday forenoon.

Lawyer Haley told a reporter that self defense would probably be the main contention of the respondent when the case got into court. He did not care to give

out any of the conversation that passed between himself and Hanson.

County Attorney Emery had an interview with Hanson at the jail. It was not a long one, but after it had ended Mr. Emery said that Hanson still kept to his original assertion that Hagerman attempted to assault him with a knife.

Hanson realizes his position keenly and seemed to be much affected when in conversation with the county attorney.

Mr. Emery also talked on Saturday with Mrs. Hanson and Louise, the daughter.

Friday night Louise, during her rather incoherent story, said that she did not see Hagerman have any knife or make any attempt to assault her father. This forenoon, after she had sobered up, she told Mr. Emery that she did see Hagerman flourish a knife.

Mrs. Hanson Friday night, the county attorney said, when questioned, did not seem to know anything about the shooting, any more than having heard the shots fired. Now, realizing the position of her husband, she is inclined to change her story. She claims to have some knowledge of the crime which, the county attorney says, she tries to use in placing her husband in a more favorable light.

Hanson is well known both in Biddeford and Saco. He is a veteran of the Civil war and a special policeman on Saco's force. He has worked for a number of years for the railroad company, being the oldest employe.

He is a stoutly built man and very powerful. It seems all the more strange that he should shoot down Hagerman when it is considered that the latter was short and slight, a man that Hanson could have bowled over easily with his fist.

Hanson has a rough exterior and is such a man as would ordinarily be called a bad one to have trouble with, but he has never figured in rows before and it was not known that he possessed a temper of an ungovernable nature. All who know him were extremely surprised when told that he had shot Hagerman.

It is well known, however, that Hanson's domestic life has not been happy in recent years, and things at home with which he had to contend have been of a nature to sour his temper. But he was not a drinking man as the phrase is ordinarily interpreted, and, all in all, has borne a good reputation.

The house where Hanson lives is the two story and a half brick house which is located near the end of the iron bridge of the Boston & Maine railroad on Front street at the top of Wharf hill.

It is called "the Burns place" and is the property of H. R. Jordan of Saco.

The spot where the shooting occurred is the little yard between the house and the railroad, which is not over fifteen feet wide. Two common home made rugs were placed on the grass and it was here that Hagerman and Louise Hanson were sitting when Hanson came out of the house and objected to their being there longer.

Hanson has been married twice. He is the father of two sons and three daughters. Louise is the only one living with her father. She has a child, some five years old or so, which was asleep in the house when the shooting occurred. A little boy, eight years of age, the son of William Hight of Saco, who has been boarding there, was also in the house. There were no other occupants.

Hanson was arraigned on Monday before Judge Burbank, charged with assault with intent to kill and murder.

The prisoner pleaded not guilty in a firm voice and a continuance of the hearing was ordered until ten o'clock Thursday to await the outcome of Hagerman's wounds.

Bail for the prisoner was fixed at $10,000. Lawyer Haley said that owing to the short length of the continuance probably no attempt would be made to furnish bonds.

Hanson's wife and daughter and Alex Swennson, Hagerman's companion, were brought into court and their personal recognizance in the sum of $1,000 each was taken for their appearance as witnesses for the state on Thursday.

At the conclusion of the arraignment Hanson was remanded to jail again.

Hanson was brought into court by City Marshal Bradbury at 9 o'clock and took a seat in the dock close to the wall. He wore his motorman's uniform of blue and a heavy overcoat. As he walked he limped badly, showing that the dampness of the jail quarters accentuated the rheumatism from which he suffers.

The prisoner looked as though he felt badly, but did not manifest any emotion until his wife and daughter were brought in by Officer Johnson.

Mrs. Hanson was weeping and as she sat down the prisoner and she looked at each other. This affected the prisoner considerably and he shifted uneasily in his seat and put his hand to his face. It was evident that he felt his position very keenly at that moment.

Louise, the daughter, manifested no emotion whatever, nor did Swennson. Once during the arraignment Hanson turned around, looked carefully over the spectators in the room, numbering about a dozen, as if he were searching for somebody. He did not recognize anyone, however.

The hearing in the case of Harlan P. Hanson, charged with assault with intent to kill Frank Hagerman by shooting, was again continued in the Saco court Thursday until Friday, August 28. This was done at the request of the state, in order to await definite assurance of the recovery or death of Hagerman, and there was no objection by the defense.

When the case was called at 10.30 by Judge Burbank there was not a vacant seat in the court room. Spectators also filled the aisle leading from the door to the rail.

Hanson's wife and daughter sat in chairs just outside the rail. Mrs. Hanson wept constantly. The daughter was calm and observant.

When Hanson was brought in and sat down in the dock Mrs. Hanson burst out into a violent weeping and her sobs were audible all over the room for five minutes.

County Attorney Emery told Judge Burbank that the next three days were the critical ones in determining whether or not Hagerman will recover. While his condition now is favorable in all respects, the doctors say that danger of septic poison will not be obviated until after Sunday.

Under such circumstances the county attorney thought the hearing should be continued, as it would be so much time thrown away to have a hearing on the warrant for assault with intent to kill and then, in case Hagerman should die, to have to go over the ground again on a most serious charge.

Lawyer George F. Haley, counsel for the respondent, said there was no objection to a continuance, as he thought it proper under the circumstances,

Judge Burbank questioned Dr. H. A. Weymouth regarding Hagerman's condition. The physician said that the next few days will be the critical period in the patient's case. If poisoning should develop, death would probably ensue within two days. On the other hand his recovery after Sunday, in case no unfavorable developments took place, would be equally rapid.

Judge Burbank granted the request for a continuance and Friday, August 28, at 10 a. m. was set as the time for resumption.

Mrs. Hanson, Louise Hanson, Alex Swennson and Policeman Elliot, the material witnesses, were ordered to recognize in sums of $500 each.

The other witnesses, City Marshal Bradbury, Officers Scott, Johnson and Dineen, Drs. Weymouth, Willard and Maybury, and William E. Gerrish, recognized in sums of $100 each.

Hanson was ordered to furnish bonds in the sum of $10,000.

Lawyer Haley stated to the court that word had reached him that somebody had told the wife and daughter of Hanson that threats might be made to influence them to tell about what took place on the night of the shooting.

He called attention to the fact that by their relationship they were, in a measure, under the protection of the court, and are not obliged to talk with anybody about the case. Consequently, he asked the court to inform them fully of their rights.

County Attorney Emery said he did not want the court to understand that the State had been making any attempt to intimidate the two women. He went to see them Wednesday in company with City Marshal Bradbury to get them to talk.

He told them first, however, what their rights were and informed them that they could talk or not just as they pleased. They refused to say anything about the case and so he came away.

Lawyer Haley replied that in what he had said to the court there was no insinuation that the county attorney had made an attempt to influence the women. He had been informed that the women had got the idea that they must talk, if parties legally interested in the complaint came to them, and all he desired was for the court to tell them that they need not talk, unless they saw fit, with anybody.

Judge Burbank then explained to the women their rights. The other witnesses, he presumed, were fully acquainted with their rights.

Hanson was allowed to talk with his wife and daughter for a few minutes before he was taken back to jail. He kissed them both and they engaged in conversation in a low tone.

HANSON NOT GUILTY

Jury Returns Verdict in His Favor After Two Hour Session.

STORY OF THE TRIAL AT ALFRED.

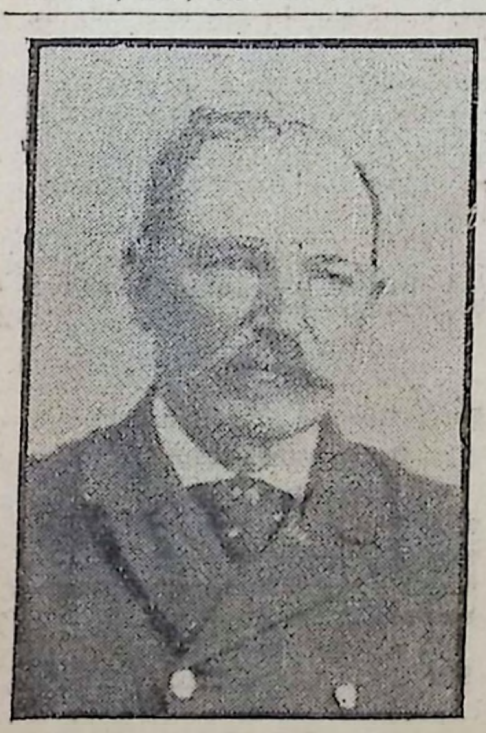
Defendant Charged with Assault with Intent To Kill.

CLAIMED IT WAS SELF DEFENSE.

Testimony of Witnesses Varied on Some Points.

1903

Alfred, Me., Oct. 5.—The trial of



HARLAN P. HANSON.

Harlan P. Hanson of Saco, indicted for assault with intent to kill upon Frank Hagerman of Saco, was begun before Judge Peabody this forenoon in the supreme court.

The case excited considerable interest and there was a large attendance of spectators. Besides the witnesses about twenty-five persons from Saco, acquaintances of Hanson, occupied seats.

A drawn jury was called for and was secured without much delay as follows:

Frank W. Black, Limington, foreman; Samuel R. Whitehouse, Lyman; Leland Stevens, Alfred; George T. Wilson, Newfield; Adelbert Haines, Buxton; Charles L. Hayes, Sanford Sumner E. Hammond, North Berwick; George B. Hasty, South Berwick; Levi Pillsbury, Acton; J. Frank Wakefield, Hollis; John W. Lowell, Biddeford; William A. Emery, Kennebunk.

County Attorney George L. Emery of Biddeford conducted the case for the state and George F. & Leroy Haley looked after the interests of the accused.

Hanson was arraigned and without any indication of emotion pleaded not guilty to the reading of the indictment.

County Attorney Emery opened for the state and spent about forty minutes in outlining the allegations and what he expected to show as the facts in the case. He took the case in detail, reviewing all the important points.

He dwelt upon the importance of the trial and said the state would try to bring out every particle of evidence that could have any possible bearing.

He urged the jurors to give the closest possible attention to the testimony and to weigh it with great care.

He exhibited an engineer's plan of the scene of the alleged crime, showing the positions supposed to have been occupied by the various parties directly involved in the shooting, which took place Friday night, August 14, in the dooryard of Hanson's home on Wharf street, head of Pepperell square, at about 11.30 o'clock.

The county attorney made a comprehensive and able presentation of the case and finished at 10.45.

The state's witnesses, nine in number, were then called and sworn by Judge Peabody as follows: Roland W. Libby, Frank Hagerman, Axel Swennson, George E. Elliott, George Dineen, Dr. William J. Maybury, Dr. Harry A. Weymouth, Dr. H. E. Willard and City Marshal Charles .M Bradbury.

The first called was Roland W. Libby of Saco, civil engineer. He testified to the making of the survey of the scene of the alleged crime. He took the map that had been produced by the county attorney and explained the main features it was intended to show.

Frank Hagerman, the victim of the shooting, was then called. He made a fairly good witness, although his language was somewhat difficult to understand at times, owing to his strong German accent, and his lack of familiarity with the English tongue.

He told a straightforward story, however, and the cross-examination by Lawyer George F. Haley for the the defense did not shake it in any important particular.

Hagerman told about his securing employment as a fireman at the power station of the Biddeford & Saco electric road and engaging board and a room at the home of Hanson. His friend, Axel Swennson, boarded there with him. He liked Hanson very well and everything had indicated that Hanson thought a great deal of him.

Coming to the night of the shooting Hagerman said he and Swennson went to Biddeford about 7.30 o'clock. While there they bought some beer and some whisky, which they drank.

They went back to Saco after drinking the liquor and having remained there for a time went back to Biddeford about 10 o'clock. In Biddeford they each bought half a pint of whisky. Then they went back to Saco.

Having arrived at the house they found Hanson's daughter, Louise, sitting on the front door steps with a man whom at the time Hagerman did not know, but who, he afterward heard somebody say was Pete Wilson.

Hagerman and Swennson went into the house and showed to Mrs. Hanson some clothing they had bought while in Biddeford.

Hagerman said at this time he gave Mrs. Hanson a small amount of the whisky that he had bought in Biddeford.

FRANK HAGERMAN.

Hagerman and Swennson soon went out into the yard and were joined by Louise Hanson. Hagerman testified, who appeared to have been drinking.

Hagerman did not testify as to any knowledge of where Louise got the liquor which she had drunk and it was not brought out at any time during the examination that he gave her any from the bottle which he had.

Hagerman said that while he had been drinking and was affected some by the liquor, still he was not intoxicated and knew everything that was taking place about him.

Swennson was pretty drunk, however, the witness said, and finally had to be helped into the house.

Hagerman and Louise continued to sit on the grass in the dooryard.

Along about 11 o'clock Hagerman said he heard a noise in the house. There was angry talk and somebody was running through the rooms.

He went inside and found Hanson chasing his wife and making threats to beat her. Hagerman said he remonstrated with Hanson and got things settled down, after which he went back to the lawn and sat down with Louise.

Before long Hanson came to the door and told him and Louise to go into the house, saying that he was "not going to have any such carrying on out there," at that time of the night.

Hagerman said that he told Hanson he was going to work that night and was not coming into the house.

In about five minutes, according to

Hagerman's story, without any warning there was the crack of a revolver and he felt a bullet strike him in the right shoulder. He started to get to his feet and received another bullet in the breast, just over the heart. That was the last he knew until he regained consciousness and found himself inside the house and the doctors working over him.

During the cross-examination Lawyer Haley asked Hagerman if, when Hanson stepped to the door and spoke to him and Louise, he did not draw a knife and say that he would cut Hanson's heart out.

"My God, no," was the reply of Hagerman to Lawyer Haley, as he threw his arms excitedly above his head.

The defense attempted to make a strong point out of the fact that a knife was found in Hagerman's hip pocket immediately after the shooting, but the endeavor did not appear to amount to a great deal.

Hagerman said that he had always been in the habit of carrying a knife, but he denied absolutely that he used the night that night or that he even drew it out of his pocket. No amount of questioning on this point was able to shake his testimony.

The knife was produced for inspection. It was an ordinary looking affair and not of very great size.

The revolver also, with which it was alleged Hanson did the shooting, was produced.

Hagerman looked over the weapon and testified that it was the same one that he had seen in the possession of Hanson some three weeks previous to the shooting .One day he and Hanson were talking and in some way the revolver was mentioned. Hanson then showed it to him so that he was able to identify it again without any trouble.

George Dineen, police officer, was the next witness. He lives only a short distance from Hanson's house. He heard Hanson come to the door and speak to Hagerman and Louise Hanson about going into the house.

Witness also heard the reply of Hagerman to the effect that he was attending to his own business and was not coming in that night, as he had to go to work at the power station.

Seven minutes later, he said, he heard a shot ring out. This was immediately followed by another.

Witness rushed out and saw Hagerman on the grass, wounded and bleeding. Hanson was on the sidewalk near the square.

Witness then rushed out into the square to secure help and met City Marshal Bradbury. He then went to the Saco house and notified County Attorney Emery. Coming back he assisted in arresting Hanson.

Dineen was questioned sharply regarding the evidence of anger either on the part of Hanson or Hagerman when he heard Hanson step to the door. He said that his attention was attracted by Hanson when he spoke from the door. Hagerman, he said, replied in an ordinary tone. He did not hear Hagerman make any threats against Hanson before the shots were fired.

At the conclusion of Dineen's testimony court adjourned for the noon recess. The first thing in the afternoon Axel Swennson was put on the stand.

Swennson told about his going to Biddeford twice with Hagerman and buying liquor and clothing. Some of the liquor they gave to Mrs. Hanson. He said that Hagerman did not drink a great deal and therefore was not much intoxicated. He, himself, however, drank a lot and got pretty drunk, so that he had to go to bed. He did not see the shooting or hear of the conversation preceding it. The first he knew about it was when he was awakened after it had taken place.

George Elliott, police officer, then told his story. His testimony was important, in that he was present when the shooting took place and furthermore, in that it differed materially on one point from that told by Hagerman.

Elliott said that City Marshal Bradbury ordered him to go to Hanson's house to quiet a disturbance that was going on there.

When the witness got there he saw Hagerman and Louise Hanson sitting on the grass. He heard Hanson step to the door and tell Louise and Hagerman to come in. Louise said she would be in soon.

Witness heard Hanson speak to Hagerman and say he was not going to "have such devilish actions" going on.

Witness did not understand what Hagerman said to Hanson, although he heard him make some reply.

Elliott's testimony was that Hagerman was well intoxicated because he staggered. Witness took hold of both Hagerman and Louise and tried to get them to go into the house.

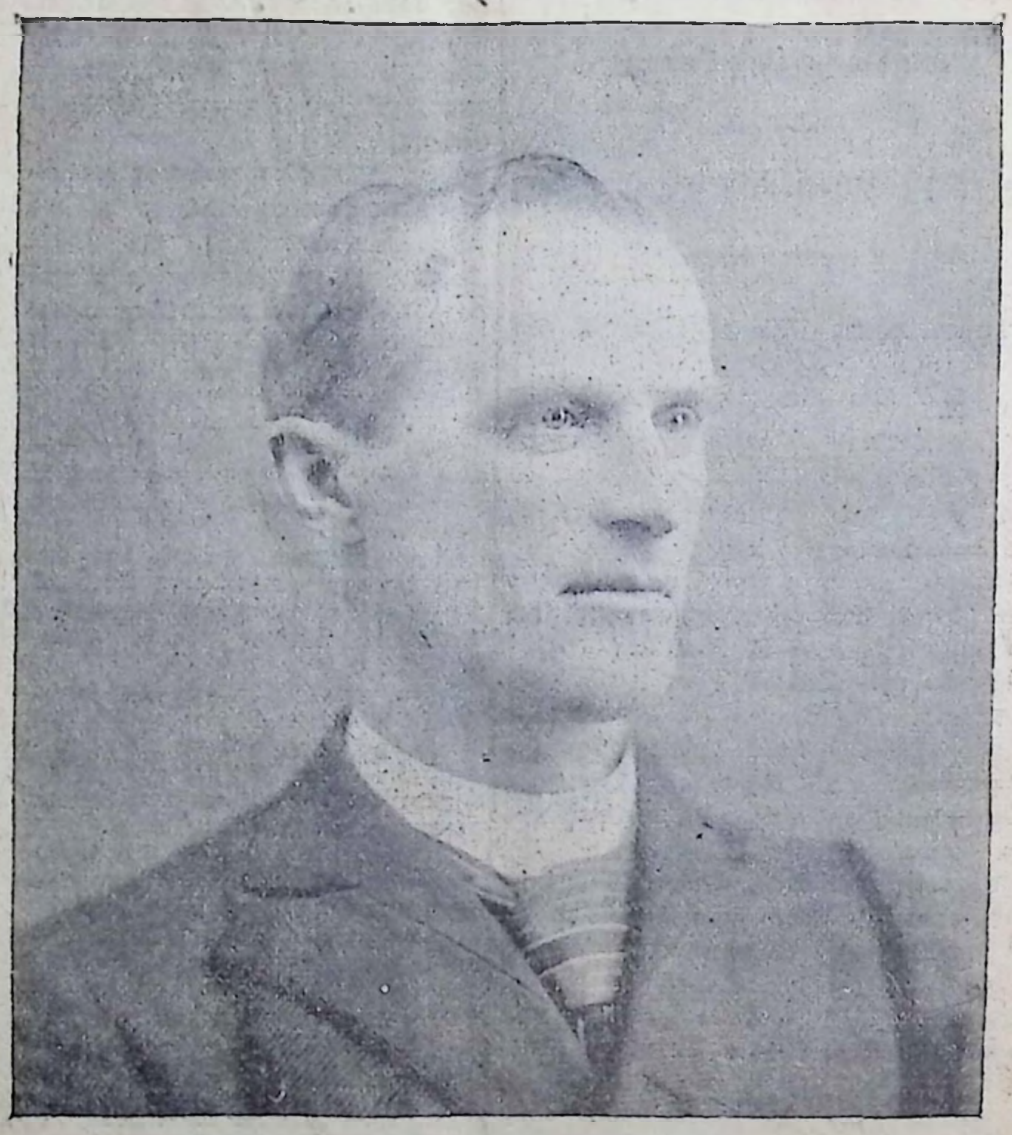
While witness was trying to get Hagerman into the house Hanson appeared at the door.

Hagerman's testimony was that he was sitting down when he received the first shot and that he received the second just as he was getting on his feet.

Elliott testified that Hagerman was on his feet when the first shot rang out.

Witness did not see Hagerman have any weapon at all. He had hold of Hagerman's right arm and was of the opinion that he would have seen a weapon if Hagerman had had one.

Witness testified that he heard Hagerman make no threat but that he did draw back his arm and start towards Hanson as if to strike him.



GEORGE F. HALEY, ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE.

It was at this point that Hanson fired the first shot.

Elliott asked Hanson if those were blanks that he was shooting and Hanson said they were not blanks, but the "real thing."

Elliott then went on and told about the excitement that prevailed and that when he and City Marshal Bradbury met Hanson in the door Hanson refused to give up his revolver. Hanson told Bradbury to look out or "he would get the same thing." The officers then grappled with Hanson and overpowered him.

City Marshal Bradbury was called by the state a little after 3 o'clock Monday afternoon. He said in reply to questions by County Attorney Emery that when Policeman Eliott notified him of the nature of the trouble at the Hanson house he ran back with him as fast as he could. When he arrived at the house he found Hanson with a revolver in his right hand. As he approached him Hanson shouted,

"You keep away or I will give it to you, too."

I said, "I guess you will," and Officer Eliott and I pushed him up into

the corner and took the revolver away from him.

The revolver was shown witness and identified by him as the one he took from Hanson.

Continuing, Mr. Bradbury said he immediately arrested Hanson and turned him over to the other officers to take to the jail and lock up. I then sent to the office for a large bullseye lantern we keep there for night work and made a very careful and thorough search of the premises. I found Mrs. Hanson and her daughter Louise, badly intoxicated. I helped carry Hagerman into the house. We placed him in a rocking chair. He was unconscious. I went to the police station with you (the county attorney) and heard Hanson make certain statements. When I searched the premises I found the whisky bottle on the ground and the hair combs and ribbons close by. (Bottles and combs shown and identified by witness.)

I later made a search of the shed and found a cap which I took and brought here with the other articles. While Hanson was in the house, and before he was taken to the jail, he hunted for a hat or cap to wear.

This completed the direct examination.

Court at this point took a recess.

After the recess City Marshal Bradbury again took the stand and was cross-examined by Mr. Haley as follows:

I advised Hanson not to do any talking as any statements that he made would be used against him. Hanson said, "You are not going to arrest me, are you?" and the city marshal replied, "You are already under arrest." The witness was questioned as to the degree of light in the yard, and explained about the electric lights and the light from the house. "I got Hagerman from the rocker to the couch; I saw the knife in the house that Friday night, but did not get possession of it from County Attorney Emery until the next morning.

Dr. Harry A. Weymouth of Saco, a physician and surgeon there for 21 years, testified that he received a telephone call to go to Pepperell square, and started about twelve minutes later, arriving at the Hanson house at 11.40, went into the sitting room, and saw Hagerman lying on a couch. City Marshal Bradbury let me in at the front door. I met County Attorney Emery in the hall way, and several officers were in the house. Hagerman was conscious, but in a condition of collapse. I made an examination first of his heart, and found its action feeble; there was a wound in the chest, in the center of the breast bone, and located three and one-half inches from the upper border of the bone; the other wound was in the right shoulder, one and one-half inches below the collar bone and near the outer extremity of the shoulder joint. This was probed and the wound extended downward and outward four or five inches into the muscular portion of the arm. Hagerman was not able to use the right arm, on account of the injury. The wound in the chest was probed carefully, and it was ascertained that the bullet had passed through the breast bone. The witness stated that he found a knife, with blade about four inches in length and similar to the one exhibited, in the hip pocket on the right side of Hagerman's trousers; the knife was closed, and a handkerchief and bunch of keys covered the knife. He made this search at the request of County Attorney Emery, and no other weapon was discovered about Hagerman's clothing. Dr. Weymouth remained at the house until the injured man was taken to the Cottage hospital in Saco about 1.30 or 2 o'clock. Was one of the physicians in constant attendance during Hagerman's sickness of two weeks; he had frequent sinking spells and hemorrhages and came very near dying. Wouldn't have known that Hagerman had been drinking. He was critically ill for three days, then began to improve quite rapidly, his physical condition being remarkably good.

On the cross-examination, Dr. Weymouth testified that he didn't think it possible for Hagerman to get into the house without assistance. The shock of the accident was sufficient to sober a man who had been drinking. Early Saturday morning,

GEORGE A. EMERY,
Prosecuting Attorney.

Hagerman was able to move his fingers a little, and soon began to regain the use of his arm somewhat.

Dr. William J. Maybury of Saco testified that he had been called to Hanson's house at 11.45, and got there shortly after 12 o'clock, William L. Gerrish accompanying him. He made an examination of Hagerman, and found the same conditions as testified to by Dr. Weymouth. Such an injury to the arm might in some instances not affect the use of it to any great extent, and in other cases it would paralyze it. Hagerman's arm was useless that night. Saw the knife removed from the right hip pocket by Dr. Weymouth. Attended Hagerman to the time he was discharged from the hospital. His physical condition was excellent.

Dr. Lawrence E. Willard of Saco testified that he was called to Hanson's at 11.40. He made an examination with the other physicians, and his testimony was essentially the same as theirs. He was in regular attendance during Hagerman's confinement at the hospital.

William L. Gerrish of Saco was the next witness, and he testified that on the request of Dr. Maybury, he had accompanied him to Hanson's house, and was present during the examination by the physicians. Saw the knife taken from the pocket; Mrs. Hanson was present and witness thought she was intoxicated; didn't see Hanson or his daughter.

Roland W. Libby, civil engineer of Saco, was recalled, to explain distances and other matters referring to the plan of the premises.

J. Henry Johnson, police officer of Saco, testified that he was detailed by City Marshal Bradbury to guard the front door of the house. He did not make any search about the yard or house.

James J. Scott, special police officer of Saco, received word to go to Hanson's about 11.35; made a search for fifteen or twenty minutes with an electric flashlight, and found no weapon. Saw Louise Hanson in an intoxicated condition, also saw William E. Hight in the yard.

County Attorney Emery announced that the state would rest its case at this point.

Lawyer Leroy Haley made the opening argument for the defense, saying that they would produce evidence that would conflict with much of the testimony that had been given by the state's witnesses. He laid particular stress on the matter of Hanson's domestic troubles, and the provocation to use the revolver. On the night in question, Hanson had repeatedly insisted that his daughter must come into the house; Hagerman continued to answer that she would come in later, and that it was none of Hanson's business. The fireman had interfered when Hanson went out and took hold of his daughter in the endeavor to get her to go into the house; Hagerman had drawn a knife, and at sight of this Hanson ran through the kitchen doorway, with the other man in pursuit, having his knife open. Mrs. Hanson was in the room blacking the stove, and Hagerman shouted, "I'll cut Pap's heart out, he struck Louise."

Hanson went and got the revolver and came out of the house with the weapon in plain sight, intending to frighten Hagerman with it. At this point the latter made a lunge with the knife towards Hanson, as will be testified to by the father and daughter, and in the excitement the revolver was discharged twice. Hagerman had been drinking so much that he was intoxicated and a dangerous man. The story of the assault by Hanson on his wife is false. Added to the reasonableness of self-defense, Hanson had the right to quell any disturbance on his premises by the use of all necessary means, and especially where his own family was involved. Hagerman was the aggressor, without any reason for his acts, and he had no rights whatever under the circumstances. Lawyer Haley's argument occupied half an hour, and at 5.30 court adjourned.

TUESDAY.

This morning when court opened the respondent was called to the stand to tell his version of the trouble.

Hanson testified he was 64 years old and had served two years in the regular army and since 1888 had been employed on the Biddeford and Saco

street railway. He acknowledged firing two shots without taking aim after hearing Hagerman exclaim: "I will cut your heart out," and then seeing him show a knife. He testified that Hagerman, when he arrived at the house with a friend at 10 o'clock, had been drinking; that with Hanson's daughter he sat in the yard until midnight when he was requested by Hanson to enter the house. The trouble followed during which Hanson claims Hagerman made the exclamation quoted and tried to cut him and the two shots were fired. Hanson, who did not know the shots had taken effect, flatly contradicted the testimony of City Marshal Bradbury by saying he passed through the house and meeting Mr. Bradbury, gave up the revolver to him without making any trouble. Hanson's direct evidence was all in at noon, when the examination of about 20 witnesses for the defense began.

Coming to the early part of the evening the witness said he arrived home at 9 o'clock. He met Hagerman at the corner of the old postoffice in Pepperell square. He was starting for Biddeford the second time. Told him he had had enough and to go home. He denied having any trouble with his wife. Had his boots off and was reading the paper. He told his wife after Hagerman and Swennson arrived home an hour later to call in Louise. When she came back he accused her of taking a drink of liquor. She denied it. The second time she went out he accused her again and again she denied it. He went out himself and she said she would come right in. He told Hagerman to clear out so that he could get his daughter into the house. Hagerman refused to go and took hold of Louise's arm and said it was none of his business as he paid his board. Witness said Hagerman tried to strike him with a knife and followed him to the door and said, "I will cut your heart out." He went in and got the revolver. Only meant to frighten him. Both shots were fired instantly. It was accidentally that I hit him.

At the time Hagerman started for him with the knife witness said he knocked his (Hagerman's) hat off.

Cross-examined by County Attorney Emery the respondent told where he was during the first part of the evening. He denied that he had had any family troubles to speak of before Hagerman and Swennson came to board with him. He admitted that he had spoken to some parties in Saco forbidding them selling his wife liquor.

Hanson while on the stand made a good witness and answered the questions quickly.

After recess the daughter, Louise, went on the stand and corroborated her father's testimony. She testified that after supper she took a walk out around the house to get the air. She was sitting on the stairs alone at 9.20 o'clock. Hagerman and Swennson were both drinking and they asked her to have some. She accepted. Mrs. Hanson drank twice with them. Swennson was badly intoxicated, while Hagerman was not so bad. When her father first came out he had a cap on, but when he came out again he did not. I saw Hagerman with a knife in his hand and saw him raise his hand at father. Father was four feet away. Saw him shoot Hagerman. I was excited and don't know what happened afterwards. Hagerman was standing where father shot him. Didn't see him fall. I went into the shed and then upstairs. When I came down Hagerman was in a chair unconscious.

County Attorney Emery put witness through a severe cross examination.

"Didn't you state to City Marshal Bradbury, Officers Scott and Johnson that it was a cold-blooded murder?" witness was asked. To this she replied:

"No, sir; I made no talk to anybody until I was locked up at the Saco jail."

She said she had an interview with Lawyer Haley.

Gardner Skillings of Saco a harness maker, testified that he saw Harlan Hanson at the corner of Main street and Pepperell square, Saco, the night of the shooting at about ten minutes past 9 on his way home.

Peter Wilson, who Hagerman said was sitting on the doorsteps with Louise Hanson, denied that he was in Saco at the time and said he has been living in Waterville for a number of months.

Recess was taken here for dinner.

After dinner Mrs. Hanson, wife of the accused, took the stand and corroborated her husband as far as she was able. She said she was drinking that night. Had taken two drinks, but wasn't intoxicated. Saw Harlan come into the house but did not see revolver. Heard the shots. She said Hagerman walked into the house unassisted and showed the wound in his breast and said, "See the blood. Pap did that, but he ain't to blame."

Mrs. Hanson was on the stand three-quarters of an hour.

Dr. Maybury was called for the defense to give evidence regarding the effects of a bullet in the arm. He said that Hagerman's arm was useless that night.

Lawyer Haley here called residents of the two cities to testify to the general reputation of the respondent in this community

Clerk of Courts Willis T. Emmons was first called. Knew respondent since 1869 and always bore a good reputation.

County Attorney Emery asked witness if he had been in the company of Hanson to speak of or in his house, and he replied no.

Mayor Luther Moore, ex-Mayor Samuel L. Lord and Sumner C. Parcher of Saco and C. H. Prescott were called in order.

County Attorney Emery asked the same question as he did Mr. Emmons, about their being in Hanson's company.

The defense here rested.

County Attorney Emery called City Marshal Bradbury in rebuttal to explain some talk made by Louise after the shooting. The witness said in his presence that "it is a cold blooded murder. Father had no right to do it, as Hagerman did not have any knife."

Officers Elliott and Scott were also called in rebuttal. They heard Louise make the talk, which the city marshal testified to.

Officer Scott said Louise kept insisting that it was foolish for him to look for a knife as Hagerman did not have any. He did not hear Mrs. Hanson make any talk.

All the testimony was put in at 3.20. A recess was taken, after which Lawyer Haley and County Attorney Emery made their pleas.

Lawyer George F. Haley began his argument for the defense in the Hanson shooting affray, at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and for an hour and a quarter reviewed the evidence that had been submitted by both sides. Lawyer Haley made an impassioned presentation of the facts in behalf of his client, and severely arraigned Hagerman for the part he had played in the affair.

He stated that Harlan P. Hanson was charged with having feloniously, and with malice aforethought, sought to kill Frank Hagerman in Saco on the night of August 14, this year. He then proceeded to present an array of facts as brought out by the testimony of the witnesses that should tend to show that Hanson's deed was one for which there had been much provocation, and that it was done in self-defense. Lawyer Haley gave a careful summary of all the leading incidents of the case from the time that the Hanson family were eating supper, until the shooting at 11.30. It was attempted to show up Hagerman's character in an unenviable light, and the drunken condition of himself and Swennson that night was discussed to considerable extent.

The uncertainty as to Hagerman's antecedents, and the condition in which he came to Saco, were referred to by the defendant's counsel. In comparison with this man, Harlan P. Hanson's good reputation and exemplary life of 64 years was the subject of careful consideration, and the testimony that had been given by a number of prominent residents of Saco and Biddeford was called to the attention of the jury. It was affirmed by Mr. Haley that Hagerman's testimony was shaky in many respects, that it could not be corroborated on several important points, and had been contradicted by a number of witnesses, whose stories should be given more credence than the drunken man's. The testimony of Hagerman as to seeing the man sitting on the front doorstep with Louise Hanson, when he and Swennson returned after 10 o'clock, as to her intoxicated condition when she came out in the yard to join himself and Swennson, the assault claimed to have been made on Mrs. Hanson by her husband, and also that he was sitting down when Hanson fired on him, was all branded as false, and used as an illustration to impeach much of his other testimony.

The shooting and its consequences were the result of Hagerman's actions and he was responsible for the injury that befell him. The defendant in the case, a peaceable and law abiding citizen, was simply endeavoring to protect his family and himself from this man who had come to the house in an intoxicated condition, tempted his wife and daughter to drink the whisky, and in his career of debauchery was endeavoring to commit an assault on the daughter, and finally attempted to take the life of Hanson himself. The part that he is supposed to have played was referred to particularly, Mr. Haley maintaining that this matter was of particular importance in the case; that there was a radical difference in the testimony of the different witnesses, but that it seemed very probable that a knife had been used, or at the least, the defendant had feared this.

The testimony of the officers and

the other witnesses was carefully considered, and every point that appeared in support of Hanson's contention was brought forcibly before the twelve men who were to decide as to his guilt.. Coming down to the time just preceding the shooting and to the events immediately leading up to that, Lawyer Haley called attention to the peaceable efforts that the father had made to induce his daughter to come into the house and the exasperating circumstances that attended her conduct with Hagerman. A man has the right to protect his home, his family or himself, and by use of a dangerous weapon if occasion demands it. Hanson not only had a duty to perform in this instance, but he had reason to fear for his own safety. In spite of the fact that there was much provocation and many extenuating circumstances connected with the defendant's action, he had not planned to commit murder, but to frighten Hagerman. A minute survey of what transpired after the shooting occupied several minutes, and counsel impressed upon the jury to make proper allowance for whatever statements were made by Mrs. Hanson at that time, when they were in an excited condition.

Lawyer Haley's argument was listened to with the closest attention by the jury and spectators until he closed at quarter past 5 o'clock.

County Attorney George A. Emery in his argument, which immediately followed that of Lawyer Haley, began by referring to the question of "a reasonable doubt" in arriving at their verdict. He then discussed in a comprehensive manner, and weighing every item of material evidence, the question of Hanson's responsibility for the crime he had committed. The prosecuting attorney did not severely arraign either party, but the testimony of a number of witnesses was thoroughly dissected, and emphasis was laid on the fact that the members of Hanson's family would naturally endeavor to bolster up his side of the case, and do all within The matter of the drinking on the part of the men and women was discussed, relative to any bearing it might have had on their words or actions subsequently.

County Attorney Emery reviewed much of the conflicting testimony and pointed out several weak places in the evidence given by Hanson, his wife and daughter. He accounted for it on the ground of the ties of family, and characterized much of it as patched up story, especially that in regard to the knife, and the hat pretended to have been knocked off by Hagerman, ingeniously contrived and rehearsed to make it appear that the latter was the aggressor in the assault.

their power to secure his acquittal. There had been a time under the old common law when recognition of the tendency of the accused or his family to distort evidence was so clear that such were not permitted to give testimony.

Hagerman's character was considered, and it was asserted that he had conducted himself generally in a respectable manner, had been an industrious man, and not accustomed to create any trouble wherever he had been since coming to Saco. It was deplorable and not proper that Hagerman should have been in, an intoxicated condition on that occasion, and it was not attempted to exonerate him from that, but there was no evidence presented that he was assaulting Louise Hanson, as had been insinuated by counsel for the defense. She was there in his company and seemed willing to remain.

There can be no doubt that Hanson was justified in being angry on account of the way things were going on about his house that night, but there was no justification for the murderous assault that he made on the object of his uncontrolable temper. There was a police officer present to protect the defendant, and he had recourse to other methods of quelling any disturbance besides going into the house, getting a revolver with which he attempted to kill Hagerman. The contradictory statements of Louise Hanson in respect to the knife, and as to the justice of the deed were brought before the jury. In regard to Hanson's reputation, those who had testified had not been in intimate social relations with him. A man might be law abiding for many years, and suddenly develop criminal instincts.

After devoting an hour and 20 minutes to an able summary of the case, the prosecuting attorney finished his argument by the statement that if the jury should render any other verdict than guilty, they would make it seem all the more reasonable and just for a person to take the law in his own hands, and to become his own judge and jury, rather than leave such matters to the proper authorities.

WEDNESDAY.

Judge Peabody in his charge instructed the jury they had the choice of five verdicts: Acquittal, assault with a dangerous weapon, assault with intent to kill, assault and battery and simple assault. He explained the statutes relating to these verdicts and carefully reviewed the evidence. The jury decided upon the first choice after a two hours' consideration.

After being out two hours the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

WELL KNOWN HERE

Mrs. Hitchings, Who Killed Herself, Was Former Biddeford Visitor.

Apr 15 1903

WOMAN TOOK CHLORAL IN BOSTON.

Belonged to Wealthy Family at Glens Falls, N. Y.

HAD MANY ADMIRERS IN PAST.

Stopped at Old Orchard Three Years Ago.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hitchings, whose suicide in Boston was announced in a dispatch from Boston to the Journal Wednesday, was well known in Biddeford and Saco. She spent the summer here and at Old Orchard three years ago, during which time she made the acquaintance of many local people.

The Boston Journal had the following account of the suicide and some of her past career.

"Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hitchings, who was found dead in her rooms at 80 Bragdon street, early Wednesday morning, evidently made cool and deliberate preparation for her untimely end. In purchasing the opium which caused her death she stated that she was accustomed to using it, and the clerk of the Washington street drug store, William Cloyston, was not the least suspicious. A love affair in which disappointment followed happiness, actuated the plans for self-destruction.

"Thomas F. Lomasney, a man employed about the place where Mrs. Hitchings resided, discovered that she was dead. When the police entered the room about 1 o'clock they found an empty vial and two letters.

"One of the letters was addressed to a Mr. Sommers and told of the deed she had planned. Instructions were left to notify J. S. Hitchings of Glen Falls, N. Y. The other was addressed to Mr. Hitchings and was written in a semi repentant manner. The woman asked for a quiet funeral and for an unmarked grave.

"Mrs. Hitchings belonged to a well known Glen Falls family, and her husband, John S. Hitchings, is a wealthy business man of considerable prominence. From her girlhood until after her marriage she was a favorite and had many admirers.

"About five years ago at the time of the Grand Circuit race meeting in Glens Falls she met Frank Herdick, a bookmaker, and followed him to Louisville, Ky. Her subsequent arrest in New York on his complaint, charged with stealing $500 from him, created a profound sensation at the time.

She was indicted by the Louisville grand jury, but was acquitted on trial. She returned home and resumed her relations with her family, but two years ago went to Boston, where she had since lived. She was 30 years of age.